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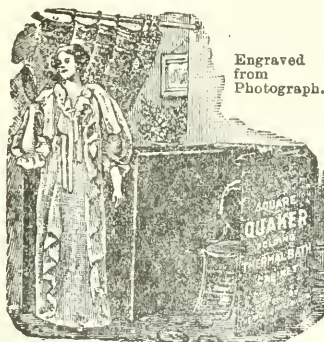
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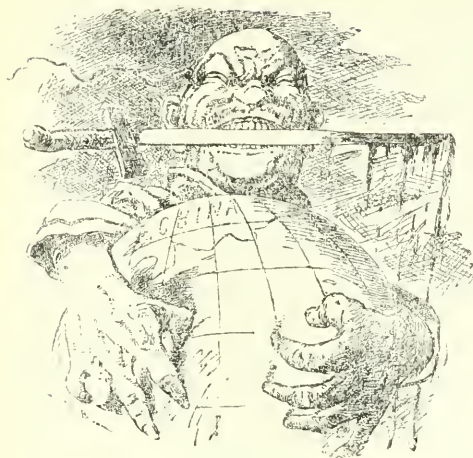
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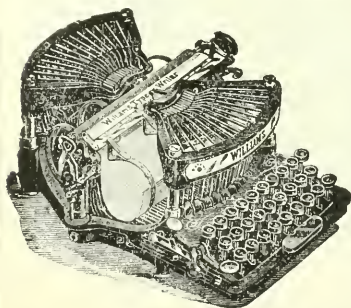
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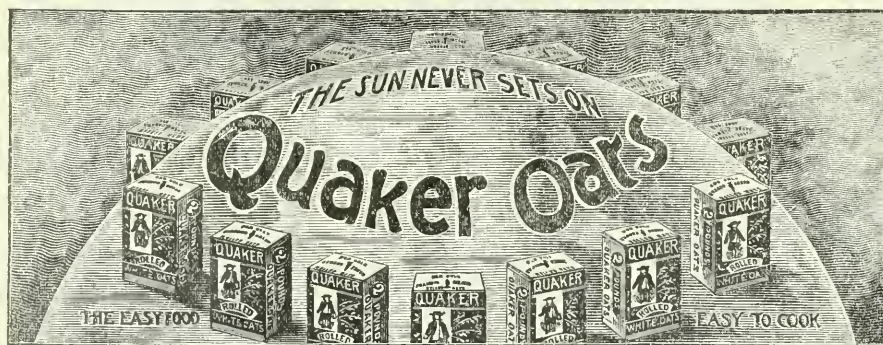
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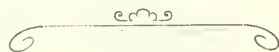
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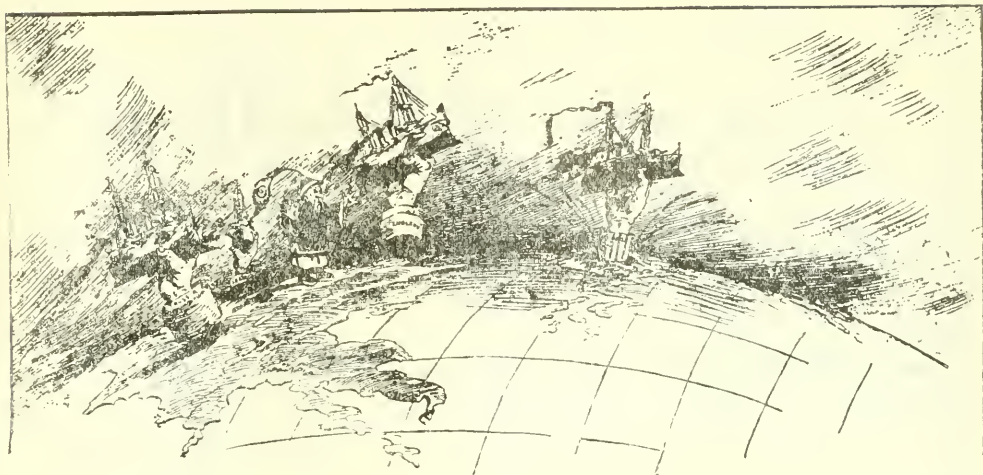
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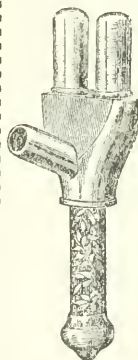
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English Editor: W. T. STEAD. Australasian Editor: W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

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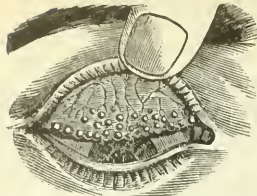
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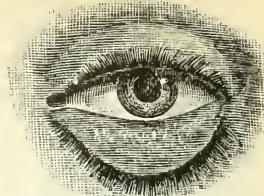
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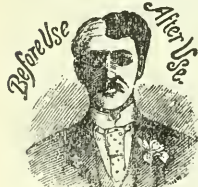
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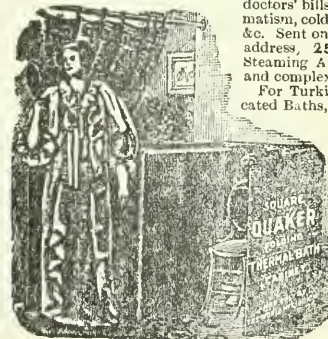
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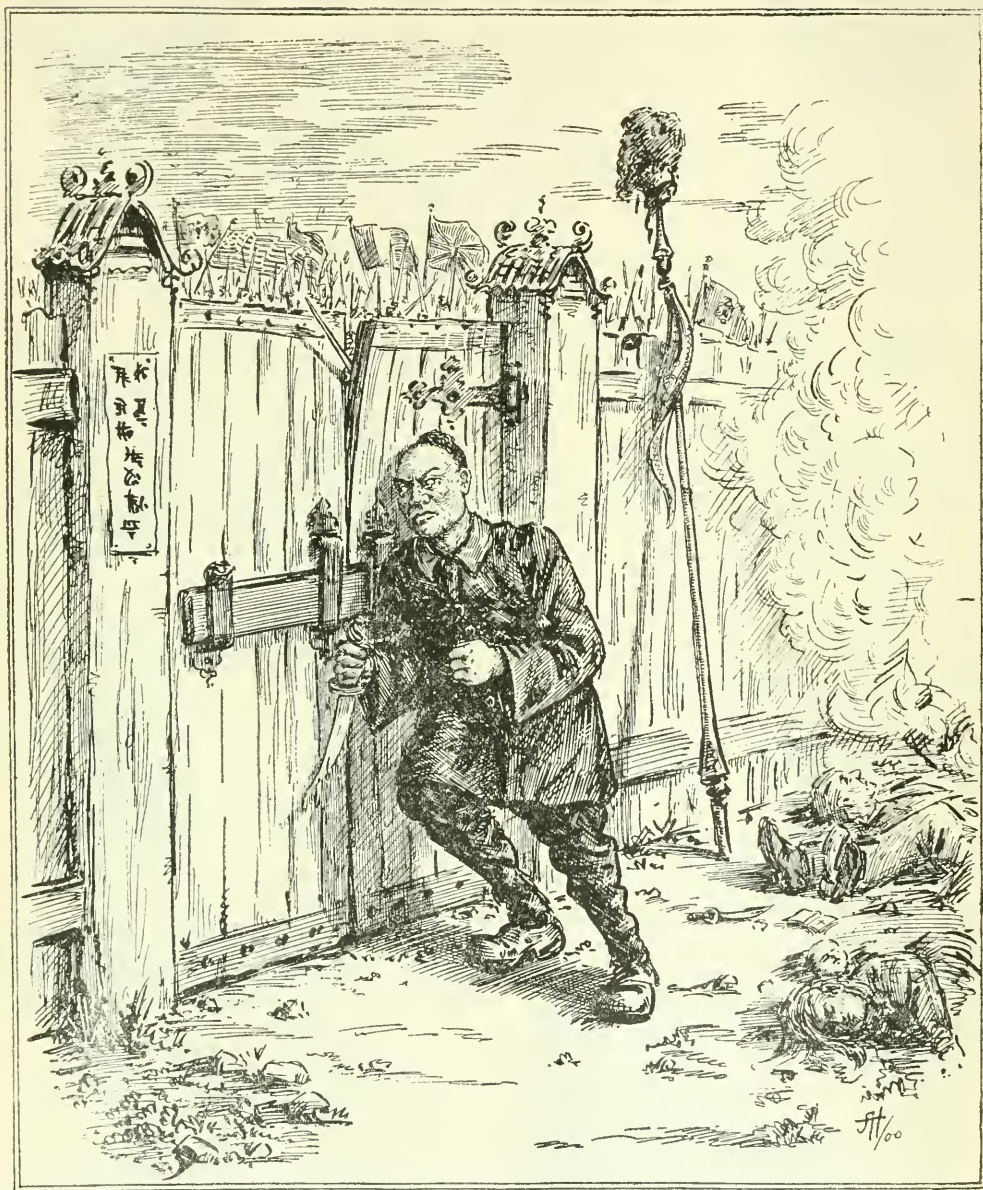
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"N.Y. Graphic."]

AT BAY!

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

HEAD OFFICE - - 167-169 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

Editor: W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. Manager: T. Shaw Fitchett.
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VOL. XVII. No. 2. AUGUST 15, 1900. PRICE, NINEPENCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

I.—WITHIN THE COLONIES.

The Returning Delegates

The Australian delegates have returned from London, and have met with an enthusiastic welcome. From the moment they touched Australian soil they have been pursued with banquets and receptions; their steps have been haunted by interviewers; they have been compelled to deliver themselves of innumerable speeches. Some of these speeches have shown a somewhat needless anxiety on the part of the speakers to defend themselves, and refute the criticisms which, at one stage, were emptied upon them. The delegates do not quite realise that events have moved on, and the famous 74th clause, with all the controversy which raged about it, has passed out of the realm of public interest. It is idle to deny that, at one time, general public sentiment in Australia was in favour of accepting an amendment of the 74th clause, which the delegates rejected. The dispute is now settled, and everyone gladly recognises the skill, courage, and energy with which the delegates fought the battle for the Bill in London. The only complaint ever made, indeed, was that the delegates were almost too energetic!

A Relic

Mr. Barton brings with him one interesting trophy from London, which will, no doubt, be preserved for the admiring gaze of posterity. He brings the very pen with which the Queen signed the Commonwealth Bill, the silver ink-

stand into which it was dipped, and the table upon which that ink-stand stood. The Queen, it seems, signed the Commonwealth Bill in triplicate, so that a copy of the actual document, with the Royal signature, will be preserved here as the title-deed of the new Commonwealth, an historical document of supreme value. Pen, ink-stand, table, and document are all, it is understood, the personal gift of the Queen.



"Westminster Gazette."]

GOING HOME HAPPY.

A Phenomenon!

The popular imagination usually fastens upon some picturesque, and perhaps irrelevant, detail of an historical event, and allows to slip into oblivion its graver features. The colonies voted their delegates £1,000 each to cover

their expenses in London. Mr. Barton and Mr. Kingston found that sum quite inadequate, and it has been found necessary, in each case, to vote a further sum of £500. Mr. Deakin, however, found the modest sum of £550 sufficient to cover all his expenses, and he has actually returned £450 to the Victorian Treasury! It is unnecessary, and it would be ungenerous, to make any comparisons between the three delegates; to call one frugal and the others lavish. Mr. Deakin himself has pointed out that Mr. Barton, as the senior delegate, had to exercise a sort of representative hospitality. The Australian delegates, who ate many dinners at other people's expense, had also to give some at their own; and on Mr. Barton fell the chief weight of the social obligations of the delegates. So it is possible to praise Mr. Deakin without sneering at his co-delegates.

He has been frugal; and this, in a public man, is a virtue. He has shown that he has a sensitive financial conscience, and he will be remembered as the one politician who actually returned to the public treasury money which had been voted to him to cover his "expenses" while employed in its services. The political conscience is usually a somewhat tough and elastic organ. In its ordinary ethics "personal expenses" have the expansiveness of an elastic gas. They always extend to the utmost limits of any sum which can be extracted from the public treasury. Most politicians, we suspect, will contemplate the spectacle of Mr. Deakin returning to the public treasury so large a proportion of the amount voted to him for travelling expenses with an uncomprehending, and even with a disapproving, eye. He will be regarded as having established an uncomfortable precedent. But Mr. Deakin has done well both for public morality and for himself. His act will be a tonic to the general conscience, apt to be very lax where public money is concerned. As for himself, the sum he returned to the public treasury is, perhaps, the most profitable investment he ever made. It will deepen that belief in his unselfishness and honour which already exists.

Political Virtues

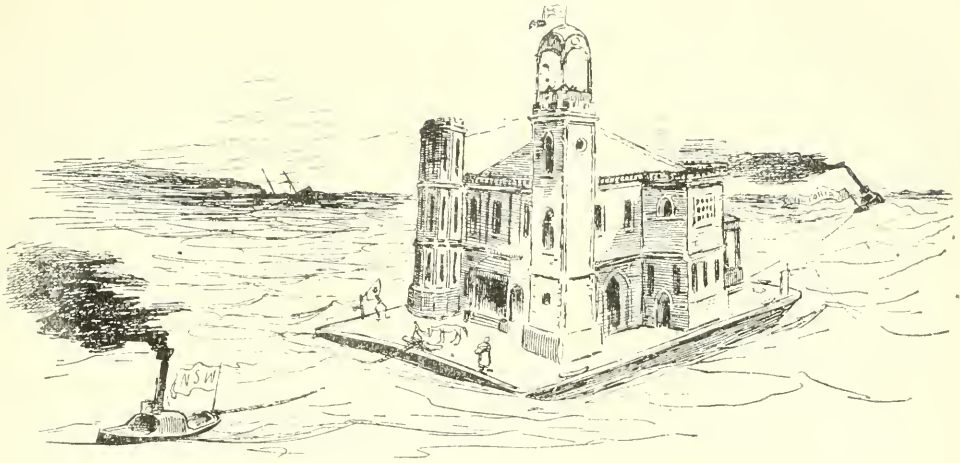
It is to be noted that, with a touch of something like irony, questions are already being asked in the colonial parliaments as to whether any other delegate has returned any proportion of his expenses!

The Politician's Wages

Mr. Seddon has carried in both Houses of Parliament the Bill increasing the salaries paid to the Governor and to the members of the Cabinet. For the increase of the Governor's salary there were, perhaps, two motives. The salary had been reduced in bad times, and it was just that it should be raised again when times are good. Moreover, when a Governor-General of Australia is about to emerge, with a salary of £10,000, it concerned the self-respect of New Zealand to put its Governor in a state of financial respectability. The salaries of Ministers are to be—Premier, £1,600; Minister of Railways, £1,300; other Ministers, £1,000, with a house allowance, in each case, of £200. These amounts cannot be called extravagant; and the truth is that the statesmen and responsible administrators of the colonies are, on the whole, underpaid. The gifts needed to administer the affairs of a colony, if exercised in the realm of business, would ensure a fortune. But no politician, however clever and successful, will become rich through politics. An able and energetic man who gives up private business to serve the public usually does it at the expense of his pockets. This is a state of affairs neither just nor safe. It tends to keep men of the first rank of ability out of politics; or it creates temptations for them in politics. Yet the proposal to raise the salaries of Ministers was an act of unusual political courage. The democracy does not like to pay its servants too high wages!

W. A. Affairs

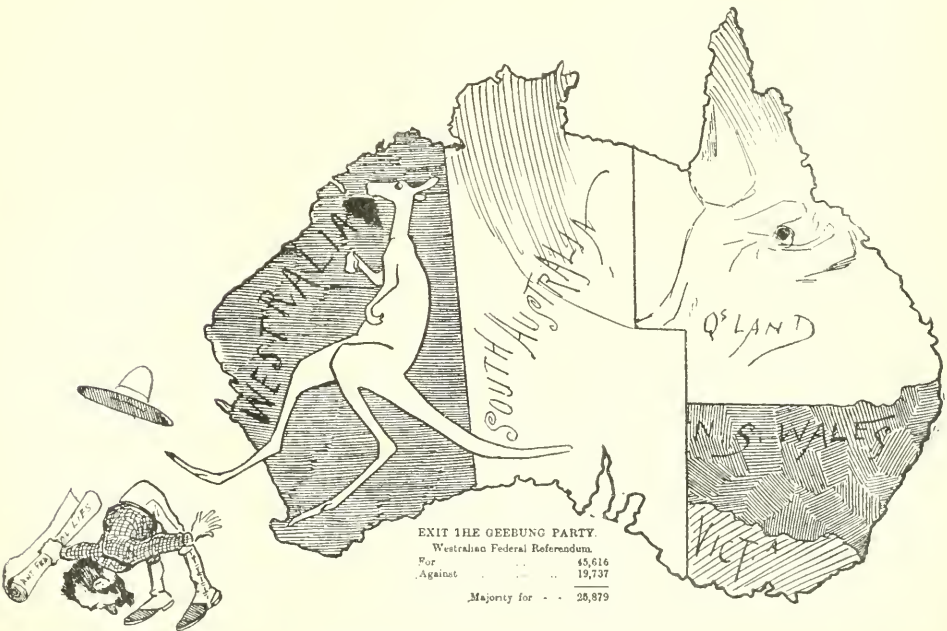
The new session of the W.A. Parliament opened on August 15, and was marked by the resignation of Mr. Piesse, the Minister of Railways. Mr. Piesse, it is understood, disagrees with Sir John Forrest as to the policy of recognising the Railway Employees' Association. To do so, he holds, would be a blow to discipline, and he surrenders his portfolio by way of protest. The pro-



THE COMING TUG OF WAR

There is going to be a tussle between N.S.W. and Vic. over the possession of the Governor-General. Unless Lord Hopetoun can be split in two the above suggestion looks as practicable a way of settling the matter of the Vice Regal residence as any. By the aid of a powerful glass, His Ex. may be seen in tower trying to look as impartial as a Gov.-Gen. ought to look.

"Bulletin."]



"Bulletin."]

THE FEDERAL VICTORY IN W.A.

posed legislation is not of an important character; and, as a new Parliament must soon be elected, Ministers do not propose to undertake any public works of great magnitude. The new House must be consulted as to these. The only important measures the present Assembly will be asked to pass are an address to the Queen, conveying the result of the recent referendum on Federation, and a Bill for the division of the colony into the necessary Federal electorates.

Australian Prudence

We are a young nation, planted on a new continent; and it might be supposed that under such conditions the faults of youth, in a somewhat exaggerated form, would exist amongst us. The typical Australian might be expected to be a somewhat effervescent character; with little prudence and much imagination, given to take risks lightly, and to have an unwise scorn for the more prudent virtues. But this does not seem to be the case. Mr. Teece, an expert of high authority, shows, in an article in "United Australia," that "the colonial life offices operating in the various colonies have policies in existence covering assurances (including bonuses) for upwards of £100,000,000, and their accumulated funds probably amount to about £30,000,000." Now a life insurance policy represents an effort of far-sighted and self-denying prudence, and these figures seem to show that this virtue exists throughout Australia and New Zealand in a very active form. The average of life insurance for the entire population of the colonies is something like £25 per head for every man, woman, and child! It may be doubted whether, in any other community, a similar average obtains; and the life of the typical Australian is financially "assured" better than that of any other member of the human family. Is it possible that in the Australian character quite unlike virtues meet, and the gay audacity of youth dwells side by side with the meditative and anxious prudence of advanced years? Or is it that the characteristic delight of the Australian in a gambling transaction sways him in the matter; and he regards his life assurance policy as being of a nature of a "bet" against his own life,

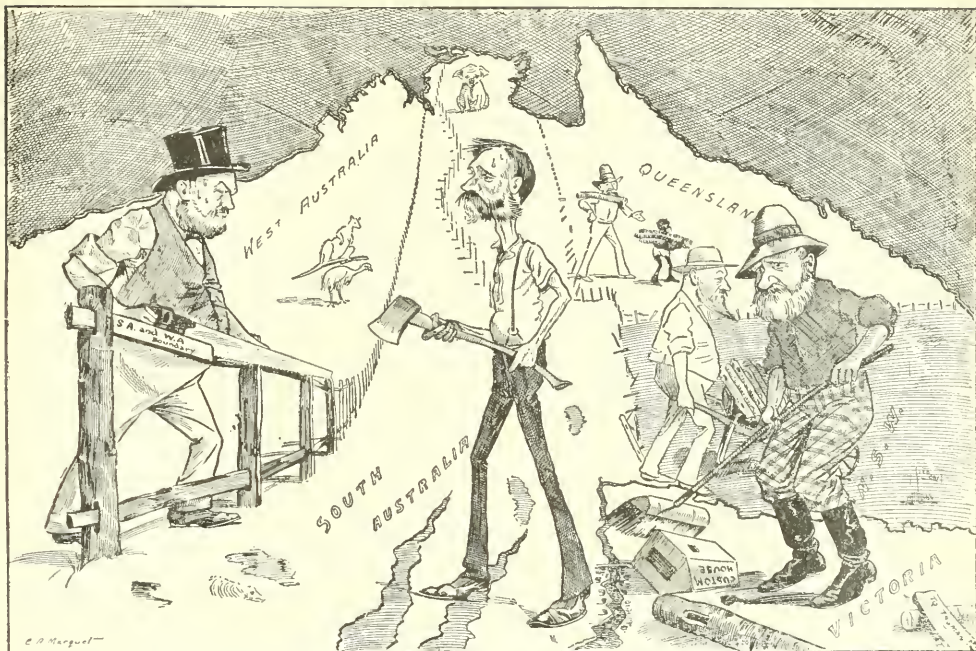
by which, if he wins, not he himself, but his heirs, will profit?

New Contingents

Both New South Wales and Victoria have sent naval contingents to the East. In each case the contingent consists of some 200 volunteers from the Naval Brigade, hardy, strong-bodied, active men, who will make fighting material of the very best quality. In the New South Wales Council, it is to be noted, a vote approving of the despatch of the contingent was only carried by the casting vote of the Deputy-Chairman. There is, perhaps, the sense that the Chinese affair does not so closely touch the honour and interests of the Empire as a whole as did the Transvaal war. On the other hand, there exists a popular, if somewhat unreasoning, sentiment in favour of Jack having his turn in the fighting as well as his non-nautical brother Tommy. The Imperial Government, at the last moment, accepted the services of the Protector, offered by the South Australian Government, and that gunboat, admirably manned and equipped, is now on its way to the East. It turns out that the Admiralty wished to put the Protector under the command of British naval officers, and to this the South Australian Government objected. The difficulty was met by Captain Clare, the South Australian commander of the Protector—who is not a British naval officer—waiving his right as commander in favour of Captain Cresswell, who formerly commanded the Protector, and who satisfied the requirements of the Admiralty. This generous act on the part of Captain Clare secured the acceptance of the Protector, and the gunboat is now on its way, under Captain Cresswell's command, to Chinese waters, where it is sure, if it has the chance, to play a very gallant part.

The W.A. Vote on Federation

The plebiscite in W.A. proved a success for the cause of Federation on a quite unexpected scale. We give elsewhere an account of the contest, which was, on both sides, conducted with signal spirit and ability. But no one—not even the actors in the struggle—expected the voting to be on such a



"Quiz."] 'THE HAPPY FEDERAL FAMILY—CLEARING AWAY THE BARRIERS.

scale, or the victory to be so decisive. The reported figures, at the moment we write, are—For Federation, 45,718; against it, 19,768; majority, 25,950. These figures are absolutely final, and leave no excuse for a discontented and still resisting minority. The victory, too, is not won by the gold-fields over the coast districts, or by the newcomers over the old inhabitants. If the miners' vote be put aside there still remains a majority for Federation. The victory was won by force of logic, and by an appeal to national sentiment. All Australia rejoices that the great western colony—the youngest and, perhaps, the richest of the whole group—takes its place as an original State in the Australian Commonwealth.

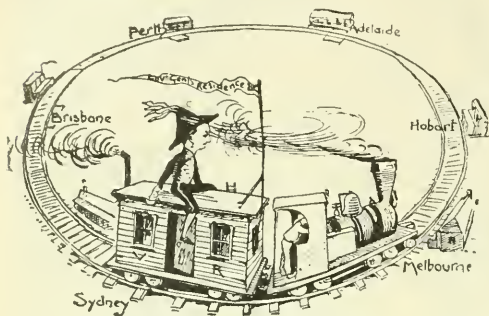
Quaint Names

All the federating colonies are busy shaping the new Federal electorates, and during the process a somewhat absurd dispute has emerged. There is a sentimental desire to label the new electorates with aboriginal names. The aboriginals, themselves,

have vanished like a procession of shadows, and perhaps a lurking and unconfessed disquiet of conscience as to their fate explains the desire to preserve at least their memory, by adorning the new electorates with aboriginal terms. But aboriginal names, as it happens, are almost of Chinese quality. They are unspellable, and almost unpronounceable. Any meaning they once had has evaporated, and in most cases it is fortunate for the refined taste that they have evaporated. They are now mere clusters of uncouth and unintelligible vocables, echoes of the limited vocabulary of a perished race of a very low type. The civilised epiglottis runs some risk of damage in trying to pronounce such words as Waananga, Werriewa, Bullananing, Boonurong, Wirradari, etc. A parliament whose members must address each other by the titles of such electorates would be an object of amusement to all hearers. The use of these titles, too, would practically create a new geography, to the distress of all Australian boys and girls. Who can say, offhand, where a

district labelled Yalloka or Jugiong exists? To have two sets of names—one uncouth and strange, the other familiar—for all Australian electorates would be fruitful of inconvenience.

cision; the other colonies are in suspense. To call at Fremantle means for the mail steamers the loss of at least twelve hours; but they can lose this time and yet be within their contracts. This leaves the other colonies without any technical right to protest. None the less the mails will reach the eastern colonies a day later than hitherto, and, when a new contract has to be made, it will be impossible to stipulate for any gain in time. Since W.A. is to be an original State in the Commonwealth, its wishes and interests must be considered. The situation certainly supplies one more argument for the great railway which is to connect the west with the east, and which will save some days in the transit of the mails for all the eastern colonies.



"Express."]

SQUARING THE CIRCLE. A Capital (Australian) Idea.

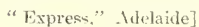
A return has been prepared showing the volume of dairy products, and of fruit, sent to England from a single colony, Victoria, during the last year. In the twelve months betwixt July 1, 1899, and June 30, 1900, the colony exported products of this kind to the value of £2,005,946. Of this amount £1,604,609 represents butter; and—an almost more significant item—the rabbits exported yielded £224,812. What was once a pest is thus being turned into a fast-growing source of revenue. If Victoria can derive a revenue of a quarter of a million a year from the export of rabbits, what may not the other colonies do? In eleven years the butter exports of this colony alone have grown from £51,300 to £1,604,600. And these statistics might be multiplied over the whole area of Australia and New Zealand. These colonies do not depend simply on gold and wool; they are rich, to a degree as yet only faintly realised, in all the forms of natural wealth.

Fremantle

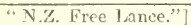
The dispute as to whether the mail steamers shall call at Fremantle has been settled peremptorily by the action of the Imperial Government and of the steamship companies concerned. Western Australia—with the exception, of course, of Albany—welcomes the de-

The Victorian Budget

The Victorian Treasurer delivered his Budget speech on August 14, and the speech has attracted more attention than even the Budget. Mr. Shiels is afflicted with a reputation as an orator, and he found in his Budget, he imagined, an opportunity for a great oration. He discussed, in its course, most things in heaven and earth. He was autobiographical, didactic, pensive, poetical—everything but hard-headed and practical. His speech stretched through four and a half hours, and it is calculated that during its course Mr. Shiels delivered himself of 32,400 words! The Budget itself is satisfactory. The revenue has risen, and largely exceeds the estimate. It has risen from £6,458,000 in 1895-6, to £7,450,000 in 1899-1900. After providing for the whole of the expense of the contingents, the revenue for the year leaves a surplus of £132,000. For the present year Mr. Shiels anticipates a revenue of £7,482,300. The single significant item of the new expenditure is one of £25,000 to provide for an old age pension scheme. This sum is, of course, hopelessly inadequate; it is simply put down as a pledge. Mr. Shiels' speech offended its hearers not only by its length and its rambling character, but by its pessimistic tone; and the McLean Ministry, which, so far, has been unexpectedly successful, may yet have a lively fight over its Budget.



Australia: "It's Home, boys, Home to your own countree!"



The Right Honourable Richard (at the handle): "They talk about hard work! This is absolute slavery. And it ain't only that the hours are long, and the thanks few, but the pay is confoundedly small."

**Stealing
Our Men**

South Africa, when the war is over, will have a keen hunger for population, and is already showing a very anxious desire to keep as many Australians as possible, and even to tempt to its shores Australians who have not yet betaken themselves thither. The Chartered Company, for example, is offering to members of the colonial contingents farms in Rhodesia with a modest equipment of stock, and a small yearly retaining fee for military service. South African mining syndicates are making tempting, but somewhat vague, offers to secure miners from Australia, and talk of carrying off 10,000 workers from this class alone. This seems a somewhat ungrateful return for the service the colonies have rendered South Africa. Yet it is to be feared that many Australians—not in the least to their own advantage—will be tempted to betake themselves to the Transvaal. At the present moment to go there in search of work is but a form of suicide. The towns which are free from the war are crowded with multitudes who want work and cannot find it, and many of whom have to be fed by charity. It is certain that South Africa can offer to workers nothing better than what Australia now gives. But the migratory instinct beats strongly in Australian blood, and these colonies may lose considerably in what they most need—population.

**N.Z.
Finance**

There is a healthy strain in New Zealand finances; though whether this is due to Mr. Seddon's skill as a financier, or to the general wealth and energy of the colony itself, is open to debate. Probably both causes contribute. The surplus this year is £560,000, and the balance brought over from the previous year brings up the amount to £605,000. This is as though Sir Michael Hicks-Beach presented to the House of Commons a financial statement showing a surplus of, say, £20,000,000! The scale of the surplus is the more notable as the cost of the South African contingents—£95,000—is included in the year's expenditure. Mr. Seddon proposes to remit taxes to the amount of £157,000, and to give the colony the luxury of the penny postage, which

means surrendering another £80,000 of revenue. But while taxes are to be remitted, a new loan of £1,000,000 for public works is to be floated. The two halves of Mr. Seddon's financial policy scarcely seem consistent! The old age pensions, it is to be noted, will this year cost £200,000. Mr. Seddon proposes to follow the example of Canada, and establish preferential duties in favour of Great Britain. A strain of courage visibly runs through New Zealand politics.

Free Speech

The chief of the New Zealand "Hansard" staff, Mr. J. Gratten Grey, has been dismissed from the public service, and there is keen debate both as to the offence which drew down such a penalty and the justice of the punishment. Under Mr. Grey's original agreement he was at liberty to do press work after his duties on "Hansard" had been discharged. He could thus, in one capacity, record the debates in the House, and in another could publicly criticise them. It is difficult to reconcile such functions, and a Committee of the House, a year ago, inquired into the case, and reported it to be necessary Mr. Grey should abstain from writing on colonial politics. The report was laid on the table of the House, but not formally adopted. Later, Mr.



"N.Z. Free Lance."]

GRATTAN GREY DISCIPLINED.

The Right Honourable Richard: "Freedom of speech is a glorious thing, and the right of the people, so long as their opinions don't differ from mine. Take that!" (dismissal).

Grey wrote in a New York paper an article pro-Boer in tone, and sharply criticising the despatch of the New Zealand contingents. On being questioned, he asserted his right to criticise, as a public journalist, the action of the Parliament whose servant and reporter he was. Mr. Seddon regarded this as an act of direct disobedience; the "Hansard" committee which heard Mr. Grey declared him guilty of contumacy, and recommended his dismissal; and the House accepted the report. Mr. Grey's friends say he is dismissed, not because he wrote political articles in the press, but because his articles were of the wrong political complexion. Mr. Seddon, on the other hand, said the question was whether a Parliamentary officer was to control Parliament or to be controlled by it; and that the particular complexion of Mr. Grey's articles was an irrelevant detail. There is strong feeling, and much strong argument, on both sides; but Mr. Grey himself apparently made his dismissal inevitable by the uncompromising position he took up.

**Sanity in
Education**

There has long been a reaction against the mad extreme to which secularism was carried in the realm of State education in Victoria. This is the one colony which thought it necessary to deodorise its school-books by blotting out the name of Christ and the word "Christian," and which treated the Bible as a dangerous and forbidden Book in the schools. Any public scheme of education must, of course, be non-theological; but it need not be anti-Christian. New South Wales kept the happy mean. It gave to Scripture lessons a place in its school-books, and a portion of the school-day; and all the colonies are swinging back to that wise policy. In Victoria the heads of the Churches, under the authority of a Royal Commission, have been preparing a series of Scripture lessons for school use. The Roman Catholic Church stood aloof. Its educational policy is definite and unyielding. There must, it holds, be a theological atmosphere of a particular flavour surrounding even lessons in grammar and the multiplication table as they are being taught to little boys and girls. To sur-

Roman Catholic children at every stage of their education with a "Catholic atmosphere" is felt to be a matter of life and death to that Church. And whatever may be thought of the wisdom of this policy, it is impossible not to admire the courage and energy and self-sacrifice with which the Roman Catholic Church maintains it. The heads of the other denominations in Victoria, however, have agreed upon what seems to be an admirable course of Scripture lessons; thus disappointing many evil prophecies. For it was confidently predicted that they would fall out violently with each other in the process! A plebiscite on the scheme of lessons will be taken at the approaching general election in Victoria, and it can hardly be doubted that, by a large majority, the electors will vote in favour of giving the Bible a place in their public schools.

**Women
in Politics**

The question of the political rights and capacities of women still continues to supply the text of an animated, if somewhat spasmodic, struggle throughout the colonies. In the Federal referendum in Western Australia women were allowed to vote; and almost every woman, it may be suspected, borrowed her husband's political convictions for the occasion. It takes some time for a woman to evolve a political creed of her own. In New Zealand the measure for making women eligible for election to Parliament was rejected by thirty votes to twenty-five. Hon. members, as we ventured to prophesy, were not anxious to multiply the number of candidates for their own seats. In Victoria the feeling grows stronger, both for and against the measure which is now before the Victorian Parliament, giving women the suffrage; and for the first time an attempt is being made to divide the sex on the subject. Some ladies have started an agitation against a Bill which they declare will drag women into a realm for which they are not fitted, and into which they have no desire to enter. A petition of women against woman's suffrage is a novelty. It resembles the self-denying ordinance passed by the Long Parliament. The ladies who are heading the movement against women's suffrage do not

content that their sex, as a whole, is intellectually unfit for the discharge of political duties. They assert that a large proportion of the sex is unfit, and, since it is impossible to give the franchise to a limited number of women only, it is better to deny it to all. This is an argument which, of course, would be good against universal suffrage for the other sex; and it ignores the consideration that the franchise is an educational force—the one argument which justifies manhood suffrage.

**A
Political
Barter**

The hopes of those who oppose women's suffrage in Victoria rests on the Legislative Council, which is a conservative body, not disposed to undertake unnecessary political experiments. It has rejected the Women's Suffrage Bill four times, and will probably reject it a fifth time. But the approach of Federation seems to make the Assembly master of the situation. Under the Federal constitution, unless a colony chooses to divide itself into separate electorates the colony must vote as a single electorate; and this means the blotting out of all minorities, and the return of members on a single and highly democratic ticket. It is possible, therefore, for the Victorian Assembly to refuse to pass the Federal Electorates Bill until the Council has passed the Women's Suffrage Bill. If this somewhat heroic step is taken, the Council will probably give way. It will prefer to give women the franchise rather than see the principle of the scrutin de liste adopted for Federal use.

**The
Sea Serpent**

The sea serpent has made its appearance in Australian waters! It offered itself to the astonished gaze of the crew of the steamer Perth, about thirty miles outside Fremantle. There was nothing shy in the manner of its appearance, and it showed no undue anxiety to escape from human gaze. As a matter of fact, it was occupied, when the crew of the Perth discovered it, in a duel with a whale, the whale apparently getting much the worst of the fight. The account given by the captain and crew of the Perth is circumstantial:—

The first officer on the Perth was the first person to witness the monster, and he called Captain Campbell. The weather was quite clear, and as the vessel passed within a hundred yards of the "serpent" all on board had a perfectly clear view of it. No definite estimate could be formed of its length, as it was not all seen. The captain says that fully twenty feet of the monster stood straight up out of the water. The head and portion of the body seen resembled a serpent's, but when a side view of the body was obtained it appeared to be somewhat flat and six feet wide. It had a black back and white belly. The creature appeared to be attacking a small whale, which could be seen spouting. The "serpent" lashed the water with its body, and whenever the whale stopped blowing and went deep into the sea, the strange monster also disappeared. The whale and "serpent" were travelling in a southerly direction, and were visible for fully an hour from the steamer, but the unknown monster apparently took no notice of the vessel.

Since the whole crew, from the captain to the cook, apparently unite in telling this story, it ought to be accepted as genuine. It certainly constitutes a body of evidence sufficient, say, to hang a dozen men, if the matter in debate was a charge of murder. The sea serpent must henceforward be regarded as an inhabitant of Australian waters.

II.—BEYOND THE COLONIES.

By W. T. STEAD.

July 2, 1900.

Real
Progress

The Emperor of Russia, true to his noble initiative, has taken the first step towards the constitution of the Permanent International Tribunal which it was decided to create at the Hague Conference. Each of the signatory Powers, it will be remembered, undertook to nominate as available arbitrators eminent persons of good standing, who would hold themselves in readiness to act as arbitrators whenever any international dispute arose necessitating the impanelling of a Court of Arbitration. Everything depends upon the calibre of the men whose names are entered upon the roster from which the arbitrators will be chosen. Hence the great importance of the Russian initiative. Nothing can demonstrate more clearly the status of the new Permanent Court than the high standing of the men nominated by the Tsar to represent his Empire on its roster. They are four in number: (1) M. de Martens, who presided over the Venezuela Arbitration Tribunal; (2) M. Pobedonostzeff, who is best known as the Procurator of the Holy Synod, but who, long before he attained that post, was well known as one of the soundest lawyers and best informed men in Russia; (3) M. de Mouravieff, the present Minister of Justice, brother of the late Foreign Minister; and (4) M. de Frisch, who is president of the Legislative Department of the Council of the Empire. They are beyond all question four of the ablest and most distinguished men in Russia. The new Permanent Court could not have a sounder nucleus.

Whom
will
England
Nominate?

If the British Government follows the excellent lead given it by the Tsar, there is no lack of competent and capable men available for the post. We have no longer Lord Herschell. It is true; but if Lord Salisbury were to nominate Lord Pauncefoot, Lord Russell of

Killowen, Sir Robert Reid and Sir Edward Clarke, Britain would be admirably represented by men whose standing, experience and general reputation would be no whit inferior to that of their Russian colleagues. To be enrolled on the roster of possible arbitrators will become one of the most coveted of all international distinctions. It is true that all the Russians appointed and all of the British suggested are lawyers. But they are also men of wide experience, statesmen and administrators; and, after all, the knowledge of law is no disqualification for the post of an international judge.

The
Progress of
Inter-
nationalism

The Overruling Power which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will, seems to be at work in the Far East, where stirring events are afoot, some account of which will be found in "The Topic of the Month." The outbreak in China has had, as its immediate result, the precipitation of the latent internationalism of Europe and America into the visible concrete shape of an international navy and an international army. Japan also takes her



"Westminster Gazette."]

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE, ETC.

The Dowager Empress and the Emperor of China.
Sometimes the hand that rules the world rocks the cradle too much.



THE GREAT GAS EXPLOSION AT THE BEGBIE WORKS, JOHANNESBURG.

place in the international ranks. The presence of a common danger menacing the common interests of all Western Powers has brought about a practical federation of the West, the like of which has never been seen, even in the days of the Crusades. We saw a beginning of this executive internationalism militant a year or two since in Crete. But the international action taken against the Turks was half-hearted and did not last long. The Concert of Europe is but a small thing compared to the Federation of the West, which has undertaken the pacification and resettlement of China. Japan and the United States constitute a very formidable reinforcement of the international muster. Nothing but the magnitude of a danger threatening all alike could have brought us into line.

One excellent and altogether unexpected result of internationalism in action is that it fails to excite warlike passions among the people. This is as it should be. The use of force

cannot be forsworn in international affairs, but it is at least an immense advance to have discovered the existence of an instrument the employment of which excites none of the savage enthusiasm which all national wars are apt to arouse. The fact is that international force is police force, whereas national wars tend to be more or less of a retrogression to the savage lust of sheer barbarism. As the great formula of progress is to substitute the policeman for the soldier, we welcome this evidence of the result of widening the area of international action as affording good ground that it may be possible to use force even in international affairs without letting loose the devil all round and setting the nations aflame with the fire of hell.

Among the comic writers of the day Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Dooley distinguished themselves last month. As a serious storyteller, Mr. Kipling is proving every day in the columns of the "Express" that he no longer

One Benefit
of
Inter-
nationalism

Mr. Kipling
and
Mr. Dooley

exists. But stray flashes of insight occur even in the dull and dreary copy which he is turning out about the South African War. His picture of the imbecility and arrogance, the ignorance and incompetence of the army officer who despises "shop," puts on "side," and declasses all the rest of mankind who do not belong to his small social set as "outsiders—rank outsiders," is worthy to stand beside Mr. Rhodes' famous criticism of our generals after the relief of Kimberley. The other writer who has made a notable contribution to the war literature of the month is the humorous Mr. Dooley, who hit off with cruel fidelity the contrast between the exuberance of American enthusiasm for the cause of the South African Republic and the studious cold shoulder with which the Boer delegates were treated by Mr. McKinley and official Americans:—

Th' amount iv sympathy that goes out f'r a strugglin' people is reg'lated, Hinnissy, be th' amount iv struggin' th' people can do. Th' wuruld, me la'ad, is with th' undher dog on'y as long as he has a good hold an' a chanst to tur'n over.

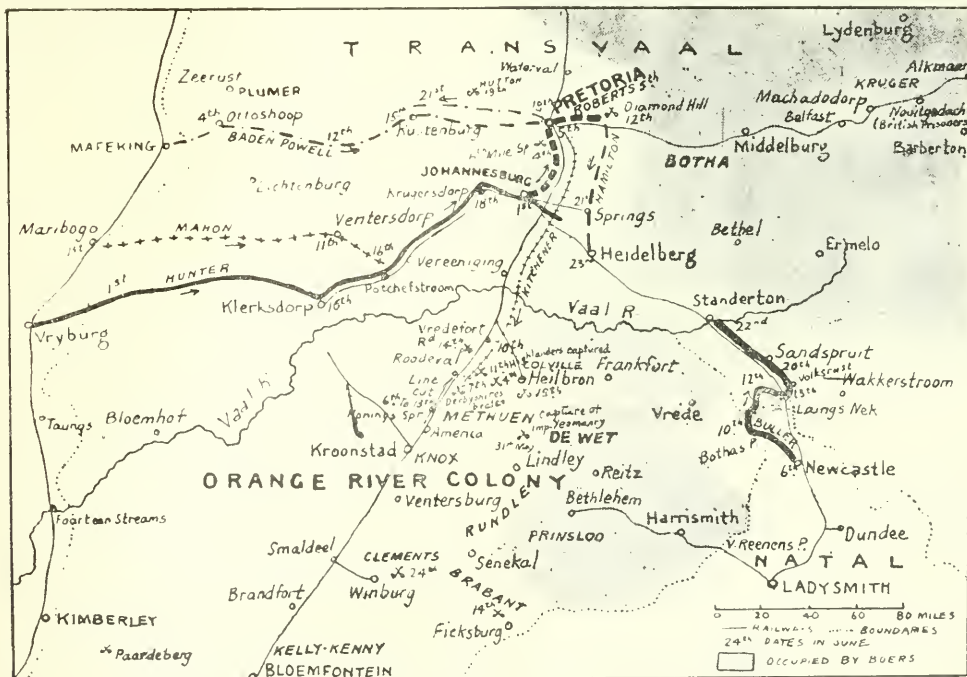
"Ivrywhere th' dillygates tur-rns they see th' sign: 'This is me busy day.' An' whin they get back home they can tell th' people they found th' United States exudin' sympathy at ivry pore—marked private."

"Don't ye think th' United States is enthusiastic f'r th' Boers?" asked the innocent Hennessy.

"It was," said Mr. Dooley. "But in th' las few weeks it's had so many things to think iv. Th' enthusiasm iv this counthry, Hinnissy, always makes me think iv a bonfire on an icefloe. It burns bright so long as ye feed it, an' it looks good, but it don't take hold, somehow, on th' ice."

The American Presidential Election

The Republican Presidential Convention at Philadelphia nominated Mr. McKinley for a second Presidential term, with Colonel Roosevelt, the popular Rough Rider and Governor of the State of New York, as Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The second name on the ticket is much more popular than the first, and if Mr. McKinley could but promise to go to heaven at Christmas the Republican ticket would stand a fair chance of being accepted with acclamation in November. As no such guarantee is forthcoming, Mr. Roosevelt will have to wait for the Presidency till 1905, when the ordinary



MAP SHOWING THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

swing of the pendulum should bring the Republicans back to power if the McKinley ticket is defeated this year. Mr. W. J. Bryan will be re-nominated as Democratic candidate before these pages are printed, and it will be bad luck for him if he is not elected in November. It is time the Democrats had a turn. Mr. Bryan has grown in wisdom and in popularity since last election, and his return would signify that the American democracy is in no mood to add to its Imperial responsibilities over sea. The silver issue is practically dead. The battle will rage round two questions, and two questions only—Trusts and Imperialism. Mr. Bryan is against both.



LORD SALISBURY ARRIVING AT EXETER HALL TO SPEAK AT THE S.P.G. MEETING.

Lord Salisbury made one very remarkable speech in the month of June. Addressing a missionary meeting at Exeter Hall, he seized the opportunity to implore the missionaries of the Cross to qualify zeal with prudence. It was all very well for the early Christian apostles to go forth and preach to the heathen, knowing that they would have to pay with their lives for the

liberty of their tongues. But we have changed all that. Nowadays, when the heathen slay a missionary, the missionary's Government seize a province. The missionary has thus—and in spite of himself—become not so much a John the Baptist of the Gospel as an avant-courier of the General and the gunboat:—

The Chinese and other nations (said Lord Salisbury) have got the idea that missionary work is a mere instrument of the secular Government in order to achieve the objects it has in view. That is a most dangerous and terrible snare.

Therefore he implored missionaries to temper their enthusiasm with Christian prudence if they would avoid the discredit of being regarded as "an instrument of territorial greed and a weapon in the warfare which one secular power wages against another." Lord Salisbury went on to say that many warnings had reached him as to the danger of lighting a flame in Mahomedan countries which it might be hard to suppress. In the lands of Islam, he bade the missionaries remember—

you are dealing with a force which a pure, though mistaken, theism gives to a vast population. I think that your chances of conversion as proved by our experience are infinitely small compared to the danger of creating great perils and of producing serious convulsions and, maybe, of causing bloodshed, which will be a serious and permanent obstacle to that Christian religion which we desire above all things to preach.

Of which "great and serious danger" it behoves all men to take good heed.

The New Ministry in Italy

The General Election in Italy has been speedily followed by a change of Ministry. The new Italian Parliament met on June 17, and although the Speaker proposed by the Government was elected by 242 to 212 votes, General Pelloux on the following day announced the resignation of the Cabinet. After considerable negotiation a new Ministry was got together under Signor Giuseppe Saracco. It is Moderate Liberal in its composition, retaining Signor Venosta in his place at the Foreign Office. On the 27th the new Cabinet laid its programme before the Chamber in terms which might be repeated with advantage by the next British Ministry. This, said Signor Saracco, is not the moment for vast programmes. National economy he put in the forefront, for, he declared, "we firmly believe that the discontent of the population is due to an economic malaise. Our first duty

Lord Salisbury's Warning to the Missionaries

therefore will be to produce proposals calculated to alleviate their sufferings." We do not feel the pinch of poverty yet. But we are drawing bills on the future, and incurring new liabilities every year without increasing our resources. When the inevitable depression of trade comes we shall cry out for a Sarocco programme.

While the Italians have elected a new Chamber, whose first act has been to install a Ministry pledged to economy and the alleviation of the sufferings of the people, the German and French Governments vie with our own in their naval expenditure. Despite all opposition, the German Naval Bill—that most deliberate menace to our naval supremacy—has been carried triumphantly through the Reichstag to the no small delight of the Kaiser. The French, not to be behindhand, have been discussing naval estimates which entail an annual shipbuilding outlay in construction of £4,000,000. The debaters in the French Chamber do not in the least deny that they have England in their mind's eye, and that the increase of the navy is expressly designed in order to enable them to hold their own if they were threatened with another Fashoda. The French, however, like ourselves, will have to reckon with the revolt of the conquered races, and China may give us all too much to do to leave us any leisure to quarrel amongst ourselves.

Parliament re-assembled on June 14 after the Whitsun recess. Its proceedings have been followed with little interest save for the Ministerial replies as to the course of events in China. The Duke of Devonshire introduced the Secondary Education Bill into the House of Lords on Monday, June 25, but as he said he did not expect to pass it this year, it may be noted in passing only as an indication of the indifference with which the public regards the peril which menaces our industrial supremacy. Two other measures which have made some progress show a glimmering perception of the need for creating fresh safeguards against the criminal practices by which smart men of business are able to swindle the

public without bringing themselves within the scope of the law. Mr. Ritchie's Companies Bill contains a multitude of provisions all aimed at safeguarding the pockets of the investing public from the fingers of the fraudulent promoter. The Bill deals with the position of directors who acted without a qualification or took gifts of paid-up shares, and provided against bogus or fictitious subscriptions. The other Bill is that which is aimed at money-lenders. They are henceforth to register themselves, to be punished if they issue circulars to minors, and if they insist upon



Photograph by]

[R. Faulkner.

THE LATE MRS. GLADSTONE.

harsh and unconscionable bargains from which freedom of contract is absent, the County Court judge is to have power to annul them. The County Court judge thus becomes our Cadi under the Palm Tree who will administer justice as seemeth good in his own eyes.

The need for some such corrective in other departments than that of money-lending has been forcibly illustrated by the evidence tended before the Committee on War Office

The
Fraudulent
Army
Contractor

Contracts. The firm of Samuel Brothers, Limited, bought boots from Cave and Son, of Rushton, Northampton, at 7s. 3d. per pair, less discount, which brought the price down to 6s. 9½d. They then sold them to the Worcester Regiment of Volunteers for 12s. 6d. per pair, delivering them as the regulation Government ammunition boot. A little more than the regulation price was paid "to insure the boots being good ones." When the boots were delivered the Worcester men wore them for three days at Aldershot before starting for the front. The result was that "you could put your finger through the soles of most of them."

**The Prince
and his
Derby
Winings**

So much has been said adversely concerning the Prince of Wales' devotion to the turf, that it is only fair to him to quote the following paragraph which has been going the rounds of the press as an extract from the King of Sweden's Diary:—

The Heir-Apparent to the English Throne is the Prince of Wales by name; the Prince of Society by inclination; and the Prince of "good fellows" by nature. H.R.H. and the Princess of Wales are devotedly attached to each other. When the Prince's horse won the last Derby, his Royal Highness said to me before the race, "I do want to win to-day, because I always give

the Princess whatever amount my success happens to bring to me. With the stake money of the last Derby I won, the Princess provided 1,700 poor boys with a complete outfit—clothes, underlinen, etc.—and stamped on each article was, 'From your friend, the Prince.'"

It is a pretty little story—if true,—and it would do Lord Rosebery all the good in the world if he could cap it by a similar idyll as to the way in which he disposed of the stakes won by Ladas.

Conventions The temperance people have been holding conventions in London and in Edinburgh. The only notable thing about them was that they welcomed Lady Henry Somerset back to public life. We have all missed her badly, and we rejoice to have her back in our midst again. The Christian Endeavour Convention at Alexandra Palace will be in full swing at the time this number is printed. Four steamers are carrying three thousand pilgrims from the United States to the great rendezvous—which will be the greatest international picnic yet held among the English-speaking folk. The session will last five days. Dr. Clark and Mr. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," will be the chief American speakers.



THE LATE KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.
Assassinated on July 29.



THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.
Second Son of Her Majesty the Queen.

WHAT AN AUSTRALIAN SEES IN ENGLAND

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

Nature held counsel with herself, and said: "My Romans are gone. To build my new empire, I will choose a rude race, all masculine, with brutish strength. I will not grudge a competition of the roughest males. Let buffalo gore buffalo, and the pasture to the strongest! For I have work that requires the best will and sinew. Sharp and temperate northern breezes shall blow, to keep that will alive and alert. The sea shall disjoin the people from others, and knit them to a fierce nationality. It shall give them markets on every side. Long time I will keep them on their feet, by poverty, border-wars, sea-faring, sea-risk, and the stimulus of gain. An island—but not so large, the people not so many as to glut the great markets and depress one another, but proportioned to the size of Europe and the continents."—EMERSON.

VI.—WHY THE ENGLISHMAN SUCCEEDS (I.)

The individual Englishman is the true explanation of the English Empire; meaning by "the Englishman" all the varieties of the British stock—Scotch, Irish, Welsh, as well as the South Briton, who has somehow contrived to stamp his name of "Englishman" on the whole group. The British Empire is but the translation into political, commercial, geographical, and military terms of the qualities which make up the individual Briton. But, then, what exactly are these qualities in the unit which explain the appearance in history of a total so vast? What sort of human bees are these which have built up for themselves a comb so mighty, and have stored it with honey so golden? In other words, why does the Englishman succeed?

That he does succeed in that fierce struggle for existence which makes up human history is certain. The witness of his success is written on every sea, on all soils, and under every sky. The modern world, in a sense, is his monument.

A French Witness.

M. Demolins, in his curious book on "Anglo-Saxon Superiority," admits the Englishman's success with a touch of shrewish and half-tearful anger which is very amusing. He speaks for his French countrymen when he declares they hate the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. They dread it. The one thing they cannot do is to deny it. "We cannot," he says, "go one step in the world without coming across L'Anglais. We cannot glance at any of our late possessions without seeing there the Union Jack." The ubiquitous, all-absorbing Anglo-Saxon, he complains, "rules America by Canada and the United States; Africa by Egypt and the Cape; Asia by India and Burmah; Austral Asia by Australia and New Zealand; Europe and the whole world by his trade, and industries, and his policy." The modern Englishman, in a word, is the political heir of ancient Rome; and he builds his Empire

on a scale unknown to the Caesars. The Englishman, too, survives transportation; and even thrives under it. He alone has mastered the secret of colonisation. "See," cries poor M. Demolins, "what we have made of New Caledonia, and what they have made of New Zealand! Compare South America under the Latin races, and North America under the Anglo-Saxon." The contrast, M. Demolins adds, is "like that of night and day." He warns his fellow-countrymen that "to learn the secret of the Anglo-Saxon is for our sons and for ourselves a question of life or death."

But an American of an older generation bears a witness to the success of the Anglo-Saxon more impressive and vivid than even that of the brilliant Frenchman. No one ever studied England and Englishmen with shrewder insight and wiser philosophy than did Ralph Waldo Emerson. He himself was, in a sense, of no country. That he was an American was a geographical and irrelevant accident, entirely destitute of significance. He was certainly the most detached, meditative, and independent intellect America has yet produced. And he had something more than a gleam of that wizard-like insight which belongs to genius. His "English Traits" is an almost forgotten book; yet it remains the best study of the Englishman in modern literature.

Emerson's Testimony.

Emerson is sparing of superlatives, and almost incapable of enthusiasm; yet he kindles as he sets the Englishman against the background of history, and tries to assess his place and influence in the world. "If there be one test of national genius," he says, "it is success; and if there be one successful country in the universe for the last millennium, that country is England." The Englishman, Emerson declares, has written his signature on all other nations, and on civilisation itself. "England has inoculated all nations with her civilisation,

intelligence, and tastes. The modern world is theirs. They have made it, and make it day by day. The nation sits in the immense city it has builded—a London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Diemen's Land or Cape Town. The commercial relations of the world are so intimately drawn to London that every dollar on earth contributes to the strength of the English Government. And if all the wealth in the planet should perish by war or deluge, they know themselves competent to replace it." This race, says Emerson, "has added new elements to humanity;" it has "a deeper root in the world than other races."

He notes the superior hardness of the English race. "When they live with other races," he says, "they do not take their language, but bestow their own. They subsidise other nations, and are not subsidised. They proselyte, and are not proselyted. They assimilate other races to themselves, and are not assimilated. The English did not calculate the conquest of the Indies; it fell to their character." Taken socially, the Englishman, somehow, has achieved for himself the most enviable lot. "He is a king in a plain coat. He goes with the most powerful protection, keeps the best company, is armed by the best education, is seconded by wealth, and his English name and accidents are like a flourish of trumpets announcing him." The English "seem to have established a tap root in the bowels of the planet. They are constitutionally fertile and creative." Emerson kindles into a sort of white heat of admiration as he meditates on the fashion in which this mother of mighty peoples, the Anglo-Saxon race, has sent out its seed to all lands. "Who shall describe," he asks, "the swarms which, pouring now for 200 years from the British Islands, have sailed, and rode, and traded, and planted, through all climates—mainly following the belt of Empire, the temperate zone—carrying the Saxon seed, with its instinct for liberty and law, for arts, and for thought—acquiring, under some skies, a more electric energy than their native air allows, to the conquest of the globe?"

What is the Secret?

But who shall analyse the Anglo-Saxon; name and classify the elements of which he is composed, and detect the particular ferment in his blood, the exact cluster of cells in his brain, or the forces in his history, which have produced, and which explain, a human type so marvellously successful? M. Demolins' "explanation" may be dismissed with a smile. It explains nothing. The Anglo-Saxon, according to him, is simply a political formula clothed in flesh and blood. All varieties of the human race, to M. Demolins' gaze, are merely

so many political theories, each set on two legs, and engaged in a race against each other for pre-eminence. The Celt, under all forms, tends to communism. The more stubborn Anglo-Saxon is individualistic. The modern Briton is, no doubt, a compound of many races. Celt, Angle, Dane, and Norman have all been, as M. Demolins reads history, piled upon the Saxon, and have temporarily submerged him. But the stubborn Saxon has eliminated each in turn! He has ejected his Celtic neighbour, absorbed his Norman conqueror, and has emerged as the representative of "particularistic formation" (formation particulariste), victorious over that communistic formation (formation communautaire) to which the Celtic genius inevitably tends. M. Demolins discusses education as an incidental force in the evolution of the triumphant Anglo-Saxon. The French schools, he says, turn out good officials, and nothing else; the German schools turn out machines and nothing else; the English schools alone produce men. But the secret of Anglo-Saxon superiority, when tracked to its root, lies, he holds, in the fact that the Anglo-Saxon, by bent of natural genius, is opposed to socialism. He puts the individual before the State.

This explanation, of course, explains nothing. But if it were true, then we might expect to see our success vanish like a mist. For, in these new lands, at all events, as Mr. Pearson shows in his "National Life and Character," the Englishman displays a fast-dwindling faith in the individual, and a rapidly expanding dependence on the State. In colonial politics the area of State action continually widens. The State acts as an embodied Providence for the private citizen. It manages his railways and telephones, irrigates his fields, educates his children, finds him work, fixes his wage, determines his holidays, insures his life, pensions his old age. It inspects him, regulates him, and generally takes charge of him from the cradle to the grave. The individual withers. He tends more and more to become a State-favoured and State-regulated automaton. And if M. Demolins' theory is true, the colonial Englishman ought to be a perishing type. But the facts are all in the other scale.

Mr. Pearson's Paradox.

Mr. Pearson, a meditative dyspeptic, melancholy alike by force of character and circumstances, does not admit the "superiority" of the Anglo-Saxon. He wrote his "National Life and Character," indeed, to prove that in politics the law of the survival of the fittest is inverted. The inferior types are sure to triumph over the higher. The White race will disappear, submerged beneath the Yellow. It is not a New Zealander who will sit on a broken

arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. It is an almond-eyed and pig-tailed Chinese; or an ebony-skinned African from the Congo! What of "superiority" there is in the modern Englishman, Mr. Pearson holds, is due to his history. "The countrymen of Chatham and Wellington, of Washington and Lincoln . . . are richer by great deeds that have formed the national character; by winged words that have passed into current speech; by the example of lives and labours consecrated to the service of the commonwealth." And English patriotism grew intense; it took a temperature of flame, in the days when to be an Englishman meant "to be safe from Spain and the Inquisition." The sense of that supreme advantage made the sixteenth century Englishman heroic. "English sailors and explorers achieved impossible adventures; English poets and thinkers were of more than mortal stature."

But to Mr. Pearson's dreamy and pessimistic brain, English patriotism—by some tragical paradox—has grown poorer as England itself has grown nobler! Great Britain does incomparably more for its people than the Elizabethan England did. It gives him an ampler protection than his father ever dreamed of; it clothes him with the prestige of a dominant race; it invests him with a partnership in the making of laws by which he is ruled, and a share in the government of the Empire to which he belongs. And yet, says Mr. Pearson, with a mournful sigh, this later and nobler England commands less of gratitude from its citizens than did the smaller, feebler, and ignobler England of the sixteenth century! Patriotism is dying, he thinks. The modern Englishman will change his fatherland as lightly as he would change his coat. No wonder Mr. Pearson reaches the conclusion that the latest-born Englishman, who has forgotten all pride of race, and outlived any love for fatherland, is about to vanish before a procession of coffee-coloured, yellow-tinted, or black-skinned races!

M. Demolins and Mr. Pearson may be, in brief, dismissed from the discussion. One is formula-ridden. The other extracts his theories from his bile-glands, not from his brain.

Another "Explanation."

The latest attempt to "explain" the Englishman is that by Mr. Gorren, in a volume entitled "Anglo-Saxon and Others." The Englishman, Mr. Gorren says, fits his environment better than any other variety of the human race. In politics the modern world is democratic; in social life it is consumed by a passion for physical comfort, and these are the two chief characteristics of the Englishman. The democratic organisation of modern society, when applied to the Anglo-Saxon, fits like a garment

made to order. Or, rather, in this case, it is the man who fits the coat, and is shaped by it. Then the Anglo-Saxon has a keener hunger for material comfort than other races, and the prick of that hunger drives him to out-dare and out-toil in its pursuit the men of all other lands.

But Mr. Gorren is tricking both himself and his reader with mere words. "Social organisation" is not an independent force which shapes human character. It is, itself, the product and reflex of human character. It is surely the man who determines the size and shape of the coat, not the coat which determines the build and proportions of the man. In the moral realm, says Mr. Gorren, the Englishman is "a hypocrite;" but he is an innocent and unconscious—almost even a virtuous—"hypocrite." He is a materialist who persuades himself he is ruled by sentiment and moral ideals. His creed and his conduct are in open quarrel, and he is in a state of comfortable blindness as to the fact! He is a selfish man, who has accepted an unselfish scheme of ethics; and while concerned only about his pocket and his stomach, he yet believes he is tolling for a spiritual heaven. There is, says Mr. Gorren, a psychological difference between English-speaking men and others which makes that which would be hypocrisy in others not hypocrisy in them. There exists in the Englishman an innocent confusion of fundamentally hostile ideals. His "hypocrisy," we are assured, is really a source of strength to him. It is "the direct cause of one-half his impressiveness." He is a compound of missionary and commercial traveller. The missionary element in him gives gravity to his character; the commercial half ensures edge. That he is in this sense a "hypocrite" explains, Mr. Gorren thinks, why the Englishman is "fearless, self-reliant, and truthful"!

Truth sometimes hides itself in a paradox, but never in a paradox so gaping and absurd as that which Mr. Gorren has beaten out to the dimensions of a volume. His "explanation" of the Englishman is unintelligible where it is not ridiculous.

Is it Geography?

But Emerson, in turn—sane, keen, luminous, strong-brained—yet blunders visibly and strangely in many of his explanations of why the Englishman succeeds. He thinks the English climate explains the Englishman's success; that his Empire is largely an accident of happy geography. He says:—

England is anchored at the side of Europe, and right in the heart of the modern world. The sea, which, according to Virgil's famous line, divided the poor Britons utterly from the world, proved to be the ring of marriage with all nations. It is not down in the books,—it is written only in the geologic strata,—that fortunate day when a wave of the German Ocean burst the old

isthmus which joined Kent and Cornwall to France, and gave to this fragment of Europe its impregnable seawall, cutting off an island of 800 miles in length, with an irregular breadth reaching to 300 miles; a territory large enough for independence enriched with every seed of national power, so near, that it can see the harvests of the Continent; and so far, that who would cross the strait must be an expert mariner, ready for tempests. . . . These Britons have precisely the best commercial position in the whole planet.

But if English success were an accident of climate, or of geography, it would vary with both. But it does not. The Englishman flourishes under all climates. He succeeds under the suns of Australia and of Africa as much as under the fogs of his native island. Tropical heats enervate the Latin races; they only add a quicker pulse to the blood, and a new activity to the energy of the Anglo-Saxon. The England of Shakespeare was, as he sang—

A precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Which serves it with the office of a wall,
Or of a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happy lands.

But the "England" of to-day is not a mere cluster of sea-girt and wind-scourged islands set in the Northern Sea. It is a belt of mighty colonies girdling the planet. And through all this zone of commonwealths, under all conditions of climate and geography, the Englishman prospers!

Is it "Hardness"?

Emerson, again, holds, somewhat unkindly, that the Englishman flourishes because he is the "hardest" of men. He exacts his price everywhere. His foreign policy, Emerson says, has "not often been generous or just." His manners are unaccommodating. His very hospitality lacks sweetness, and consists merely of "a cold, unalterable courtesy." So he is the least loved of human beings; but he is also the most persistent, the most intractable, the most successful.

Now, history and the current facts of the world combine to reduce this theory to mere wreck. It is idle to say that English hospitality lacks a generous glow, or that the Englishman is a stiff-jointed individual, who cannot adapt himself to other races, nor win their regard. By some unanalysed magic, indeed, the Englishman wins, in a degree unrivalled by the men of any other race, the loyalty of his many-tinted and myriad-tongued subjects. It is this quality in him which explains India. And only a perverse reading of history can

justify the statement that English public policy has "seldom been either generous or just." How much of history must be forgotten before such an assertion can be ventured!

Mr. C. de Thierry, in a recent magazine article, argued with a fine range of historical knowledge that English foreign policy has been generous almost to foolishness. She guards her commerce by no selfish tariff. She admits aliens to her citizenship on the easiest possible terms. She has given back in peace, with lavish and almost careless hands, the possessions she has conquered in war. It is worth while quoting some of the examples M. de Thierry accumulates of the unselfishness of John Bull:—

From 1762 to 1815 the idea underlying the terms of every treaty takes the form of what is practically a reproof to English soldiers and sailors for robbing Spain, France, and Holland of their colonies. Promptly returned on the declaration of peace, these colonies were as promptly retaken in war-time. In this way Senegal was captured and ceded three times; Guiana once; Guadeloupe three times; Pondicherry and the Minor East Indian Settlements four times; Martinique three times; and St. Pierre and Miquelon three times. After the Battle of Waterloo, which crowned her long and heroic struggle with Napoleon, England, alone of the nations, gained, practically, no territory by the Treaty of Paris. She was in a position to get anything she chose to ask, and she asked nothing. Is there so splendid an instance of self-abnegation in the whole domain of history? France, all broken and helpless as she was, regained Guadeloupe, Martinique, Senegal, Bourbon, Isle de France, Guiana, and the minor settlements on the coast of India, all captured by Great Britain during the war.

This England, then, whose perfidy and selfishness are so shocking to the high moral sense of Continental Powers, being in the proud position of mistress of the seas, and the triumphant conqueror of the greatest military genius of modern times, did of her own free will give back for the last time to the foe, whose efforts to ruin her had been unceasing for over a century and a half, the colonies she had taken during the struggle, as fifty years earlier she had given back to Spain—which had wantonly taken part in the war with the certainty that England's day was done—Cuba and the Philippines. To Holland she restored Java, Ce'ebes, the Moluccas, and part of Sumatra. Besides these, she has, at one time or another, ceded Tangier, Minorca, Corsica, the Ionian Islands, and Curacao. To America she gave up the territory between the Ohio and the Mississippi, Washington territory, and part of Maine. Since '70 she has declined to annex Hawaii, Samoa, the New Hebrides, New Guinea, and tracts of country in Africa too numerous to mention. Among her strayed possessions are the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres. Furthermore, she has made quite desperate efforts to restrain her adventurous sons from extending her boundaries. Can it be said of any other country in the world that it has suffered, or is suffering, in a similar way?

(To be continued.)

THE FIGHTING OF THE MONTH

BY W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

I.—IN CHINA.

A month ago the blackness of a great crime—a crime on a scale almost without precedent in civilised history, seemed to lie on China. Everyone believed that the Legations had been destroyed; that not only the ambassadors of all the Great Powers, but a great company of Europeans—amongst them some 400 women and children—had been murdered in the streets of Peking. China, in this fashion, had proclaimed a truceless warfare with all the Great Powers. The Yellow race had risen in revolt. The great duel—age-long and inextinguishable—betwixt the East and the West, betwixt Christianity and Paganism, had broken out afresh.

All this, it is to be noted, was believed on Chinese evidence, an evidence which seemed to be confirmed by the mysterious silence which lay on the imperilled Legations. Yet all this—or nearly all—it turns out, was pure fiction. The Legations have not been destroyed. The ambassadors of the Great Powers are still alive. All that has happened is that the world has received a new illustration of the faculty for tremendous lying the Chinese possess. Like the ancient Cretans, the Chinese must be pronounced a nation of liars. But the lies in this case were multitudinous. They were circumstantial. They came from a score of independent sources. They were adorned with dates, and bedecked with details. Never before, perhaps, has the world listened to such picturesque and imaginatively lying. The garrison of the besieged Legations, we were told, had made a last desperate sally. They marched out, massed in a solid square, their women and children in the centre; they fought to their last cartridge; the last act of the desperate survivors was to slay their own women and children. Sir Robert Hart committed suicide, etc., etc. What a gift for what may be called picturesque and gory fiction slumbers in the brain of the Yellow Man!

A Gallant Defence.

All the world believed this dreadful story, and shuddered at it. Presently came mysterious whispers, in the shape of undated messages and discredited telegrams in cypher, declaring the Legations to be still in existence. On August 2 the "Times" was able to publish a letter from its Peking correspondent, Dr. Morrison, a Victorian, telling the story of the siege up to July 21, and a continuous succession of messages has since trickled

through up to the moment we go to press. The Legations have been besieged with great fierceness and by overwhelming forces, and the slender garrison has defended itself with a courage which recalls the most thrilling memories of the Indian Mutiny. The garrison, it must be remembered, consists of the ambassadors and their suites, a number of stray civilians, and some 400 marines of various nationalities. These have fought, not only with the desperation of men who fight for their lives, but with the proud courage the men of a superior race show when attacked by a lower race. A single sally, headed by American marines, it is reported, slew 1,000 Chinese, though the gallant leader of the sally, Captain Myers, fell. The fierceness with which the defence was maintained seemed to cow the Chinese besiegers, and the siege became a sullen blockade, edged with intermittent rifle-fire. Famine was expected to exhaust the strength of these unconquerable foreigners. And at the moment we write, it seems doubtful whether that grim expectation may not be realised.

The latest messages from the Legations have a note of desperation about them. "We are in danger of death," runs one; "all seems hopeless." Sir Claude Macdonald, in a message dated so long past as July 21, reported that ammunition was nearly exhausted. On August 10 the American Minister sent a message, reporting the situation as "desperate." Sir Robert Hart sent a message, dated August 5, marked by characteristic coolness and humour. "The sooner we can get out of this the better," he wrote, "inasmuch as it is inconvenient to the Chinese Government and unsafe for ourselves." A message from M. Pichon, of about the same date, gives authentic information as to the numbers of the besieged garrison. The relieving force, says M. Pichon, must be strong enough to protect "800 foreigners, 50 wounded, and 2,000 native Christians." The latest and most significant message to hand at the moment we write is one from Sir Claude Macdonald, dated August 6. It runs: "The situation is desperate. In ten days the food supplies will be exhausted, unless we are relieved, and a general massacre is then likely. Remembering Cawnpore, we refuse the Chinese offer of an escort to Tientsin." That reference to Cawnpore is most significant. Sir Claude Macdonald knows his Chinaman. He has seen the temper in which the siege of the Legations has been urged. For the garrison to cast it-

self on the humanity and honour of Prince Tuan would be to repeat the madness, and share the fate, of the unhappy garrison of Cawnpore, who, in like manner, trusted their lives to the plighted word of Nana Sahib. There would be another Slaughter Ghaut at Pekin!

To the Rescue!

Meanwhile, the relieving force at Tientsin has set out to fight its way across the eighty miles betwixt that city and Pekin. The allied forces at Tientsin on August 11 consisted of 38,000 troops, with 114 guns; of these 16,000 were Japanese, 10,000 were Russians, 6,000 were British; the other Great Powers being represented by smaller numbers. But there is no information as to the exact number of the force advancing on Pekin. It probably does not consist of more than 20,000 troops. It is of strangely mixed nationality, and is without a single head. It has a common plan of operations, of course, determined by conference of the commanders of the various contingents; but each general is in supreme command of his own section of the force. It is an army, that is, commanded by a committee; and by all the traditions of war ought to fail.

But it has not failed. A sort of splendid emulation seems to run through the sections of this composite army. The Japanese, in particular, kindled apparently by the sense that they are fighting under the eyes, and in the companionship, of the best troops of Europe, show extraordinary dash and pluck.

The first battle in the advance was fought at Piet-sang on August 5. The Chinese fought with great stubbornness; they were splendidly armed; and some of their guns are said to have been worked by European renegades. But after a struggle of some hours they were driven across the bridge of the Peiho with great slaughter, the Japanese fording the river to strike at the Chinese line of retreat. The allied losses were heavy, over 1,000 being killed or wounded, a fact which shows how bitter was the fight.

At Yangtsun—seventeen miles from Tientsin—on the following day, the Chinese, though only 15,000 strong, again offered a stubborn resistance. They held seven successive lines of splendidly fortified entrenchments—for the Chinaman, like the Boer, knows the use of the spade in war. Here the British and the Americans led the attack, and one series of trenches after the other was carried with splendid dash. These two fierce combats seem to have broken the spirits of the Chinese, and the relieving force has advanced, with practically little resistance, to Matow, within twenty-three miles of Pekin. They have followed during the later marches the line of the Peiho River, and the

march has been one of extraordinary difficulty. The plains are flooded, the heat has been intense; and it is certain that the relieving force must suffer greatly from sickness. Whether another battle will be fought before Pekin is reached cannot be guessed. As little can anyone tell whether, when the relieving force reaches the Legations, it will find itself in the presence of such a tragedy as Havelock found at Cawnpore.

The Fighting Chinaman.

The present situation has some remarkable features. Not the least remarkable of these is the sudden fighting power evolved by the Chinese. Against the Japs the Chinese fought very much as a paralytic might endeavour to resist a man in active health. China, at that period, seemed dazed, or hypnotised, or even dead. The Chinese troops submitted to massacre; they seemed to lack not only courage to fight, but even energy to run away. But, at last, the Chinaman has taken fire! He is showing a slightly disgusted world that he is capable of a kind of courage which recalls the Dervishes of the Soudan. The Boxers nearly destroyed Admiral Seymour's force, and they charged to within twenty yards of the line of Maxims and repeating rifles, pouring on them a tempest of lead. They "rushed" Admiral Seymour's marines, in a word, as the Arabs "rushed" the British squares at El Tib.

The Chinese, too, though no one seemed to suspect it, have formidable armaments. Their guns at Tientsin outranged those of the allied forces, and were worked with the greatest skill. Britain, as usual, has been selling to her enemies the very weapons now used against her own soldiers. In answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham, Under Secretary of State for War, stated that seventy-one guns of position, with 11,740 rounds of ammunition; 123 field guns, with 49,400 rounds of ammunition; and 297 machine guns with 4,228,400 rounds of ammunition, had been supplied to China since 1895 by English firms. Four hundred and sixty thousand Mauser rifles, with 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, were supplied to China last year by a German firm. And these figures represent only a fractional part of the weapons with which Europe has armed China!

It is to be noted that the German Emperor, who has something, at least, of the vision which belongs to genius, discerns the fighting quality of the Chinese. "Your foes," he told his marine battalions before they embarked, "are not less valiant than yourselves, and, trained by European officers, have learned to use European weapons." China, too, is not only thus adequately armed; a wave of fanatical excitement is sweeping through its close-packed myriads; and it seems probable

that the Chinese have found a leader who has, at least, that one gift required for the leader of an Eastern people—the gift for pitiless and unhesitating cruelty. Prince Tuan belongs to the Imperial family; his son, a child, has been declared the heir to the throne; and the Chinese conception of filial duty makes Prince Tuan the master of the heir-apparent. Whether Prince Tuan has the brain of a statesman remains to be proved; it is clear he has the temper of a fanatic, and will kill his rivals, or his disobedient followers, as well as the hated foreigner, with ruthless cruelty. And a ruler who knows how to kill is sure to be obeyed in China.

The other wonderful feature in the Chinese landscape is the spectacle offered by the allied forces. Here are Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and Japanese marching and fighting side by side, and for a common cause! No such example of European concert has been witnessed since the days of the Crusades. The Great Powers have even agreed upon a commander-in-chief, and Count Waldersee, a veteran of Moltke's school, is to command all the allied forces in China. Never before has a general had such a task, or commanded so strangely composite an army! Who could have guessed beforehand that any event would have brought French soldiers to obey the orders of a German commander-in-chief; or Russians to fight side by side with Japs? The age of political miracles is plainly not past!

II.—IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Lord Roberts has, in a sense, shattered the Boer defence into fragments; but the business of gathering up the fragments is long, perilous, and costly. Some of the "fragments," indeed, decline to be "collected;" and a bitter guerilla warfare prevails.

Sir Archibald Hunter—one of the group of soldiers who will emerge from the war with a brilliant reputation—made the biggest "bag" of the whole campaign at Fouriesburg, where he beat the Boers under General Prinsloo badly, and captured, in all, no less than 4,270 prisoners, with some thousands of horses and several guns. This stroke has cleared the Orange River territory completely. Lord Roberts, too, is pushing his main columns eastward from Pretoria, while General Buller is moving northward from the Natal border, has crossed the Vaal, capturing town after town, plainly with a view to joining Lord Roberts' advance on the main body of the Boers under General Louis Botha. General Botha has abandoned his position at Machadodorp, and is moving eastward. Mr. Kruger, too, has apparently abandoned his latest capital—a railway carriage—and has planted himself at Barbeton, thirty miles south of Alkmar. The intention of making a final stand at Lyden-

burg has been abandoned. The Kaffirs are strong in that neighbourhood; and the Kaffirs have no love for the Boers, and no reason for any.

A Guerilla Leader.

The campaign, as a whole, thus moves relentlessly on, and there is practically no organised force to stand in Lord Roberts' path. But guerilla warfare lends itself admirably to the Boer character, and the geography of the Transvaal, it may be added, gives to the scattered, lightly equipped, and hard-riding Boer guerilla-commandoes a field eminently suited to them. And the Boers have evolved in General de Wet a leader of genuine skill in such warfare. He remains, indeed, practically the one fighting leader the Boers possess; and the story of his successive escapes from pursuing British columns is a romance.

Towards the end of July General Broadwood was in pursuit of him, and beat him somewhat roughly at Palmietfontein, but failed to either disperse or capture his commando. On August 6 De Wet crossed the Vaal, with the intention of joining General de la Rey, another guerilla chief. Kitchener, by this time, had been detailed to suppress the insuppressible De Wet, and he has been trying ever since, with imperfect success, to accomplish that feat. The Boers are on ground they know. They have an ally in every farmer, and a base of supplies in every farmhouse; while the country resembles that known as the "Kelly country" in Victoria—where a handful of desperadoes for many months mocked at the pursuit of almost the entire police force of the colony.

Kitchener endeavoured to draw a cordon round De Wet on the hills near Vriedefort, and columns of Lord Roberts' best cavalry and mounted infantry, with Brabant's Horse, were closing round the hunted Boers. On August 6, however, De Wet broke through, crossed the Vaal with Kitchener's horsemen in fierce pursuit, while Lord Methuen stood in his path to intercept him. Whatever are Lord Methuen's merits as a general he cannot be described as either alert or active; and, after a smart splutter of fighting, the agile De Wet slipped past his clumsier opponent, and did it so adroitly that Lord Methuen himself was unconscious of the circumstance. Lord Kitchener, however, is not easily shaken off. He caught up with De Wet's rearguard at Lindique, and attacked it fiercely, but it was like trying to capture a sea-gull by grasping its tail. The sea-gull escaped with the loss of a few feathers! De Wet broke away, out-marched his pursuers, crossed the railways some thirty-five miles south of Krugersdorp, and at the moment we write is ready for some new dash on one or other of the scattered British posts.

Guerilla Losses.

Do Wet's force, in a sense, is not formidable. A single British division, if it could close with him, would crush him. But its very lightness is its safety. It is strong enough for mischief, but light enough to be nimble; and the chase of a leader so hardy and active is not likely soon to be brought to a close.

In the guerilla warfare into which the campaign has now resolved itself, some disasters are inevitable. Trains are wrecked. Unprotected towns are raided. Detachments are cut off. The long thread of iron lines—stretching through hundreds of miles of desolate country, with scanty and hostile population—along which Lord Roberts' supplies must come is liable to be cut at a hundred points. And the scanty detachments which—like tiny beads on a long thread—protect the line, may be cut off. Thus at Roodeval a supply train was captured by the Boers, with a detachment of Fusiliers. At Frederickstad another supply train was run off the line, and a handful of Shropshires killed or captured. Baden-Powell, with a small force, was suddenly besieged at Rustenburg. Ian Hamilton advanced to his relief; the Boers rode off, and fell on a garrison holding Elands River, under Colonel Hoare, and captured it. Here the Boers took no less than 300 prisoners, among whom, it is reported, were 140 Australian Bushmen.

These are, no doubt, irritating events; but at the stage the war has reached they are inevitable; and, in a sense, they are quite without significance. They do not alter the general complexion of the campaign. But the guerilla successes of the Boers have one evil result. They keep the war alive. Each hurrying and plundering commando that succeeds in evading its pursuers becomes a centre round which all the stray Boers, in the district through which it passes, gather. The Boers who have laid down their arms, taken the oath of allegiance, and been sent back to their farms, under these conditions dig up their concealed rifles, bring out their carefully hidden cartridges, mount their ponies, and take to the warpath again.

One sign of the bitter and audacious temper of the Boers is found in the plot to capture Lord Roberts himself and slay the British officers in Pretoria, which was happily detected before the moment

came for attempting its execution. The plot was clumsy and wild. It was an attempt, indeed, to repeat, in Pretoria, the feat of capturing and carrying off General Monk which Dumas, in his "Twenty Years After," pictures D'Artagnan accomplishing. Such romances do not take place! Nevertheless the plot in Pretoria was genuine and malignant. Lord Roberts now finds it necessary to put a new note of severity in his dealings with the Boers. Pretoria is his headquarters; and it is absurd to allow Boer spies to swarm securely round the headquarters of an army in war time. So Lord Roberts, as a military measure, has expelled large numbers of Boers from Pretoria. He is punishing, with terms of imprisonment, the Boers who, after taking the oath of allegiance, and being dismissed to their farms, take up their rifles again. And he burns the farmhouses immediately round any point where an attempt is made to tamper with the railway line.

The Australians.

The Australians and New Zealanders, it is needless to add, are bearing themselves gallantly. Colonel Alrey, with a detachment of New South Wales Bushmen, played a brilliant part in a sharp fight at Magato Pass. Many individual acts of valour are credited to the various Australian contingents, and General Ian Hamilton himself has described the fashion in which the Australians broke through the rearguard of the Boers in front of Pretoria as "the best thing done in the campaign." He says:—

They charged over the hill at an awful pace, under heavy fire from the Boers. I would not have believed any riders on earth could have done it. They went at full gallop down places like the side of a house, whooping and cheering. The moment they got through this place the Boers saw that they would be taken in flank and rear if they waited, so they jumped on their horses and galloped along the road back into the town. Your people chased them right up into range of the town, and no doubt we could have gone in and captured a lot of railway stock, which the Boers took away that night, had it not been for Lord Roberts' orders that we were not to go into the town. Perhaps it was just as well, as it would have meant fighting and killing in the town, with a lot of slaughter and destruction, but I am sure your men could have taken Pretoria then and there. I was very pleased with them.

Such praise from a soidier so gallant as Ian Hamilton will be pleasant in Australian ears.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

We give below extracts from articles in the magazines which describe some of the less known, but by no means the least picturesque, aspects of the battlefield. A "Linesman," in "Blackwood's" for July gives a curiously interesting picture of a meeting with the Boers during a momentary truce in the fierce and bloody fight on Pieter's Hill.

The Boers Under the White Flag

Perhaps one of the most curious incidents of that curious fourteen days' fighting, which began with the seizure of Hussar Hill and culminated in the storming of Pieter's Hill and the relief of Ladysmith, was the informal armistice for the burial of the dead, obtained on Sunday, February 25. The peculiar interest of the truce of Pieter's Hill lay first of all in the almost unique positions of the belligerents at the time of its happening, and secondly in the remarkable opportunity afforded by those positions for self and enemy to satisfy a little of that curiosity to see something of each other otherwise than through the medium of a raised rifle-sight, which has unconfessedly possessed both sides throughout the campaign.

Wednesday, February 14, witnessed at Chieveley the breaking up for the seventh time of the huge camp of Buller's relieving forces. Ever since the nightmare of Colenso (December 15) 25,000 men, with the "Red Bull"* at their head, had been groping along the foot of the heights, which form a natural parapet along the northern bank of the Tugela anywhere from Weenen to Acton Holmes, trying here and trying there, "like a big rat trying to get into a barn," as a Dutch prisoner inelegantly put it. The history of those "tries" does not come within the scope of the present article, but Potgieters, Spion Kop, and Vaal Krantz are the names by which they are known, and too well remembered. And now, on St. Valentine's Day, another—and in any event, it was whispered, a last—attempt to break through that formidable cordon of Dutchmen and geological "freaks" was entered upon by the sudden swoop upon Hussar Hill. Then came the storming of Cingolo Mountain and Monte Cristo—a notable feat of Hildyard's Brigade, which has not attracted the attention it deserves—the hurried flight of the Boers

from their fortress behind Colenso, followed on February 22 by the crossing of the Tugela for the fourth time, and that weird advance in the twilight, which has left more impression upon the minds of those who took part in it than any other incident of the campaign.

Amidst the incessant spitting and flashing of bullets, explosive and otherwise, Hart's Brigade made for Railway Hill, and Hildyard's for the flat-topped kopjes on the left of the railway.

A Night Combat

Of Hart's movements that night I can say but little beyond that he was able to establish himself on the lower slopes of Railway Hill. My business lay on the plateau to his left, divided from him, as aforesaid, by the railway, and a broad, shallow watercourse, dry at this season. And a confused, indescribable sort of business it was in its early stages. Imagine a stony, steep hill-side, undulating laterally into shallow depressions, and surmounted by the most indefinite and tricky of crest-lines, beyond which stretches a more or less level tract of boulder-strewn plateau, and beyond that, the Boers—and the Unknown! Our battalions strung out along the steep, whose base is the river itself; here a company, there a company, no ordered allotment of posts, for who can give orders instantan when a hill supposed to be unoccupied is found to be very much occupied indeed? It is a fact for which I can vouch, that the 60th Rifles advanced with the comparatively peaceful intention of taking up a line of outposts for the night, all innocent, as were higher authorities than they, that a Boer commando had already actually entrenched the rear edge of the plateau, and pushed their own picquets forward to the crest-line dominating the British advance. Behind the Rifles, the Devons were tramping solidly through the bullet-swept darkness, bayonets fixed, prepared for the "anything" it seemed extremely likely would happen. Behind them, again, the Queen's, who, with their fast friends the Devons, had "stuck it out" in many a hot, unreported corner since the fiery baptism they shared at Colenso. (A fine regiment, the Queen's, whose work throughout the war has not been less admirable because in the Irish-cum-Highland monopoly of public attention it has been done comparatively

* Sir Redvers Buller's sobriquet among the Boers.

unnoticed.) On their left the East Surrey, whose "gallery" work was yet to come, albeit it came quickly enough.

On the Crest

Subsequent events will never perhaps be thoroughly explained. Did the leading company of Rifles mistake the crest-line—as well they might—or were they ordered to take the position by assault? Their heroic commander, Captain the Hon. R. Cathcart, is beyond the reach of questions, for he lies buried among the boulders. What happened was unfortunately obvious enough. Up over the indefinite crest-line rushed the gallant "Sweeps," back fled the astonished burghers, and away after them into the darkness charged and cheered that devoted company, totally unsupported, their very action unknown to those who might have supported them. A burst of fire from the trench ahead seems to have revealed the situation to them, and down, behind boulders and in depressions, they dropped, to await reinforcements before carrying the widely extending work in front of them. But no reinforcements came. Never a soul of the force which raggedly fringed the "hither" crest-line knew that a company of British infantry were scattered over the bare five hundred yards between themselves and the enemy. All night long that company lay there, whilst millions of bullets passed over them (not all over, alas!) from the holders of the opposing crest-lines. At dawn the situation of the little band became intolerable. No supports had come, or seemed likely to come. The movement of a finger, even in that half-light, brought a devastating fire from the Mausers in front, and it is more than probable from the Lee-Metfords in the rear. Nothing to do but to retire on what in the growing daylight was the only fire position to be found. So the word was given, and by twos and threes the backward movement began.

At this juncture the fix the 60th were in appears to have dawned upon the authorities, and two companies of the East Surrey were ordered forward, somewhat to the left of the plateau, to cover the retreat. Which suffered most, supporters or supported, I do not know for certain. The number of dead upon the hill-top seemed afterwards to be about equal. Let it suffice to say, that in a few moments over fifty men and two officers fell dead,—the gallant Cathcart the rearmost of his command, as he had been foremost in the charge of the night before. Poor Hinton, of the East Surrey, struck by an explosive bullet in the head; the colonel, second in command, and three other officers of the East Surrey, all severely wounded, the first named in five or six places. Back to the crest-line dribbled the survivors, and then for a time nothing more except the incessant swish, swish

of bullets from the triumphant Boer and exasperated Briton. Time—dawn, February 23.

The Gallant Inniskillings

About 7 a.m. some officerless men, who had pushed forward into a very advanced position on the extreme right, quitted the sorry shelter they had contrived to scrape together during that indescribable night, and, as officerless men will, retired to the crest-line, en masse, a splendid target for the merciless Mausers behind them. They too left their quota of corpses on the plateau, and disaster might have ensued at this point had not two companies of another regiment, the Devons, dashed forward through the press and reoccupied the deserted sangars, almost before the enemy had become aware that they were evacuated. Result, a storm of fire, luckily hurried and ineffective, followed by a nasty shelling from a diabolically accurate 3-inch Creusot, also comparatively harmless, though the West Countrymen found but a bare twelve inches of small stones behind which to shelter when they dropped, breathless and expectant, into the lately deserted lines. Then another pause, utilised by the Queen's in audaciously pushing forward two or three companies into other unoccupied sangars on the extreme right, the foremost of which was certainly not more than two hundred and fifty yards from the Boer trenches.

Meanwhile disastrous doings were in progress on Railway Hill, across the watercourse. Hart, with the Irishmen, attempting to storm Railway Hill, was met by such a tornado of fire from an unsuspected trench in front that he was forced to fall back to his bivouac on the lower slopes, leaving 150 dead among the rocks. A terrible venture from which the Inniskillings suffered most, returning with but four officers alive and unwounded. And so night fell, with the Irishmen unhappily huddled together at the foot of their fatal hill, taking what rest they might amidst continuous sniping, pompomming, and occasional shelling, whilst the stream of bullets still whistled and wailed pizzicato over the plateau, across the railway, winding up over a sonorous obligato of shells during the last half hour of daylight. Not a cheerful day's work, and the "key" apparently no nearer the lock than ever.

Waiting for the Rush

The events of Saturday, February 24, need no description, chiefly, to use an Irishism, because there were none. In fact, barring that there was no attack, the sniping, shelling, and pom-pomming on hill and plateau were an exact replica of that of the previous day, the shelling perhaps more severe, and at times effective. The real move-

* See Sir Redvers' speech to the troops at Spearman's, after retirement from Spion Kop: "You have given me the key to Ladysmith."

ments of that day were unostentatious, but, to those "in the know," full of portent. They consisted in the reinforcements of the forces on Railway Hill by the East Surrey and West Yorkshire regiments, drawn from Hildyard's Brigade, and an admirably conducted massing of artillery on the heights echeloned opposite the Boer position, but on the southern bank of the river. But no member of Buller's army will ever forget the tense feeling which pervaded the air on that uneventful Saturday. A tiger crouching before it springs is a limp, nerveless creature compared to a host of 25,000 desperate men preparing, perhaps unconsciously, for the onslaught that is to decide once and for ever the bloody quarrel of months. It is not too much to say that the relief of the 10,000 Britons beleaguered in Ladysmith over-shadowed all else, even the ultimate issue of the whole campaign, in the minds of men and officers. Pretoria could wait; but comrades perishing of fever, starving on starved horse-flesh, driven to hide like conies in holes and burrows from the pitiless shells, every one of which was a fresh insult to battalions who had helped to overthrow Napoleon himself, they could not wait, and no words of mine can describe the fulness of that pause before the final easting of the die.

The few, the very few soldiers who were not on the alert already at dawn on Sunday, the 25th, awoke with a sensation that "something was up." They may, indeed, have been actually roused by the unwonted silence reigning over hill and kopje, from which at bedtime—save the mark!—the previous night the discharge of rifles had been ringing as abruptly and as busily as ever. Some time elapsed before men were informed that an armistice had been agreed upon to bury the dead, and many a rifle which had only been awaiting a "good morning" from the trenches in front was half-reluctantly unloaded, its owner preparing to put in some of his much overdue sleep, or to move a few yards right or left for the purpose of comparing notes with comrades, whom, perhaps, he had actually not seen for three days.

The Truce

The business preliminaries of an armistice have a picturesqueness of their own which may be of interest, if the reader, like the writer, has never before accompanied a flag of truce into the no-man's land which lies between opposing forces during an undecided action. Certainly the occurrence has not been witnessed in British warfare since the Crimea. Colonel Hamilton, of the Queen's, with his white flag, is the central figure, an officer who had times and again advanced just as calmly towards Boer trenches with something very different in his hand. Behold him, then, standing

erect, in the mathematically exact centre of the debatable ground, with the emblem of fraternity—so basely and constantly abused by the Dutchmen, to their eternal discredit—lifted high above his head. Behind him a group of perhaps a dozen officers of the line, most of them possessing no earthly right to be present (*quorum pars parva fuit*), and behind them again the advanced guard of a trenchful of curious private soldiers, all rather self-conscious, but glancing with steady eyes around at the poor dead with which the rocky ground was covered. Oh, those dead! how still and how uncouth they lay, all dreadful and discoloured by three days of tropical sun and damp, oppressive nights.

For a few moments—rather anxious ones it may be said—Colonel Hamilton and his little following stood motionless among the motionless dead, every eye fixed on the Boer trench, and a lively wonder in every mind as to what sort of entity would presently emerge therefrom. Behind, on our crest-lines, all was silent as the grave; ahead, the same uncanny stillness.

Suddenly a blunt-looking head emerged, apparently from the earth itself followed by another, and another outlined sharply against the clear green of Grobler's Kloof, a vast, hummocky grass-clad mountain, whose outline had dogged us from Dan to Beersheba, from Colenso to Sugar-Loaf Hill. Then two or three figures showed openly on the parapet, their uprising reminding one of nothing so much as that of a gamekeeper straightening his back from the cramp of setting his traps in a weasel run.

But there was nothing of the gamekeeper about the man who first strode forward to meet us. Scarcely have I set eyes on a more magnificent specimen of male humanity than the commandant of the trenchful of Boers, Pristorius by name, a son of Anak by descent, and a gallant, golden-bearded fighting-man by present occupation; for in far-away Middelburg those mighty limbs—he told it us without any of that stupid deprecation which would probably have characterised a similar confession on the part of an Englishman—were wont to stretch themselves beneath a lawyer's desk. Close on his heels came what a person who had never seen Boers before would have thought the strangest band of warriors in the world: old men with flowing, tobacco-stained, white beards; middle-aged men with beards burnt black with the sun and sweat of their forty years; young men, mostly clean shaven, exhibiting strongly the heavy Dutch moulding of the broad nose and chin; big boys in small suits; suits of all kinds and colours, tweed, velveteen, homespun, and "shoddy," all untidy in the extreme, but mostly as serviceable as their wearers. The only sign of a uniform was the turnout of Pristorius himself, a suit of well-

made khaki, studded with silver buttons, and silver stars wherever there was room for button or star.

Talking with the Boers

At first a marked disposition showed itself in each little party to remain clustered round its leader, and even when the Britishers had stared and thawed sufficiently to allow them to separate, and endeavour to engage in conversation individuals of their momentary friends the enemy, the latter still evinced a reserve, tempered with sullenness, and a slight admixture of rudeness, which rendered a rapprochement a task requiring no little tact and diplomacy. How they hate and suspect us, those ignorant, back-country farmers! One can trace generations of misinformation and self-sufficiency in their lowering eyes, and the ungainly arrogance and assertiveness of their gestures.

Here, too, it was very evident that it was much more difficult for them to conceal the natural discomposure which all men feel in the presence of the silent dead than for their more artificial opponents. From the airy and easy demeanour of the uniformed British officers, that dreadful plateau might have been the lobby of a London club. A Briton is at all times prone to conceal his emotions, and certainly in this instance the idiosyncrasy gave him a great social advantage over the superstitious burghers, with their sidelong glances and uneasy shiftings. But as time went on matters improved, and presently the writer found himself plunged into quite an animated discussion on the merits and demerits of night attacks with a deep-chested old oak-tree of a man, whose swarthy countenance was rendered more gipsy-like by the addition of earrings. The opening of the conversation had its humours. "Good morning!" quoth I. "Gumorghen," rumbled the oak-tree, sourly. "Surely we can be friends for five minutes," I ventured, after a pause. The rugged countenance was suddenly, not to say, startlingly, illumined with a beaming smile. "Why not, indeed! why not, officer! have you any tobacco?" Out came my pouch, luckily filled to bursting that very morning, and the oak-tree proceeded to stuff a huge pipe to the very brim, gloating over the fragrance of the "best gold flake" as he did so. The rumour of tobacco had the effect of dispelling the chill that still lingered on the outskirts of that little crowd, and many a grimy set of fingers claimed their share as the price of the friendship of the owners, the commandant himself not disdaining to accept a fill with a graceful word of thanks. They were out of tobacco in that trench, it appeared, and suffering acutely from the deprivation of what to a Boer is more necessary than food. Was I guilty of "aiding and abet-

ting the Queen's enemies" by thus easing their torments for a while?

Gathering the Dead

Meantime a little army of stretcher-bearers had come up, and were busy removing the corpses and the three or four unhappy men who had managed to keep the spark of life in their poor bodies during those terrible three days and nights. By this time the plateau was presenting quite an animated scene. Parties of Boers and British officers were strolling about in all directions, never approaching too near their respective defences. Here stood a little group of Dutchmen around a Briton, there a like number of Britons around an interesting Boer. A young officer of the Devons was busily engaged in preparing to take a snap-shot of the scene. Up rushes a youthful Boer, an ill-kempt, emasculated stripling, beseeching that his unlamentable form might not be omitted from the picture. It was amusing to see the anxiety on his unhealthy face, and the gratified smile, which answered the bronzed young Englishman's good-natured one of acquiescence, and then the self-conscious awkwardness of the youngster's subsequent pose for the operation whose results he would never see.

My next conversational effort was with a tall, shifty-looking Dutchman who appeared somewhat "out of it," whom, therefore, feelings of hospitality prompted me to try and put at his ease. (We English, I think, all inexplicably felt as if we were the hosts and the Boers guests on this occasion. Was it from a premonition that forty-eight hours hence that hill-top would be trod by no man without our permission?) After a few desultory remarks upon the weather, horse-sickness, the prospects (agricultural only) of the next few weeks, etc., etc., the burgher's share in which was chiefly monosyllabic and none too civil, I at last blurted out a question I had been longing to put all the morning, as soon as relations should be established on a sufficiently friendly footing: "Aren't you fellows sick of this?" I said. "How much longer do you intend to keep us out here, and yourselves from your farms and families?" The reply was more frank than I had expected. "Of course we don't like it any more than you do; but, three years, yes! three years we will stay out and fight!" This with an air as if to say, "There! if that doesn't astonish you, I don't know what will!"

"But, my friend," I replied, unreservedly, "we do like it; it is our trade—what we live for and by; and as to three years, why, we are prepared to fight you for thirty, if necessary!"

The Boer seemed surprised, and hadn't the wit to hide it. Probably the idea of a standing army is ungraspable by a real back-country guerilla re-

publican. "Er—er—ah—er, some settlement will come before then, is it not?" he murmured. I shook my head portentously, as if to imply that there could be but one settlement, the undiscussable one of unconditional surrender.

Several of his comrades then joined us, amongst them one or two of those offensive little half-bred French and Germans, about whom one wonders nothing so much as the reason why the big solemn Boers allow them to sully the dignity of their commandos. One of these, an under-sized red-headed atrocity, with inferior teeth, and a water-bottle stolen from a wounded man on Spion Kop (he informed me of this himself), was also full of the subject of night attacks. "Why do you seely beoble kip on, kip on wiz your night attags? You find us asleeb neffer. You are shot, efery one; look 'ere!" and he pointed to the corpses on every side. "It is verr sad," chimed in a compatriot unctuously, and as I maintained a discreet silence the subject did not flourish, though one or two Dutchmen maintained a voluble argument on it amongst themselves for some time.

Tommy Atkins and the Boers

About this time our men from the sangars in rear were approaching somewhat too closely to the strolling Boer soldiery on the plateau, and the commandant began to get weary. At his request, therefore, both sides were ordered back to their lines, an operation carried out by the Dutchman by a mere wave of the arm, and a loud monosyllable like the cry of a curcraque. Our men thereupon retired, with an expression of face that plainly said that where a Boer could walk there would a British soldier walk also, until the rights of the matter were settled *vi et armis*. It was funny to notice the demeanour of Mr. Atkins when in such equivocal close quarters to his foeman as that permitted by a truce in the middle of a long and bloody battle. It must be confessed that it was somewhat of the melodramatic order, doubtless a not ineffective method of impressing imaginations so crude as those of the back-country Boers. I do not think that there was a single private soldier of her Majesty's forces on that hill-top who had not got his arms folded across his breast. Thus they advanced, thus they stood and stared at their loose-jointed opponents, and thus they retired at the word of command, slowly and gravely, the embodiment of dignified discipline. Rather to my relief, the Boers did appear impressed. These red-necks were no "junkers," but bearded men, with all the bronze and fitness of four months' continuous campaigning upon them. Who can say but that this informal private view had some effect on the triumphant finale of two days later?

By this time—nearly 6 p.m.—the last dead had been collected and buried; the wearied and saddened chaplain had said the last solemn words over the huge grave containing the husks of so many brave departed spirits. The truce was at an end, though the influence of it lingered for a while, even after Briton and Boer had parted with a wave of the hand or a ceremonious salute, or, as in more than one case, a curiously inscrutable *auf wiedersehen*. Not a shot broke the deathly stillness of that Sunday evening until 10 p.m., when apparently some overwrought Boer "had to let off or shout," as a recruit once said in explanation of a shot fired by him during a night march at Aldershot! From that moment up to the terrific culmination of artillery and musketry fire on Tuesday, February 27, there was never again a cessation of the firing.

In the "Cornhill" for July Dr. Moorhead writes an article of quite curious interest. He was an English doctor practising in one of the Transvaal towns. The war left him stranded, he was "commandeered" for service with a Boer ambulance, and thus saw the opening fights of the war from the Boer side, and he is able to describe how the Boers entered into the struggle.

With a Boer Ambulance

The news of the ultimatum on October 9 brought a deep hush over the camp for a time, and sounded like a knell to the hearts of those who had still hoped that President Kruger was only at his old game of bluff, and would soon back down, although there were yet Boers foolish enough to believe that England might send a peaceful reply to that document. The cup was full, however, and one could dimly imagine the stern preparation and exultation of the Indian veterans bivouacked among the hills of Natal, and whose dead comrades lay at Laing's Nek and Majuba; the hurrying of men and horses; the uproar at home. The two days of expectant waiting passed; the period mentioned by the ultimatum expired at 5 p.m. on Wednesday, the 11th, but yet all was quiet and silent; the British made no sign across the border, the night passed undisturbed, and early next morning came the order to move forward some six miles to Volksrust. Evidently no attack was expected, and the Transvaal war cloud was about to burst. Wild rumours went flying about, but there was no reliable information obtainable.

It was a cold foggy morning as the long column of horsemen and waggons streamed along towards their rendezvous to wage war against the British Empire. The spectacle was an impressive one. Along three or four converging roads, as far as the eye could reach, stretched strings of white tented

buck-waggon and plodding oxen. Here and there light traps were being driven by burghers who preferred to travel more comfortably; little knots of belated horsemen splashed joyously through the mud, glad to be free at last of the monotony of camp life. Above all a grey sodden sky; the hills, and Majuba, veiled in mist and invisible; the plain re-echoing with the cracking of whips and the shouting of drivers. At Volksrust, when we arrived, the final council of war was being held, and the plan of campaign settled upon. The fate of many thousands of human beings was being disposed of by these bearded farmers.

The Boer Leaders

At three in the afternoon the Middelburg burghers were gathered, by dint of much shouting, round a waggon, on which stood the Commandant, Pete Trichard. Tall, stalwart and bronzed, six feet three inches in his boots, with crisp black hair and beard and dark eyes, a grandson of the Louis Trichard celebrated in the annals of the Voortrekkers, he stood facing us, a worthy representative of his race. Around him stood his field cornets: Jan Verceuil of the Town Guard, a grizzled, trusted old warrior, who had run the Commandant very close in the voting for the Commandantship, personally a mild-mannered, quiet, moderate, and retiring man, but inspired with a deadly hatred for the English as a nation, having fought against them in the 1881 war; Marthinus Gouws, of Ward Olifants River, spare, small, and fair-bearded; Geel Joubert, of "Selons river" Ward, huge, strapping, dark-haired, of an easy, cheerful disposition; Jan Krige, of Ward Mapochsland, thick-set, weather-beaten, bronzed, and dark, with a merry twinkling eye and pleasant face, and an ostrich feather in his hard felt hat; Field Cornet Pretorius, of Ward Steenkwolspruit, florid, aged, and stout.

"Burghers," spoke the Commandant, "I have to tell you that there is no longer hope for peace. It is war, war! We have again to fight for the independence of our beloved land, which our forefathers bought with their blood. It will be a hard and bloody struggle, but we must not hesitate now; the time for talk has passed, and we must lay down our lives if they are wanted by our dear Transvaal. The great God Who protected our fathers will also take care of us, a tiny people at war with a great Power. The English are in force near Dundee and are threatening us, and we have been ordered down to Doornberg to protect the border with General Lukas Meyer, and must start immediately. Only those with good fat horses may come now, and the others must follow on with the waggon; they must take with them supplies for ten or fourteen days, for goodness knows when they'll see the waggon again." He stopped, and a stolid

silence succeeded, broken only by the deep breathing of his hearers. Then their pastor stood up, bareheaded, and with closed eyes, and offered up a short, fervent prayer, containing, alas! the usual formulae about greed for gold and injustice and tyranny, but still effective, and, at such a moment, very stirring. Without a word the burghers broke up, and each busied himself with the preparation of his gear and a last hurried meal.

The Boer Gunners

I had an interesting conversation with Lieut. Du Toit, of the State Artillery, as we rode out that morning from Utrecht. He was a smart, well-educated young colonial Dutchman, and had begun life as a surveyor in the Transvaal, but had joined the State Artillery, and had been, I believe, some time at Woolwich and a year in Germany. He was very full of the excellence of his arm, and enthusiastic and optimistic about everything. With some diffidence I broached the subject of the coming campaign. "Was that all the State Artillery that I saw at Volksrust, these three batteries?" "Yes, that was all." "Do you mean to say that the Transvaal has no more guns than that?" "Oh, no; there were plenty more guns, but no men for them, and of course Cronje and Schalk Burger have also got some guns." "And is there, then, no reserve, no supply of trained artillerymen you have been importing from Europe—do you mean to tell me that you're going to face the British Army with three batteries all told?" "Oh, yes; why not? our guns have a great deal better range, for they can send a shell six miles to the English four, and the French Creusots can fire much more rapidly, too." "I suppose half your men are trained Germans?" I resumed, "and can be relied on to stand staunchly to their guns?" "Indeed, they are not, only Afrikaners are now admitted into the Artillery, and you'll hardly find a German in the ranks. There isn't one with my battery," which was a fact. "But about officers?" "There are only two Germans in the whole corps, Lieut. von Wiegman and another; for the siege guns there are foreigners, but none with the field guns." "And how do you find these raw Transvaalers turn out?" "Well, they're not beauties to look at, and their drill doesn't amount to much; but they understand horses and mules, and can ride, and it is wonderful how they pick up the shooting. After a few months' practice they make splendid practice, and judge distance really well." "And do you expect them to stand up to a heavy shell fire?" "Oh, yes, doctor, I think they will; they know they've got to do it." I went away, disturbed and thoughtful, thinking that there must soon be light in some dark places.

A Night March

We now received our orders, and the men set out. During the earlier part of the night of the 19th, the rain poured down in torrents, and several Middelburgers sneaked back to camp for shelter: they had been sitting for hours in the darkness, they told us, and there was no sign yet of movement in the dense block of men and horses; the river was broad, and the banks steep, and therefore many could not get over at a time. They gave us, moreover, an outline of the proposed attack, which was as follows. While Lukas Meyer's command surprised Dundee before dawn, from the east, General Erasmus with the Pretoria and other commands and the field-guns were to attack simultaneously from the north; it was thought Joubert would slip in on the west, while the Free State menaced the rear. There were some 4,000 troops in Dundee, they said, with three batteries of artillery.

Dundee being some twelve miles distant from the drift, after a few hours' sleep they left again, and grey dawn was just breaking as I rode out of camp. Down the greasy road the waggons bumped and slipped across the stony bed of the river, with mishaps to chains and traces, and up the steep bank, into Natal. It gave me a strong thrill of repugnance to think that I was setting foot on British soil in the rear of an invading army, and that behind the horizon lay the indignant and astonished might of the Empire.

It was now no time for reflection, and there remained nothing to be done but to go forward. How I strained my ears to hear any sound! how my heart thumped as the low muffled explosions told me the battle had begun! How slowly these heavy waggons lumbered along over the heavy road inches deep in mud, trampled and cut up by thousands of hoofs! In spite of all endeavour the mules were at last reduced to a walk, and I could not leave them, or I might never see them again. The reports followed one another more rapidly now, and the triple and quadruple bark of the "pom-pom" sounded strange over all. After what seemed weary hours of splashing along through mist and rain, on coming over the shoulder of a hill we caught sight of the field of action. Some four miles away across the flat in front of us little white puffs were continuously breaking out over the crest of a low hill, and as the Transvaal guns used smokeless powder as well as the British, we knew these must be bursting shells.

First Sight of the British

I was riding well ahead of the ambulances by this time, and had my wallets and saddle-bags stuffed with dressings, and was making "Billy," my horse, go his best, when I came across two Middelburgers

whom I knew, and who had recently passed me on the road. They had drawn up alongside and were looking intently at some mounted men a few hundred yards away to the right, who had suddenly come into view through the mist, advancing slowly towards Dundee across the veldt. "What Commando is that?" they asked, suspiciously. "Some of the burghers?" I questioned after looking. "Can they be English?" "We don't know." "They are in very regular formation." Yes, but each field-cornet had been ordered the day previous to keep his men well apart from the others, for better discipline, and perhaps they were doing it. At any rate it was quite clear where my duty lay, and I pushed on impatiently along the road. When a few riders detached themselves from the body, one crossing towards me and two going back, I felt rather pleased, and hoped for some information, and meanwhile kept my eyes fixed on my goal, the hill on which the shells were still bursting. The single horseman would cross the road about a hundred yards in front of me, I noticed, and he seemed in a hurry, so I determined not to shout to stop him. Suddenly a corporal of hussars, with a sword tilted over his shoulder, unnecessarily in evidence, I thought, was asking me to stop. I did so promptly, conscious that I must present rather a bedraggled spectacle, with a large flapping slouch hat and soaked shabby mackintosh, and thanking my stars that I had carefully and prominently painted a Red Cross on both wallets and saddle-bags, and that I had been in too great a hurry to take my revolver with me. "Who are you?" was the next question, and I explained meekly. I must come and see his officer.

The captain was waiting for us at the head of his men—18th Hussars, Natal Carabniers, and Mounted Infantry, the corporal had told me. "Them Boers is getting 'ell on them 'ills, and we're waiting for 'em," he had remarked on the way.

Colonel Moller now appeared on the scene. "Have to keep you an hour or two, of course, but that's all. You'll give me your parole not to go till you're told to," and this I gave willingly.

After a time the Hussars began to draw off, leaving us quite to ourselves; one lot took the south side of the Vant's Drift road, while Moller's men, with a Maxim and some prisoners, drew off slowly northwards.

The Boers Under Defeat

On looking about I found that the Boers were beginning to leave the hills in which they were posted, and from which the crack of rifles was still incessant, and to swarm down into the plain like angry bees. A farmhouse, nestling close under the right-hand hill, and displaying a large Red Cross flag, attracted my attention. I knew that

the artillery doctor must be there, and towards it I directed the ambulances, not without considerable hesitation, for it was very evident that the Boers were retiring, and the plain might at any moment be swept by the shell and Maxim fire of the pursuit. It was now about ten in the morning.

Presently I came up to some of the outermost Boers, and from them I learned, and saw even better from their demeanour, the extent of the disaster. They were demoralised and panic-stricken, and were riding aimlessly about; every now and then one or other would dismount and fire wildly over hills a mile distant in the direction of Dundee.

"We have no commandants! No field-cornets! No orders! The whole affair is mismanaged! We have lost many men! The shell fire is playing havoc with us, and we cannot hold out!" That was about the gist of their explanation.

Amongst the Wounded

The farmhouse, a solid building, surrounded with stone walls and stone offices, presented an extraordinary appearance. The yard was full of horses, standing patiently with their bridles hanging down and saddles glistening in the rain; groups of them encumbered the gates. Boers in every imaginable state of mind were crowded in and out of the building: some stood talking, some rushed about, others sat quietly against the walls eating tinned food: some had their bandoliers and rifles, others had neither, but were hastily pinning on bits of red rag to their arms, in the shape of a cross, or rushed after us, entreating us for Red Cross badges; wounded men were being helped in by their friends, carried down in blankets or overcoats. Boers were constantly arriving from the hill above, on which the rifles still cracked out. Shrapnel whizzed noisily now and then overhead and buried itself in the soft earth. There was talking and confusion and shouting, and all looked angry and frightened.

I stepped into the house. Right opposite me, crumpled up in the passage, lay the body of Field-cornet Joubert, of the Middelburgers; a little round hole in the centre of his four-coloured hat band seemed to tell its tale. A room to the left was full of sopping-wet wounded Boers lying about in every attitude, some alone, some supported by their friends. In a room to the right the little German artillery doctor welcomed me warmly and, asked for dressings. On a large bed lay Lieut. Du Toit, his leg shattered by shrapnel. Beside him lay an artillery private shot through both lungs. The floor was covered with wounded; pools of water and of blood lay everywhere; every room was full of groaning forms. I broke into the tiny pantry and established myself there at once, and

for an hour or more was busy dressing hastily man after man as they were brought in. The occasional scream of a shell over the roof told me the fight was not yet over. There was at length a moment's breathing space, and I went outside to try and see what was going on. Just then a young Boer came up and asked me for the loan of a Red Cross flag. Astonished at the demand I asked him what he wanted it for. "I have this note to give to the English," he said, showing me a little scrap of folded paper. "It's from General Lukas Meyer." It was the leaf of a small notebook, and its contents, beautifully written in pencil and in English, ran thus, as far as I can remember:—

"To the Officer Commanding the British Troops.

"Sir,—I have the honour to request you to consent to an armistice for the purpose of allowing me to gather my wounded and bury my dead.

(Signed) "LUKAS MEYER,

"General, Transvaal Forces."

A thrill of astonishment ran through me as I read and realised how great must be the consternation when such a request could be made by the previously cocksure Transvaalers.

Tommy Atkins

The next thing I remember was a clear English voice asking who was in charge of this hospital, and the voice of Dr. Van der Merve modestly replying that he thought he was. I went out and found a flushed and panting subaltern of Dublin Fusiliers—his helmet pushed back, a sword in one hand, a revolver in the other—at his back a half-company of grimy, panting soldiers with fixed bayonets. Others were collecting Mausers and bandoliers and saddles, and heaping them in a Scotch cart, and there were sentries at the gates. The British had taken possession—the hill was theirs.

In the farmhouse that night there lay seventy wounded Transvaalers, besides two British officers and three privates; a certain number of wounded Boers, amounting, perhaps, to fifteen or twenty, had ridden or been taken back to De Jager's Drift, and some thirty-nine or forty dead lay where they had fallen. The total Boer loss that day could therefore be put down at a hundred wounded and forty killed, and I believe a few were taken as prisoners into Dundee—making, at a liberal estimate, a loss of 150 men.

The Story of the Fight

When quiet fell and my work for the day ended and I had time to think and talk, the full story of the day gradually unfolded itself among those who remained awake. Advancing from the drift the burghers had arrived unopposed and unobserved

on the top of Talana, though some scouts had been in contact with them in the flats; and their guns had been got into position and opened fire on the unsuspecting camp at dawn at a range of 4,200 yards. The artillery were blamed for having begun firing before all the Boers had got into position; at any rate, considerable confusion ensued, and when the British guns returned an awful shower of shrapnel directed with deadly accuracy all discipline vanished.

The Transvaal guns were very soon silenced; Lieut. Du Toit told me that he and an artilleryman named Schulz had worked a Krupp and a "pom-pom" alone till they were both struck down at the same time. The German artillery doctor told me that one of the artillery captains came to the hospital early in the fight, saying he felt sick, and remained there till the retirement began. The troops, they said, had come out into the open in their time-honoured and expected style, had attacked the hill in their best go-ahead manner and had been shot in droves; but the shell fire had been too much for Boer flesh and blood to stand. Several of the prominent citizens of Middelburg had sat under a stone wall near the hospital the whole morning smoking peacefully, alleging that they could get no orders—hundreds of others had done the same—in fact it was thought that not more than 500 men were firing during the day; the others had got behind rocks, and had remained there. The brunt of the day had been borne by the Utrecht and Wakkerstroom men, who were supporting the guns and had first come into position; in fact, they contributed most of the casualties.

A young Utrecht boy named Vermaak specially attracted my notice. Shot through the right arm himself, he paid no attention to his wound, but sat patiently on a couch holding his grey-haired father in his arms. The old man was mortally wounded in the back by a shrapnel bullet and could not lie down. Out of a little body of five friends and companions who had gone together into battle, the boy and his father were the only two alive, he told me, with tears in his eyes. The old man died the next morning.

The night was dark and stormy, there were no lanterns, and everybody was exhausted, so I had reluctantly to postpone the search for the wounded till the morning. The Boers, moreover, were frightened to go out, for the "Dublins," when bringing

in their dead and wounded that afternoon, had threatened several of them, and two or three, I was told, had been arrested and brought into Dundee.

Morning at last broke. I then made my way to the hill-top. The wheel tracks of the guns were still cut deep in the soft earth, and at every step almost one trod on a shrapnel bullet or a piece of the interior of a shell. Further up lay a couple of dead artillery horses and some Creusot and Nordenfellt ammunition, and then dotted here and there white naked legs showed clearly against the sodden earth. Here lay a trampled helmet with a tiny bullet hole through it and a stain of blood inside; there a black soft felt hat with a large hole in it; close by a half-naked bearded man stared stonily heavenward with teeth clenched; by him a body with a handsome boyish face like his own, a half-smiling expression still on it—father and son evidently—shattered rocks, empty cartridge-cases, tattered mackintoshes; and overhead in the dripping sky slowly circled the *aasvogels*. The rain was falling noiselessly, and a dull heavy silence seemed to brood over the hill-top.

The Scene of the Fight

It seemed as if two opposing waves had dashed themselves against each other and again receded, leaving Talana high and dry and desolate with its dead. Looking down the steep slope of the hill facing Dundee, I could not but wonder at the pluck and madness which had driven men against it. The upper and steeper part of the descent and the crest were covered with large boulders, affording excellent shelter; halfway down the hill a low stone wall running around it afforded splendid cover, and had been held by the Boers; a farmhouse, thickly surrounded with trees at the base, had fortunately afforded protection for the attacking troops. The summit of Talana was an irregular broken tableland, covered with stones and intersected by stone walls, quite out of sight of the guns in the plains below; and I saw how fortunate a thing it was that the Boers had so early been demoralised by the shell fire, and why some of the older ones had felt so bitter at abandoning the position.

On Monday morning, after a final look at Dundee from the top of Talana, I inspanned my ambulance and returned to Lukas Meyer's column, then lying among the hills some few miles away.



SOME LEADING FEDERALISTS.

1. Hon. A. P. Matheson, M.L.C., President Goldfields Reform League.
2. Mr. George Leake, Q.C., President W.A. Federal League.
3. Hon. J. W. Hackett, M.L.C., Editor "West Australian."
4. Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, P.C., Premier of Western Australia.
5. Mr. H. I. Blake, Secretary Federal League.
6. Mr. W. James, M.L.A.
7. Mr. J. W. Kirwan, Editor "Kalgoorlie Miner."
8. Mr. E. A. Harney.

(Photos. by Greenham and Evans, Perth; Doyle and Co., Kalgoorlie; and Fruhling and Co., Adelaide.)

HOW FEDERATION WAS WON IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY H. IRWIN BLAKE, OF THE W.A. FEDERAL LEAGUE.

July 31, 1900, was a red-letter day in the history of Western Australia, when she, by an overwhelming majority, accepted the Commonwealth Bill, and so perfected the Union of Australia. The earnest desire of all Federalists—that the dawn of the new century should be heralded by the peaceful birth of a new nation comprising all the States of Australia—thus became an accomplished fact.

Before touching on this last campaign, it may be of interest to look back a couple of years, and briefly glance at the more important events preceding the referendum.

How the Popular Fight Began

The Federal League of W.A. was formed in Perth, March, 1898, after the Melbourne Conference had approved of the Commonwealth Bill, its object being to secure the Commonwealth Bill being submitted to the vote of the people of Western Australia for acceptance or rejection. It must be remembered that the delegates from Western Australia who attended the Conferences at Sydney, Adelaide, and Melbourne, were nominated by Parliament; they were not elected by the people, as were the representatives of the other colonies; so that the people of Western Australia had not then had an opportunity of properly discussing the provisions of the Bill, or of expressing any opinion on it. The first chairman of the League was Mr. Walter James, M.L.A., and a strong executive was elected, comprising all shades of opinion, with representatives of the Australian Natives' Association, the Trades and Labour Council, and the general public.

In June, 1898, the failure in New South Wales to secure the necessary majority of voters made Federation impossible at the time, and nothing was done until Sir John Forrest returned from the Premiers' Conference at the beginning of 1899.

The first great Federal Meeting was held in March, 1899, the leading speakers being Messrs. Alex. Matheson, M.L.C., and Walter James, M.L.A. These two gentlemen, with Mr. George Leake, throughout the campaign, both in and out of Parliament, consistently advocated that the people of Western Australia should be given the same opportunity of expressing an opinion on Federation as afforded to their brothers in the eastern colonies.

During last year many meetings were held under the auspices of the Federal League, and branches were established throughout the country. Invaluable assistance was afforded by the Australian Natives' Association and the members

of the Trades and Labour Councils. The former organisation, having branches in so many centres, was able to distribute the literature circulated by the League everywhere.

A Hostile Parliament

The League soon found that they had an extremely up-hill battle to fight. They were confronted by a Parliament in which a majority was avowedly hostile to Federation, and both the metropolitan papers took up the cudgels on behalf of the anti-Federalists. A petition, praying that the Bill be submitted to the people of Western Australia, was prepared, and signed by 23,000 adults on the goldfields and elsewhere throughout the colony. This was presented in the Lower House by Mr. George Leake, Q.C., and in the Upper House by Mr. Alex. Matheson; but the prayer of the petitioners was not successful. In the meantime, a Royal Commission had been appointed to report on the Commonwealth Bill, but the majority of the members were at the time openly antagonistic to Federation on the terms of the Commonwealth Bill as amended at the Premiers' Conference. Voluminous evidence was taken, and the report of the Commission was to the effect that further concessions to Western Australia should be granted, the most important being a guarantee that the trans-continental railway should be completed, and that five years' fiscal freedom be granted to Western Australia instead of the sliding scale. The Lower House decided that the Bill, as amended at the Premiers' Conference, and the Bill as further amended by the Royal Commission, should be submitted to the people; but the result of the debate in the Upper House was that both Bills were thrown out!

This was brought about by the Federalists joining hands with the extreme anti-Federalists, and voting against the Select Committee's Bill being referred to the people. At that time the Federal prospects did not look at all bright, and the population on the goldfields, seeing that it appeared impossible to get Western Australia to join as an original State, started an agitation for separation, with a view of the new State joining in the Commonwealth. The movement received hearty support on the goldfields, where an active population of 80,000 people were extremely dissatisfied with their lack of representation in Parliament.

Separation

A petition, praying for separation, was prepared and signed by 28,000 adults resident on the fields,

and the petition was sent to the Home Government early this year. At the same time the West Australian Government sent Mr. S. H. Parker, Q.C., to London as a delegate to watch the interests of the colony. The delegates from the other colonies being at that time engaged in helping to steer the Commonwealth Bill through the House of Commons, Mr. Parker's mission had no apparent practical result, but Mr. Chamberlain notified the agent of the Separationists that the petition would be sent to Western Australia for report by the colonial Ministers; and also that an opportunity would be given the people of Western Australia of voting on the Commonwealth. A special session of the local Parliament was summoned, and the reference of the Bill to the people was agreed to last June.

Preparing for the Fray

As soon as Parliament had decided that the Bill should be referred to the people, both sides displayed great activity. An anti-Federal association, termed the National League, had been formed by the apostles of delay, who urged that the best interests of Western Australia would be served by not joining as an original State, but

that we should remain isolated for a further period. The main arguments of the anti-Federalists were that by standing out we should obtain better terms later on, that our young industries would be placed on a firmer footing in a few years, and that if we joined now we should lose £300,000, the revenue derived from goods imported from the eastern colonies, which would be lost on intercolonial Free Trade coming into operation. The Federalists were also taunted with being "sentimentalists," who wished to sacrifice their adopted country to an idea.

On the other side, it was urged that we had no guarantee of ever obtaining better terms, and that the advantages we derived by joining as an original State more than compensated for many disadvantages; that any dislocation of trade that might arise would be greatly intensified if Federation were postponed to a period when vested interests would be stronger; and thirdly, that the so-called loss of duty on intercolonial goods was not a reality, as the money remained in the pockets of the people. It was also apparent that, if Federation were refused, an agitation for separation would again spring into life, with every pros-

YES NO
44652 19636

YES		NO		YES		NO		YES		NO	
ALBANY	914	67	N. CLGARDIE	2723	143	GREENOUGH	18	411	MURRAY	469	674
ASHURTON	32	17	DE GREY	841	15	IRWIN	34	310	NELSON	402	487
BEVERLEY	86	415	DUNDAS	816	30	E. KIMBLEY	57	1	NORTHAM	593	833
BUNBURY	493	802	FREMANTLE	532	277	W. KIMBLEY	97	34	PERTH	2386	1328
CANNING	405	509	F. W. MANTLE	1322	804	MOORE	65	463	E. PERTH	1128	820
CLGARDIE	4337	170	N. F. W. MANTLE	1289	678	MURCHISON	26	222	N. PERTH	1416	844
CLGARDIE	11502	732	S. F. W. MANTLE	1544	1382	C. M. CHISON	777	65	W. PERTH	2078	1388
N. CLGARDIE	3727	117	GASCOYNE	53	66	N. M. CHISON	597	83	PILBARRA	308	9
			GERALDTON	254	679	S. W. CHISON	910	209	PT. ACENET	359	213
											YORK
											139
											670

FEDERAL POLL JULY 31ST 1900
"The West Australian" RECORD BOARD

THE "WEST AUSTRALIAN" REFERENDUM RECORD BOARD, SHOWING PROMINENT FEDERALISTS IN FRONT.

W. A. Smythe, Photo.]



PROMINENT ANTI-FEDERALISTS.

1. Hon. F. H. Piessé, M.L.A., Minister for Railways.
2. Sir James Lee-Steere, K.C.M.G., Speaker of Legislative Assembly.
3. Mr. W. J. George, M.L.A.

4. Mr. F. W. Moorehead, M.L.A.
5. Hon. Geo. Throssell, M.L.A., Minister for Lands.
6. Mr. C. Harper, M.L.A., Chairman of "National League."

(Photos. by Greenham and Evans, Perth.)

pect of success, supported, as it would be, by the sympathy of United Australia on the one side, and the Home Government on the other. The producer would lose his natural market on the fields, and the result would be a serious blow to the prosperity of the coastal districts.

Both on the coast, in the farming districts, and on the fields, every effort was made to make the provisions of the Bill clear to the electors. On the fields the "Kalgoorlie Miner," under the able editorship of Mr. J. W. Kirwan, did yeoman service in the cause of Australian unity. Volumes of figures were poured out on both sides, quite enough to bewilder any person who attempted to take them all in; and a keen interest was taken in the struggle by all parties.

The public declarations by the Premier, Sir John Forrest, and Mr. J. W. Hackett, the editor of the "West Australian," that they now favoured the acceptance of the Commonwealth Bill, and that Western Australia should join as an original State, were a great help to the Federal cause; although the magnificent majority obtained showed that success would have been assured in any case.

A Great Meeting

The final Federal meeting, held in Perth on the eve of the referendum, was a magnificent spectacle. The Queen's Hall, which is the largest public hall in Perth, was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience that received each Federal speaker magnificently. During the evening the Australian flag was unfurled, and George Essex Evans' splendid "Federal Song" was sung:—

A FEDERAL SONG—1899.

In the greyness of the dawning we have seen the pilot-star,

In the whisper of the morning we have heard the years afar.

Shall we sleep and let them be

When they call to you and me?

Can we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?

For the Flag is floating o'er us,

And the track is clear before us.

From the desert to the ocean let us lift the mighty chorus

For the days that are to be.

We have flung the challenge forward. Brothers, stand or fall as one!

She is coming out to meet us in the splendour of the sun;

From the graves beneath the sky,

Where her nameless heroes lie.

From the forelands of the Future they are waiting our reply.

We can face the roughest weather,

If we only hold together.

Marching forward to the Future, marching shoulder-firm together,

For the Nation yet to be.

All the greyness of the dawning, all the mists are over-

past,

In the glory of the morning we shall see Her face at last.

He who sang, "she yet will be."
He shall hail her, crowned and free,
Could we break the land asunder God has girdled with the sea?

For the Flag is floating o'er us,
And the Star of Hope o'er us.
From the desert to the ocean, brothers, lift the mighty chorus,

For Australian Unity.

The vast audience cheered the words of the Queensland poet again and again, and those that took part in the demonstration will not soon forget it.

The Voting

Referendum Day was, unfortunately, very wet, which undoubtedly was the cause of many more votes not being recorded in Perth and Fremantle. Especial interest was attached to this ballot, as it was the first occasion in Western Australia that women were able to vote. No separate record was kept of the number of ladies who availed themselves of the opportunity, but there is no doubt that a very large number did so; in fact, throughout the discussion the ladies displayed the keenest interest in the question. The ballot closed at 7 o'clock, and shortly after 8 o'clock the first numbers were pasted up on the record board in front of the "West Australian" Newspaper Office, where a large crowd had assembled, who were not to be daunted by the rain.

The first figures put up showed a slight majority in favour of the anti-Federalists; but the Federal returns from the city and the goldfields kept dropping in, the majority steadily grew larger, each new return being greeted by tremendous cheers from the crowd which numbered eight or nine thousand people. It was not anticipated that more than 50,000 votes would have been recorded, and when near midnight more than 25,000 votes were shown on the board to be in favour of Federation, it was recognised that the fight for Australian unity was won.

Mr. George Leake, the President of the Federal League; Mr. Phair, the President of the A.N.A. Association, and Mr. Harney, who during the campaign had been the silver-tongued orator of the Federalists, addressed the crowd; the pouring rain being quite ineffective to extinguish the enthusiasm displayed.

A glance at the photograph of the board, as it appeared on the night of the 31st, is a liberal education, showing the comparative number of residents in our Parliamentary districts. None of the Federalists expected such a magnificent majority as was secured, the final figures being—For, 45,718; against, 19,768; majority in favour of the union, 25,950. The most satisfactory thing is that, eliminating the votes from the mining constituencies, there is still an absolute majority in favour of Federation.

THE TOPIC OF THE MONTH.

THE REVOLT OF THE YELLOW MAN.

The cataclysm in China naturally fastens on itself the attention of the civilised world, and the Chinaman bulks large in all the current magazines. We give extracts from the more important articles.

I.—THE AWAKENING OF A CORPSE.

The English "Review of Reviews" gives a useful and very lucid account of the opening stages of the tragedy, the first stir of furious life in that mummy of the nations—China:—

In the month of May, the movement of the Boxers, although troublesome, was generally pooh-poohed as a comparatively insignificant manifestation of riotous and predatory individuals whom a slight display of vigour would reduce to obedience. The attack on the Belgian railway line in the province of Shansi, in the neighbourhood of Pekin, created something of a scare, but those who wrote most seriously about it were derided as alarmists. Governments, however, were uneasy, and on May 31 the railway from Tientsin brought to the Chinese capital a composite force of 340 armed men, of whom seventy-five were British. Some demur was made by the Chinese Government to admitting them within the walls, but ultimately they were received and allowed to garrison their respective Legations.

The popular ferment, however, showed no signs of abating. On June 3 Hung-tsun was sacked and burnt. Two days later two Anglican missionaries, Messrs. Norman and Robinson, met a martyr's death in Yung-Chen, where they were put to death with the usual fiendish concomitants of Chinese executions. The following day came out an Imperial decree blessing the Boxers with faint blame, and giving all men to understand that no reliance could be placed upon the Government of Pekin. A show, however, was made of showing a stern front towards the Boxers, and General Nieh was ordered to take some troops and disperse the Boxers who had fastened upon the railway line from Pekin, destroying it to within thirty miles of Tientsin. General Nieh went up by train to Lofa, where he dispersed and killed some of the Boxers, but soon abandoned the attempt as hopeless. From that day the Boxers appear to have kept undisputed possession of the northern half of the Tientsin-Pekin line.

There appears to be no doubt that the Empress really approved of the movement. A secret order is said by the Tientsin correspondent of the "Hong Kong Telegraph" to have been addressed, about three months ago, to the Governor of Shan-tung:—

In reply to the Governor of Shan-tung, who reports that he has found it necessary to repress the Patriotic Boxer Society with a strong and heavy hand, we remark that it cannot be expected that such a simple people can know that they have done anything amiss. If the strong hand is manifest, will there not be a permanent grudge against the Governor? We assure the Governor that if future trouble arise he himself must bear the consequences. Let the good people be dealt with in a merciful and generous way, to the benefit of all.

The Spread of the Movement.

On June 8 the American missionaries fled to Pekin, leaving their college at Tung-Chan to be pillaged and burnt. This punctually took place next day, and was accompanied by the massacre of some seventy-five Chinese converts to Christianity. In many other districts in China the missionaries began to flock to the treaty ports, where they could at least feel secure against massacre. From the West River they began to pour down to Canton and Hong Kong. From the districts in the Yang-tse-Kiang valley they came flocking to Shanghai. One hundred and fifty American and British missionaries assembled at Chefoo; fifty French missionaries came down to the mouth of the Yellow River. Everywhere there was anxiety and alarm. Li Hung Chang in vain asserted his authority to disperse them in Canton. The Viceroy in the Yang-tse-



"Outlook,"]

EMPEROR KWANG-SU.

Kiang valley declared that they could answer for order; but the merchants in the river trembled before the mere report that an emissary from the palace was coming to raise the cry, "Death to the devils—death!" In China there are between 10,000 and 15,000 thousand Europeans, of whom 5,000 are British and 2,000 American. The majority of these are in the treaty ports, and therefore comparatively safe. But all who lived inland felt that they were in peril of their lives, and under the shadow of that great dread began the great trek to the sea.

The Mask Thrown Off.

June 9 appears to have been the decisive date. On that day the Empress with the Emperor in her train returned to Peking. The Tsung-li-Yamen was strengthened by the addition of four pure Manchus, while Tuan, the father of the Heir to the throne, and a notorious patron of the Boxers, was made president in the place of Prince Ching. From that moment the die seems to have been cast. The Empress and her Ministers arrayed themselves behind the Boxers.

Events followed each other in quick succession. Telegraphic railway communication had been severed between Peking and Tientsin for some days. The Siberian wire, however, still afforded the Ministers at the Chinese capital a means of communicating with the outer world. The small force that had been sent up to Peking on May 31 to pro-

tect the Legations was felt to be inadequate for the protection of the European residents.

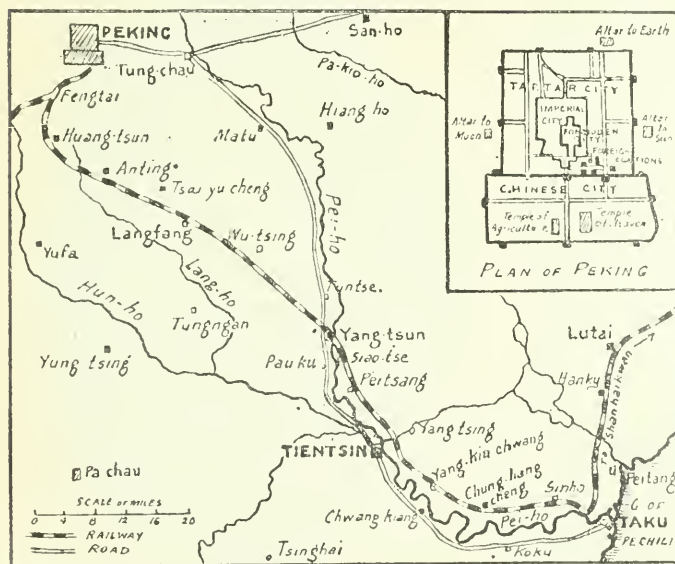
Admiral Seymour's Relief Expedition.

Admiral Seymour got together a relief command of 2,000 men: British, 915; German, 350; Russian, 390; French, 155; American, 104; Japanese, 52; Italian, 40; Austrian, 25, and started by rail on June 10. The distance is covered in a day if the railway is open, and the little column only took one week's rations, and 150 cartridges per man. For the first eighteen miles, as far as Yang-tsun, the line was practically uninjured. Beyond Yang-tsun the trains had to creep warily along, for it was evident that the Boxers had made various attempts to destroy bridges and damage the line. The country was deserted. The railway was repaired as rapidly as possible, but the progress was slow, and it was not till late at night that the little army steamed into the station at Lofa.

Next morning, the 11th, the advance was resumed. But the Boxers had done their work much more thoroughly, and by nightfall Admiral Seymour was only three miles nearer Peking than in the morning. The Boxers had attacked the working party, and had to be driven off by the marines. In this first skirmish the Boxers lost some two score killed and wounded. It was hoped the lesson would lead them to abandon the attempt to block the line. It did no such thing. Next day the Admiral's little force succeeded in forging ahead till it reached Lang-fung, the midway station between Peking and Tientsin. There it halted.

A Chinese St. Bartholomew.

Threatened by the advance of a hostile army to their capital, the Chinese dealt their counter-stroke. The same night on which Admiral Seymour had encamped at Lang-fung, a storm of popular fury burst out in the city of Peking. Some of the finest buildings in the eastern part of the city, including the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the large premises of the London Missionary Society and the American Board of Missions, as well as those occupied by the employees of Sir Robert Hart, were burnt to the ground. Hundreds of native Christians



Map showing the road from the Taku Forts to Peking.

and servants employed by foreigners were massacred by the mob. The Chinese troops do not seem to have made even a pretence of opposing the popular frenzy. From that moment it may be said of the Chinese soldiers that they are all Boxers now. The Chinese St. Bartholomew marks the definite acceptance by the Chinese Government of the gage of battle hurled at them by the West.

The Empress' Counter-stroke.

The Empress did not lose any time. The troops under her favourite General Tung-fuh-siang, a man famous for the ruthlessness with which he suppressed the Moslem rebellion in the Western Provinces, were placed in battle array to resist the advance of Admiral Seymour upon Peking. She then organised a counter attack. The Boxers cut the railway line twenty miles behind Admiral Seymour, severing his communications with his base, which itself became the object of a fierce attack by a large force of Chinese troops well supplied with heavy artillery.

On June 11 the telegraph from Peking to Siberia was cut, and all means of communicating with the Legations was lost. On the 15th, Tientsin, which was held by a foreign garrison of 3,000, was also cut off from communication with the outer world. The Boxers attacked the European quarters, and the garrison, which was but scantily supplied with munitions of war, stood at bay.

Meantime in the far south of China similar disturbances broke out, the French and British missionary stations in Yunnan were destroyed, and the French Resident was made prisoner.

The Capture of the Taku Forts.

News reached the international flotilla at Taku that a determined attempt would be made to close the mouth of the Peiho against the foreigner. On the 16th an ultimatum was despatched to the Chinese officer in command, insisting upon the immediate disbandment of the troops which were being massed at Taku. A mixed force of 1,200 men was landed to take the forts in the rear. The ultimatum was to expire at two o'clock on the morning of the 17th, but at 12.50 the Chinese took the initiative by opening fire upon the gunboats in the harbour. A fierce conflict ensued. For six hours the firing was incessant. The allied force under Russian command consisted entirely of gunboats, sloops, and torpedo-destroyers. The larger ships could not approach near enough to fire with effect. The Russians, who had three gunboats, appear to have borne the brunt of the fighting. The French and Germans had one gunboat each; the British had one sloop and two torpedo-destroyers. Two of the forts were blown up; the others were attacked and stormed from the land side. Two of the Russian gunboats were seriously injured. The allies lost 120 men killed and wounded, of whom eighty-seven were Russians. The slaughter of the Chinese was terrible; over 1,000 corpses were collected by the victors and burnt. The forts were charnel-houses reeking with blood. The Taku forts passed for the second time into the hands of the foreign devils.



KANG YU WEI,

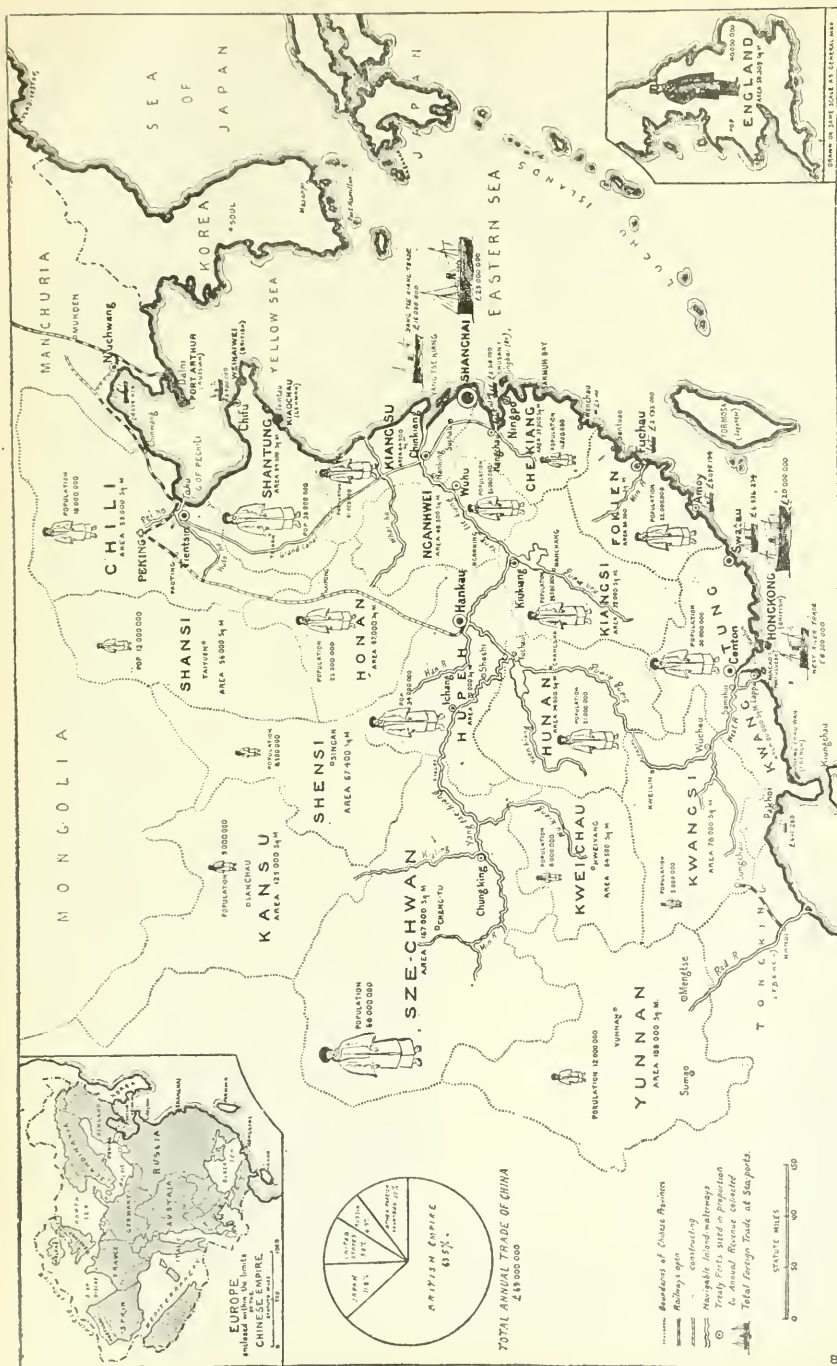
Leader of the Chinese Reform Party.

(From hitherto unpublished photographs lent to the New York "Outlook" by an educated Chinaman.)



LEUNG CHAI CHU.

Reform leader, recently exiled, now in America.



[By courtesy of "Commercial Intelligence."

The above pictorial map has been designed to illustrate in a graphic manner the physical and economic factors which underlie the Far Eastern Question. The "Areas" of the various provinces of China are compared with the map of England on the same scale, and an inset map further helps to convey the idea of the enormous extent of the Celestial Empire, by giving on the same scale a map of Europe inside the Chinese frontier. The "Populations" of the provinces are—by means of Chinamen—compared with the population of England. It will be seen that Shantung and England have practically the same area and population. The "Twenty Ports" are indicated by circles, which are sized in proportion to the annual amount of revenues collected, while the annual foreign trade of the seaports is shown by steamers drawn in proportion to the value of the trade. "Means of Communication," such as in-land waterways, railways, and canals, are laid down, but we have purposely avoided—for the sake of clearness—the insertion of railways, which have not advanced beyond the concession stage. All the "Foreign Possessions" in China are indicated and named, while a diagram of the "Annual Foreign Trade" of China shows the percentages contributed by the British Empire, Japan, United States, and other European countries.

The Mustering of the White Men.

On the 20th a message was despatched from Tientsin saying that the need for reinforcements was urgent. Supplies were running short, and the Chinese kept up an incessant fire with heavy guns. The Powers were hurrying up all available forces from every direction. On the 18th it was calculated that the Russians had 2,500 men at Taku, the British 1,000, and the Germans 1,300. The Japanese were hurrying up 2,000 men. The French had only 2,000 men in Chinese waters. They made haste to despatch 2,000 more. Germany got ready reinforcements of 2,800 marines. Britain gave orders for the despatch of 10,000 troops from India. The Tsar ordered his army in Eastern Siberia to be put on a war footing. For the immediate relief of Tientsin an army of 8,000 troops, of whom 1,300 were Germans, was despatched from Taku, and Europe entered in suspense to hear the news of its fate.

The Relief of Tientsin.

Not till the 26th was the welcome news received that the relief column entered Tientsin on the 23rd. It appears to have been under the command of the Russian General Stossel, who had with him a small contingent of American and Japanese soldiers. Another report says that the force was



M. PICHON,

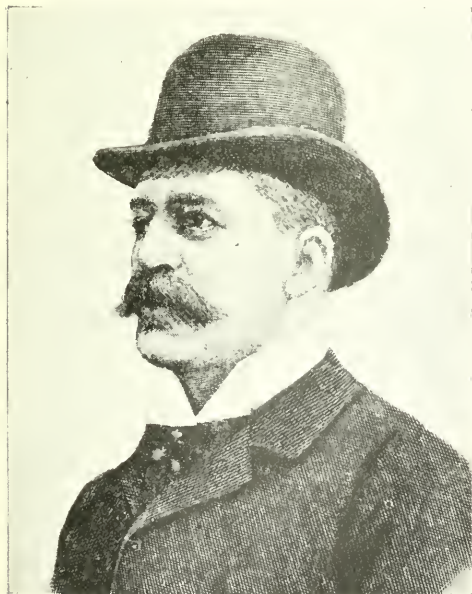
French Minister at Peking.

under the command of a Japanese general, and that the British Naval Brigade led the van.

Admiral Seymour was reported to be at Peitsang, nine miles north of Tientsin. Heavy firing was heard. He was known to be short of food and encumbered with sick. Sixty-two of his gallant force had been killed. After another day of terrible suspense, the welcome news came to hand that on the night of the 25th a Russian detachment of four companies, with an equal number of allies, had succeeded in reaching Admiral Seymour and brought his wounded back to Tientsin. The honour of his relief is claimed by the British under Colonel Durward.

The Revolt Spreading.

The situation, although the immediate tension was relieved, continued to be formidable in the extreme. Admiral Seymour had failed to reach Peking. The Chinese counter-attack on Tientsin had been beaten off, but the Legations, with all the European residents, were at the mercy of the Chinese authorities, whose armed forces were estimated at 60,000 men. It would be weeks before the Indian contingent could arrive. The Japanese were hurrying up 13,000, and the Russians were



BARON VON KETTELER,

German Ambassador, massacred in the streets of Peking.



Photo. by]

[Bassano.

BRIGADIER-GEN. SIR ALFRED GASELEE,

In command of the Indian Contingent for China.

Sir Alfred is the son of the late Rev. John Gaselee, rector of Little Yeldham, Essex. He entered the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1883 and was transferred to the Bombay Staff Corps three years later. His first wife was a Scotswoman; his present wife, whom he married in 1895, is an Irish lady. He was created a K.C.B. (Military) in 1898, and is an A.D.C.

sending on all the men they could spare. The need for troops, however, increased daily. The Boxers threatened Neu Chwang, and destroyed the military school at Mukden. More massacres of missionaries were reported from the interior. More appalling than the slaughter of the few missionaries were the reports reaching the coast of horrible massacres committed upon their unfortunate converts. The Protestant Mission station at Kwei-hsien was burned down on the very night Admiral Seymour was relieved. The Boxers burnt down the city of Wa-hsiou, three days' march from the British fortress of Wei-Hai-Wei. From all the great rivers fugitives came streaming into the seaports. Trade was at a standstill. Scores of thousands of Chinese labourers suddenly found themselves thrown out of work. In Hong Kong and at Shanghai all thought of business, or of anything save self-defence, was abandoned. And at this point, with panic on the coast and massacre in the interior, the curtain falls for the moment.

The Outlook.

The question of what is to happen now depends chiefly upon whether the present revolt is really Chinese, or only Manchu. If it is only confined to the Manchus, and the great mass of the Chinese are indifferent, the Empress may be dethroned, Peking occupied, and everything may go on pretty much as before. But if, as seems not improbable from the widespread nature of the rising, the Chinese masses have decided that the hour has come to kill out the foreign devils once for all, anything may happen. The Chinese stood to their guns under the hail of modern explosives at the Taku forts. They appear to be armed with good artillery, and they are not likely to want for cartridges.

The Tactics of the Bare-foot Man.

The author of "Village Life in China" says:—

It is a common saying that "the barefoot man (otherwise known as 'mud-legs') is not afraid of him who has stockings on his feet," for the former can at once retreat into the mud, where the latter dare not follow. The Chinese tactics will be those of the bare-foot man.

General Gordon when he last visited China indicated with the unerring precision of genius the method which the Chinese will of necessity employ in their war against the world:—

China's power lies in her numbers, in the quick moving of her troops, in the little baggage they require, and in their few wants. It is known that men armed with sword and spear can overcome the best regular troops equipped with breechloading rifles if the country is at all difficult, and if the men with the spears and the swords outnumber their foe by ten to one. If this is the case when men are armed with spears and swords, it will be much truer when those men themselves are armed with breechloaders. China should never engage in pitched battles; her strength is in quick movements, in cutting off trains of baggage and in night attacks not pushed home—in a continuous worrying of her enemies.—Boulger's "Life of Gordon," Vol. II., p. 52.

What is to Be Done?

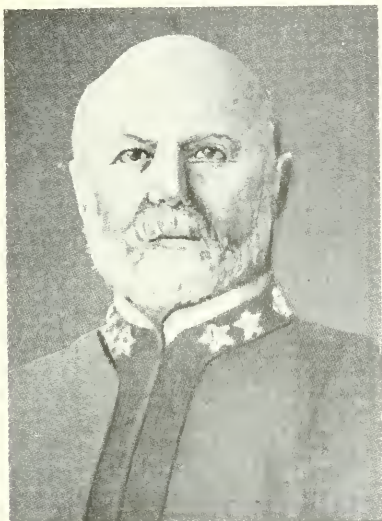
What is to be done? As little as possible. Stand shoulder to shoulder with Russia, whose Tsar loathes the very idea of undertaking fresh responsibilities in China. Keep the Concert together on the basis of no conquest, and let Japan clearly understand that there is to be no disturbance of the general peace for the gratification of Japanese ambitions. Above all, let our aim be to leave the Chinese as much alone as possible to manage their own affairs in their own way. More than that it is, at present, impossible to say.

II.—IS CHINA STRONG?

The situation in China is naturally compelling the statesmen and journals of Europe to reconsider their notions as to the fighting strength of that nation. The London "Spectator" discusses the question with great keenness and force:—

A foolish contempt has been the foundation of recent European policy in China, and Europe has now to pay for it,—it may be a bitter price. Just think of the mass of illusion, all of it accepted as axiomatic truth, which the events of the past month have dissipated. It was supposed that the proudest Court in Asia regarded the incessant aggressions on its independence, aggressions often dictated by obvious or admitted greed of cash, with despairing humility, with no idea of revenge, and with no hope of preparing counterblows. We now know that the Empress and her Manchu counselors regarded those aggressions with furious though suppressed rage, that they were prepared to brave

of the foreigner for his arrogance was diffused through all the Chinese provinces, that a secret society of "respectable" men had been formed everywhere to give expression to that hatred, and that the populace in the North was excited to the point not only of committing murder, but of running the risk of death. It was supposed that there was no man in the Empire except the Empress, and it is now perceived that she has beside her Princes who are audacious, generals who can plan successful ambushes, statesmen who arranged a national explosion in such secrecy that, as Mr. Brodrick admitted, the British Ambassador had no suspicion of its approach.



"Harper's."]

REAR-ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPF,

In Command of the United States Naval Forces in Chinese Waters.

Europe rather than not punish them, and that they had in profound secrecy summoned their only experienced general, Tung, who has been crushing Mahomedans in the West, had imported Krupp guns, shells, and rifles, had collected seventy thousand of their best troops, and stood ready when the hour arrived to dismiss the Legations, to shell the whole fleet of Europe at Taku, and to defend Peking by force of arms. It was supposed that the people at large were utterly indifferent to the insults pressed upon their Empire, that they hardly knew of the foreign pressures, and that when they did know, they regarded them as affairs of Peking and not of China. We now know that hatred



"Harper's."]

CAPTAIN BOWMAN H. McCALLA, U.S.N.,

In Command of the United States Naval Brigade sent to the Relief of the American Residents of Peking.

Will the Chinaman Fight?

Above all, it was supposed—this was an article of faith—that the Chinese would not fight. Look, it was said, how they fled before the Japanese. Surely any European force, half a regiment, will scatter any Chinese "army"! It is now known that though Chinese soldiers fight badly, they died in heaps in the Taku forts; that they "repulsed" six hundred Russians and Americans with heavy loss; that they knew how to surround, so as to drive to despair, a European division; that, though unable to win a pitched battle, they are able to harass, to intercept, to maintain contests behind



SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD,
British Ambassador at Peking.
(From his latest photograph.)

walls and entrenchments, which, as they can spend a thousand lives for our one, are in the aggregate most embarrassing, and to their enemies most costly. Any single Power, it was said, even Italy, for instance, could defeat China, and now all Europe in combination is challenged to reach Peking, only a hundred miles from the sea, and recognises that the task is a formidable, and may be an exhausting, one.

A Great Task.

Nothing is so tranquil or so easy to cleave as the water in a reservoir while the wall stands, and nothing so dangerous or so irrepressible when the wall is broken. The men who rule China, among whom the resolute and tiger-spirited Empress must be counted, know well that there are forces within the huge Empire which they can use, though they hate using them, and we do not doubt that now they have resolved on defiance they are drawing them to Peking for their defence. There are cavalry in Tartary such as those who nearly checked Lord Elgin. Tung has evidently brought some of his men from the West, and there are thousands more to arrive. It is a month since we read an order to send the soldiers of Hunan, the best fighters in the Empire, to Peking, and behind them are the Black Flags, whom French soldiers in Tonquin have ceased to despise. A whole corps d'armée is reported to be in motion in Shantung, thousands of adventurers are swarming up from the cities of the South, and around them all, everywhere, are the armed ruffians whom the "Boxers"

employ to pilage, to burn, and when they see a chance, to fight. None of them all, except Tung's men, are good troops according to the ideas of Europe, but they will all if armed try to fight, they are all competent to kill stragglers, they are all skilled in ditch-digging, bridge-breaking, and stockade-rearing, and a large proportion of them will seriously defend high walls. To march on a host of this kind, with an army of less than fifty thousand men perfectly equipped and well provisioned will be most unwise, and to despatch such a force, with no one of the nations in it clearly predominant, will involve much delay, a serious effort, and expense that Parliaments must sanction. They have to garrison Peking when the work is done, if the Government remains; and if it flies, as it contemplates doing, they will have to choose between the alternatives of being rather ridiculous, or of reaching Segan, of all places in China the one best adapted for defence, and seven hundred and fifty miles from any available base.



"Harper's."]

A BOXER CAUGHT AND COLLARED.

III.—THE CHINESE FERMENT.

A reforming ferment has undoubtedly been working in the blood of China for some time past, and Professor Headland, of Pekin University, who writes with unrivalled knowledge of his subject, gives, in the "Outlook," a very interesting account of this movement. It found its centre and head in the unfortunate Emperor himself. Says Professor Headland:—

A desire for foreign goods, toys, and inventions very early in his life reached the child Kwang Su

purchased for him, presented to him, or bought by him. So that it is probable that few people in the world had a larger collection of the wonders of modern invention than the young Emperor himself.

A Pig-tailed Reformer.

But when he had passed his majority his tastes began to change. He stepped out of the kindergarten into the school. He took up the study of the English language, which opened up to him the portals of a new world. And when the ladies



"Zeitung."]

COUNT WALDERSEE,

Recently appointed to the Command of the Allies in China.

(the present Emperor), and became a passion with him, so that it is said that the part of the Palace which he occupied was a very museum of all the most ingenious contrivances, wonderful inventions, and attractive productions of the West. These were collected and presented to him by officials who heped through them to secure his favour, and obtain official position. Phonographs, telephones, gramophones, graphophones, and every kind of graph and phone which was calculated to open the eyes of the young man, or tickle his fancy, were

of China presented to the Empress Dowager the New Testament printed with new type, on special paper, bound in silver, incased in a silver box, which was again enclosed in a plush case, the young Emperor the next day sent to the office of the American Bible Society to purchase copies of both the Old and New Testaments, such as that Society was selling to his people. He began at once the study of the Gospel of Luke. Of this I have positive proof, because one of the members of the church of which I was five years pastor was

a gardener and florist, and took flowers and produce into the Palace daily, where the eunuchs became so interested in the Bible and kindred topics that it was with difficulty he could get away when he went in to trade with them. On one occasion they gave him his dinner so that he might stay longer and talk with them; on another occasion they gave him three hundred ounces of silver, saying that he need not return it, but that they would take it out in flowers; on another they invited him and my assistant pastor to dine with them; and on still another occasion three of them came with him to call on me that they might have a view of a "foreign devil" and his home.

the grandson of the tutor of his Majesty, several graduates of various degrees, among whom were men of rank, and the sons of wealthy men who had not yet obtained degrees. Schools were established for the teaching and study of English, some private, others under patronage of the Government. Constant requests came to our graduates to teach English in official families, so that my assistant pastor, who was a good English scholar, was permitted to give up his salary as a preacher, and to teach English for a living, which work he continued for some two or three years, all the time preaching for nothing, and dropping seeds and spreading an influence in those official



"Collier's Weekly."]

THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN.

(The Chinese Foreign Office.)

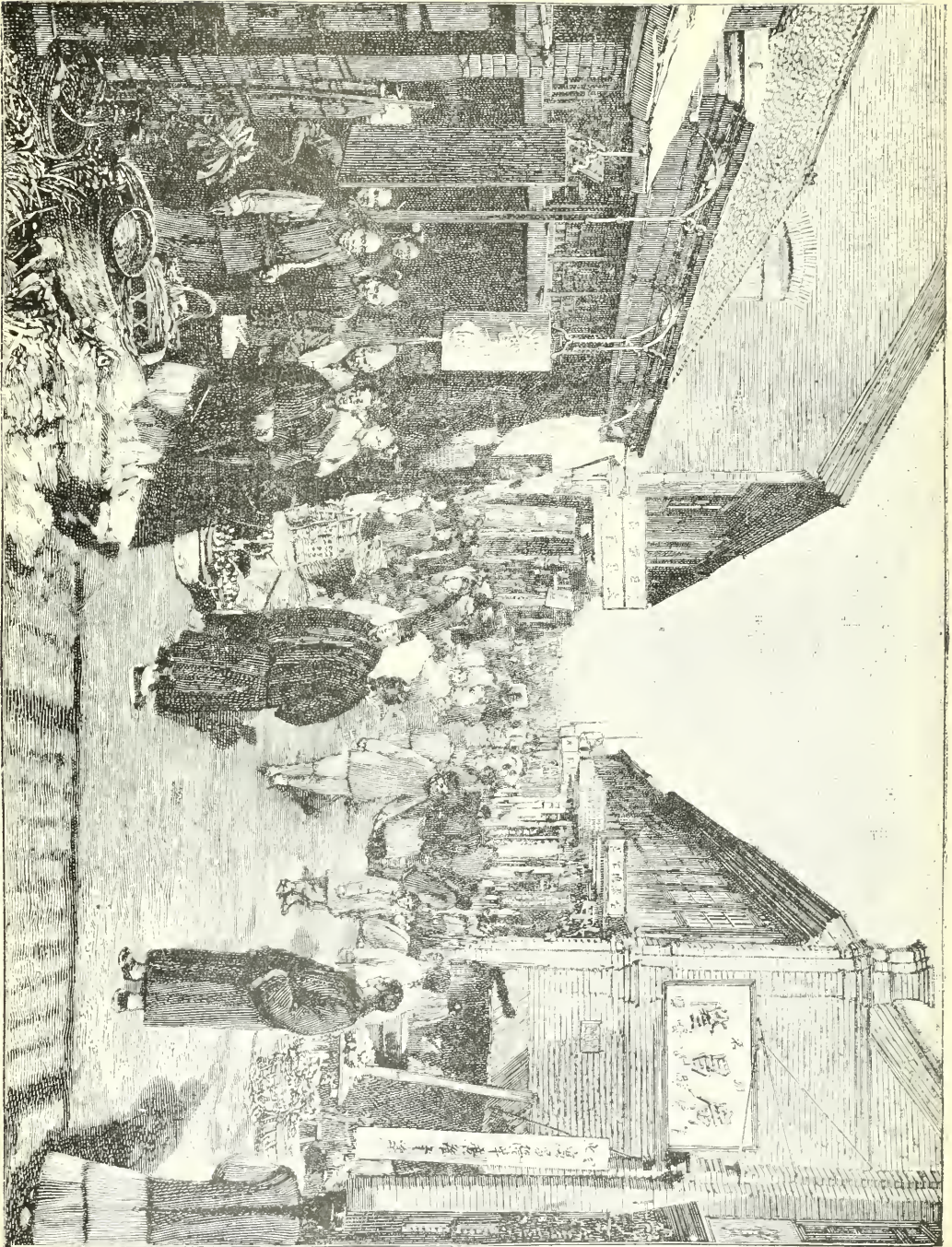
To the study of English and the Bible by the young Emperor is largely due the waves of influence that passed over the officials and their sons. There was, not only at Peking, but throughout the Empire, a rush toward the acquirement of foreign languages, especially English, and a knowledge of all kinds of foreign affairs. Letters and telegrams came to us at the Peking University from all over the Empire, asking us to reserve room for the senders in the school; and with the letters came the price of tuition, that the place might be obtained. Among those who came were

families which will prevent their ever being opposers of Christianity or the Church in the future.

A Royal Student.

But toys and inventions, the study of English and the Bible by the Emperor, were only methods of trying his wings for longer flights. He soon began a thorough investigation of all phases of foreign learning. He began to purchase all kinds of foreign books which had been translated into Chinese, as well as all kinds that had been written in Chinese by foreign scholars, or by Chinese

CHINESE STREET IN THE MIST OF THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT AT TIENTSIN.



versed in foreign learning. These books embraced such topics as international law, political economy, chemistry, physics, botany, astronomy, mathematical books, books on medicine, and kindred topics, together with books on all phases of Christianity now preached or taught in the Middle Kingdom.

During this time a eunuch from the Palace came to me daily seeking a new book for his Majesty, and I was forced to look through the Tract Society, our own university publications, and finally through my private library, even giving him my wife's medical books. The eunuch said that he dared not return a single day without taking back something new, though it were nothing but a sheet tract. Not long after the coup d'état, a man came to me, and, kneeling, begged me to save his life and let him join the Church, saying that he was a friend of this book-buying eunuch, who, he said, had been banished by the Dowager, and he was himself in danger of losing his head.

It was during the time the Emperor was thus engaged in the study of foreign affairs that the young scholars of the Empire organised a Reform Club in Peking for the promotion of foreign learning, and subscribed and sent for all the leading newspapers and magazines of both Europe and America. It was hoped that these young men would be an element in China which would bring about a reformation similar to that brought about in Japan. Nor is this hope entirely abandoned either by those who know them or by the young scholars themselves; for though at present they have all lost their official positions, they are continuing their foreign studies, and preparing themselves for a time, which will soon come, let us hope, when the Empire will begin a movement which will not end until the richness of its resources and the quality of its people shall have been realised by the Western world.

Reforms that Failed.

The Emperor then began to issue a series of reform edicts, the most remarkable that have ever been issued, perhaps, by any ruler in any country in the same length of time. Grant that they were too hasty, it must be admitted by every careful student of them that there is not one that would not have been of the greatest possible benefit to the country if they had been properly put into operation. Let me summarise them:—

1. The establishment of a university at Peking.
2. The sending of Imperial Clansmen to foreign countries to study the forms and conditions of European and American government.
3. The encouragement of art, science, and modern agriculture.

4. The Emperor expressed himself as willing to hear the objections of the conservatives to progress and reform.

5. Abolished the literary essay as a prominent part of the governmental examinations.

6. Censured those who attempted to delay the establishment of the Peking Imperial University.

7. Urged that the Lee-Han railway should be carried on with more vigour and expedition.

8. Advised the adoption of Western arms and drill for all the Tartar troops.

9. Ordered the establishment of agricultural schools in the provinces to teach the farmers improved methods of agriculture.

10. Ordered the introduction of patent and copyright laws.

11. The Board of War and the Foreign Office were ordered to report on the reform of the military examinations.

12. Special rewards were offered to inventors and authors.

13. The officials were ordered to encourage trade and assist merchants.

14. School boards were ordered established in every city in the Empire.

15. A Bureau of Mines and Railroads was established.

16. Journalists were encouraged to write on all political subjects.

17. Naval academies and training-ships were ordered.

18. The ministers and provincial authorities were called upon to assist the Emperor in his work of reform.

19. Schools were ordered in connection with all the Chinese legations in foreign countries for the benefit of the children of Chinese in those countries.

20. Commercial bureaus were ordered in Shanghai for the encouragement of trade.

21. Six utterly useless Boards in Peking were abolished.

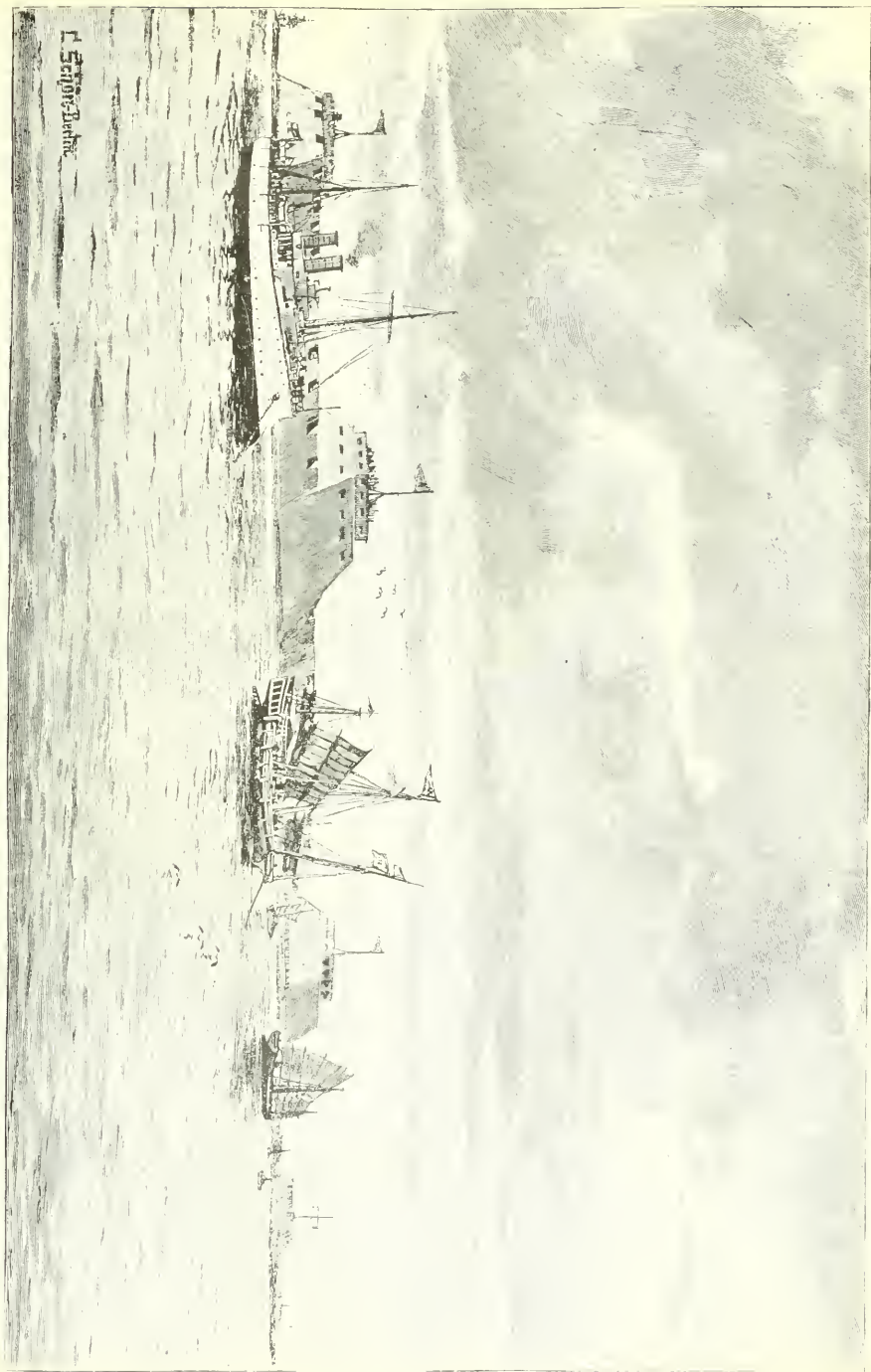
22. The right to memorialise the Throne by sealed memorials was granted to all who desired to do so.

23. Two presidents and four vice-presidents of the Board of Rites were dismissed for disobeying the Emperor's orders that memorials should be presented to him unopened.

24. The governorships of Hupeh, Kuangtung, and Yunnan were abolished as being a useless expense to the country.

25. Schools for instruction in the preparation of tea and silk were ordered established.

26. The slow courier posts were abolished in favour of the Imperial Customs Post.



THE TANK FORTS, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEHO RIVER.

27. A system of budgets as in Western countries was approved.

I have given these decrees in this epitomised form so that all those who are interested in the character of this reform movement in China may see the influence the young Emperor's study had upon him. There is not one of the decrees that would not have been a most useful move for the Chinese Government to make; and if the Emperor had been allowed to proceed, putting into operation all of them, as he did some, China would at present be close upon the heels of Japan in the adoption of Western ideas.

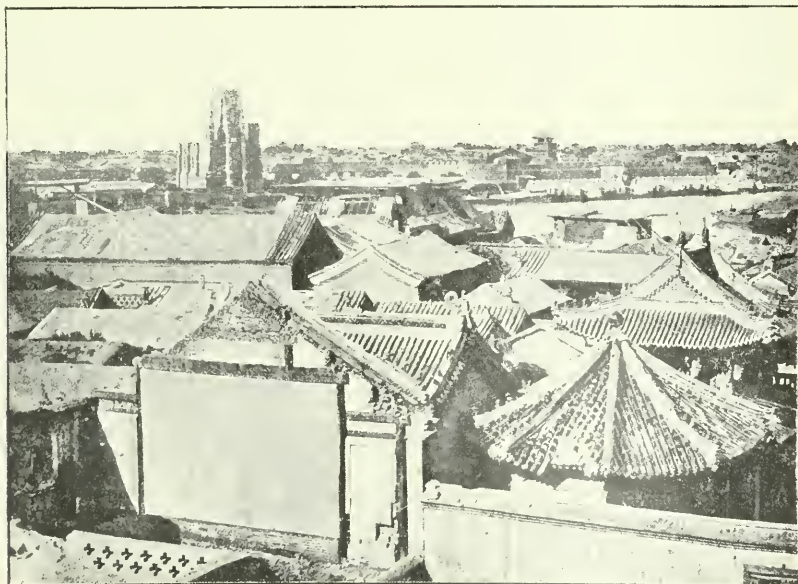
IV.—THE MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

The missionary is a leading factor in the Chinese trouble; but he is a victim and a sufferer, not a criminal. The Chinese officials hate him, and Chinese mobs slay him, because he is guilty of possessing a white face, and because "foreign" blood runs in his veins. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, in the "North American Review" for July, gives an interesting account of the place the missionary fills in the Chinese tragedy:—

The history of evangelical mission-work in China is a painful chronicle of persecution, nobly sustained by a large body of devoted men and women frequently poorly equipped for their work, and always inadequately organised. If all Chris-

tian missionaries could unite under one head, and proceed upon some coherent plan of operations, the result would no doubt be better. At present, the Chinese marvel at the lack of unity amongst Christians.

The missionary has in China to combat a vast volume of inherited conceit and prejudice. He has to deal with Orientals conscious of a historic sequence longer than that of any white dynasty, full of triumphs in the domain of science, and rich in philosophy. The Chinese stood at the head of civilisation when Europe was but a barbarous province. Hundreds of inventions are claimed by the Chinese at a period when the learning of Europe was monopolised by a handful of monks. The Chinaman despises the profession of arms, and so far he knows of Europe little beyond her power as manifested in a military manner. He shuns intercourse with the outer barbarian, for the customs of his ancestors are sacred in his eyes, and he considers the future of China bound up with devotion to the existing order of things. A highly cultivated missionary who can confer with learned Chinese scholars can do much to move unfounded prejudice in the small circle of his acquaintance, and this I believe he does. The Chinaman who sees daily the good work done by a white man, if he does not himself become a Christian, at least lays aside the desire to murder him.



A VIEW OF TIENTSIN.



"Harper's."]

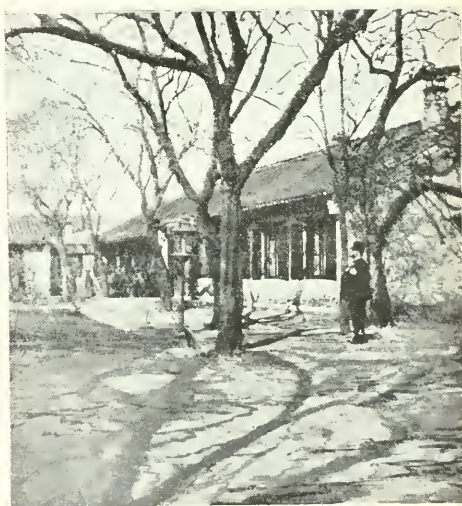
MR. CONGER, UNITED STATES MINISTER AT PEKIN.

The last photograph taken. At the rear are the officers of the gunboat Princeton.

Hate of the Foreigner.

It is worth nothing that where the white man in China is seen most frequently, there, little by little, he has awakened the most tolerance amongst the natives. How, then, can we account for the strange massacres that have taken place at short intervals, not merely in the interior, but at treaty ports like the one at Tientsin in 1870? A study of the different assaults upon foreigners in China forces us reluctantly to the conclusion that in almost every case these have been instigated and carried out, if not by Government agents, at least with their consent and approval. The public is officially informed, in every case, that such and such a mission station was destroyed by the mob, and that the Chinese Government could not possibly prevent such outbreak. The Chinese Government, however, has always succeeded in punishing severely any disobedience against its own orders. It is only when the victim is a white man that the mandarins prove powerless to interfere. Ever when ringleaders have been indicated, these have always found Chinese protection; and, in short, China from top to bottom has given abundant evidence that she does not desire to maintain her share in treaties which encourage white people to reside in the Celestial Empire.

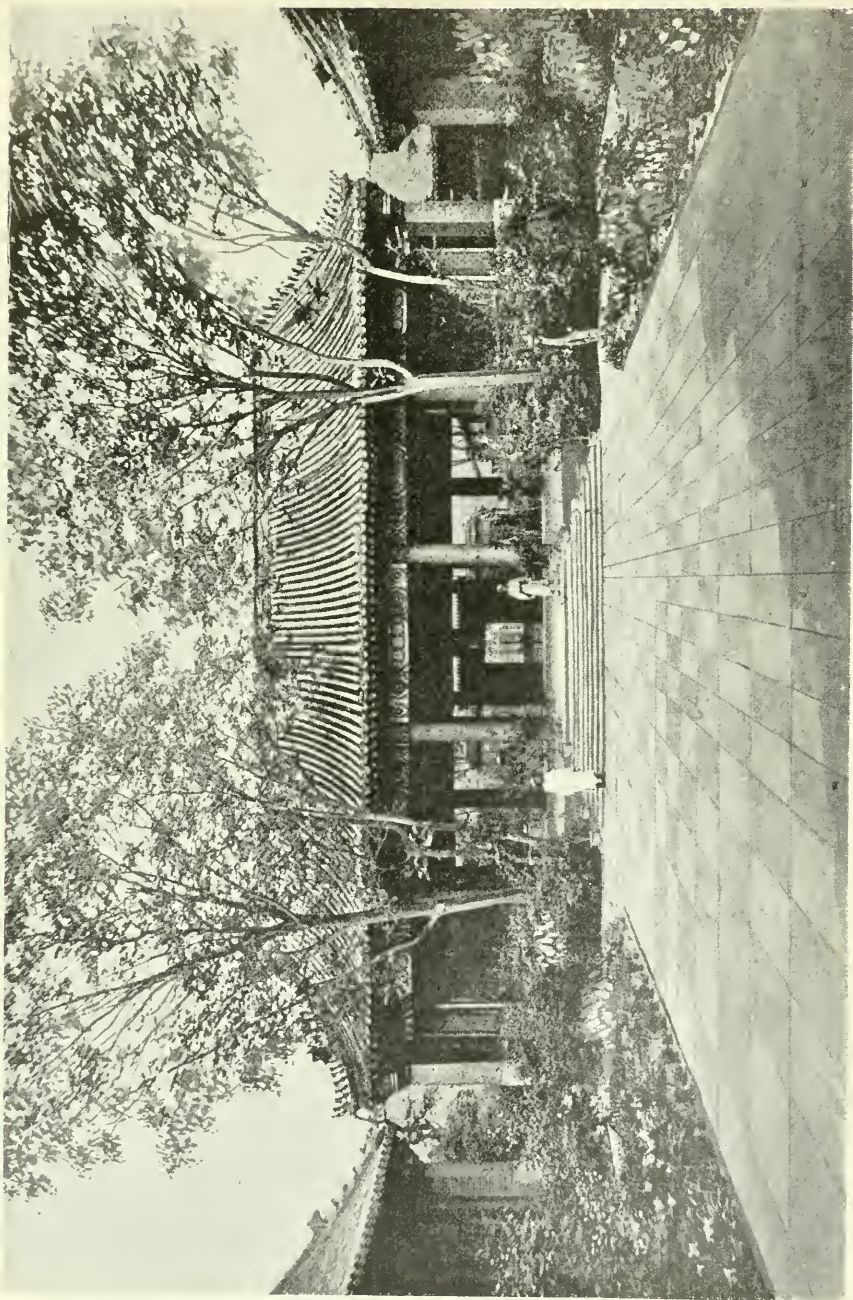
Up to the time when Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England, Anglo-Saxon traders were tolerated at Canton much as infected emigrants are



"Harper's."]

THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT PEKIN,

Showing the U.S. Minister Conger.



“L'Illustration.”] THE FRENCH LEGATION AT PEKIN.
Destroyed by the Chinese guns. The French Minister fled for protection to the British Legation.

treated in New York harbour. They were the victims of official insolence and interference; forbidden to have their wives and families with them; forbidden to go into the country; forbidden to enter the Chinese city. No Chinaman was allowed to give them instruction, and their intercourse was strictly limited to officials specially selected. No changes have been effected during the many years that have passed, save such as have been wrung from an unwilling government by threats of bombardment. The white man has had no serious war with China, speaking in a European sense. The Opium War, the Lorch Arrow War, the Anglo-French Expedition of 1860—these and similar smaller enterprises were all undertaken to avenge gross breaches of the law of nations. The history of England's intercourse with China shows but too clearly that, so far from having misused her strength in bullying a weaker nation, she has, to an extraordinary extent, submitted to official insult and violation of treaty rights rather than have recourse to force.

How the Chinaman Fights.

Chinese officialdom is at war with the white man's civilisation, and it fights with the weapons it deems most effective. Gunboats and battalions are not to its taste. So it makes a treaty every paragraph of which it proceeds to nullify the moment the ink is dry. It instigates murder, and then explains officially that it was the mob that was responsible.

In 1858 there was signed the famous treaty of Tientsin. The eighth article of this treaty is regarded as something of a Magna Charta, at least by the missionary. It reads:—

The Christian religion, as professed by Protestants or Roman Catholics, inculcates the practice of virtue and teaches man to do as he would be done by. Persons teaching it, or professing it, therefore, shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities, nor shall any such, peaceably pursuing their calling, and not offending against the laws, be persecuted or interfered with.

So far as paper and ink are concerned, the white man in China has secured as much official protection as he needs for carrying on trade, or conducting missionary enterprise. But, side by side with these generous treaty concessions, the Chinese Government has tolerated the systematic incitement of the mob to every act calculated to make treaties of no avail. So far back as 1754, foreign residents complained that "injurious posters were annually put up by the government, accusing foreigners of horrible crimes, and intended to expose them to the contempt of the populace."

Even then, the accusations were made that missionaries gouged out the eyes of foundlings, and mutilated women in a vile manner—charges which

have been persisted in to our day. When vigorously addressed by a combination of foreign Powers, the Peking Government has always officially repudiated the authors of these posters; but at the same time it has given private intimation that this propaganda was pleasing to the Emperor. Indeed, those who publish the filthy posters invoke official sanction by printing, as preface, the "Sacred Edict"—a sort of paternal address from the throne promulgated by the joint efforts of two canonised emperors some two centuries ago. Dr. Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," says that this document is regarded as a most sacred command, which is proclaimed throughout the Empire by the local officers on the 1st and 15th days of every month.

As a pendant of the Tientsin Treaty it is worth preserving. It reads thus:

With respect to heterodox books not in accordance with the teachings of the Sages, and those tending to excite and disturb the people, to give rise to differences and irregularities, and to undermine the foundations of all things; all such teach corrupt and dangerous doctrines which must be suppressed and exterminated. . . . From ancient times, the three religions have been propagated together. Besides Confucianism, which holds the pre-eminence, we have Buddhism and Taoism. . . . There is, however, a class of vagabond adventurers (Christian) who, under the pretext of teaching these systems (Buddhism, etc.), bring them into the greatest disrepute, making false parade of what is propitious and unpropitious, and of future rewards and punishments, for the purpose of giving currency to their foolish and unfounded stories. Their object in the beginning is to make a living. By degrees they collect men and women into promiscuous gatherings for the purpose of burning incense. . . . The worst of all is that there lurk within these assemblies treacherous, depraved and designing persons, who form dangerous combinations and pledge themselves to each other by oaths. They meet in darkness and disperse at dawn. They imperil their lives, sin against righteousness, and deceive and entrap the people. . . . Such is the religion of the West, which reveres the Lord of heaven. It also is not to be regarded as orthodox. Because its teachers (the early Jesuits) were well versed in mathematics, our government made use of them. Of this you must not be ignorant. As to unauthorised doctrines which deceive the people, our laws cannot tolerate them. For false and corrupt teachers our government has fixed punishments.

Thus with one hand the Chinese Government promises the white man legal protection, and with the other pledges his favour to the mob when it guts the missionary compound and murders the unorthodox inmates.

The Placards.

The public misrepresentations of the spirit and aims of the Christian religion, and of the objects which animate Christian missionaries in their work are almost incredible. I have before me a specimen of the posters which are from time exhibited throughout the country, with a view to bring indignation and contempt upon the foreigner. It represents our Saviour in the shape of a hog. He is being worshipped by two "foreign devils," the one marked "teacher," the other "disciple." These two are branded with the most insulting



"Zeitung."] THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, AFTER ADDRESSING THE MEN OF THE "LUCHS," BOUND FOR CHINA.

epithets known to Chinese vocabulary, notably these indicating lack of sexual virtue. One inscription reads: "This is the beast which the foreign devils follow. The hog's skin and bristles are still upon him."

Down the left-hand side of the picture and in the middle of the poster are inscriptions which are absolutely too obscene for publication.

The interest of this poster lies not in its indecency and quaint exhibition of ignorance, but in the fact that it has been distributed with official connivance throughout China; that it has been exposed in public places alongside of Imperial edicts forbidding the publication of such posters; and that whenever massacres have taken place, the mob has been first inflamed by teaching of this nature.

In 1870, on June 21, the mob at Tientsin attacked the French mission, murdering ten Sisters of Mercy, amongst others. This massacre was followed by a trial which even the most careful students of things Chinese regarded as a fraud. A dozen or so of innocent coolies were decapitated, but the real authors were rewarded; because they were high in office. In the midst of the Franco-German War this horrible massacre was little noticed in Europe; and, after all, it differed only in degree from a dozen others, all instigated by the official organisation which prepared the filthy posters to which I have referred.

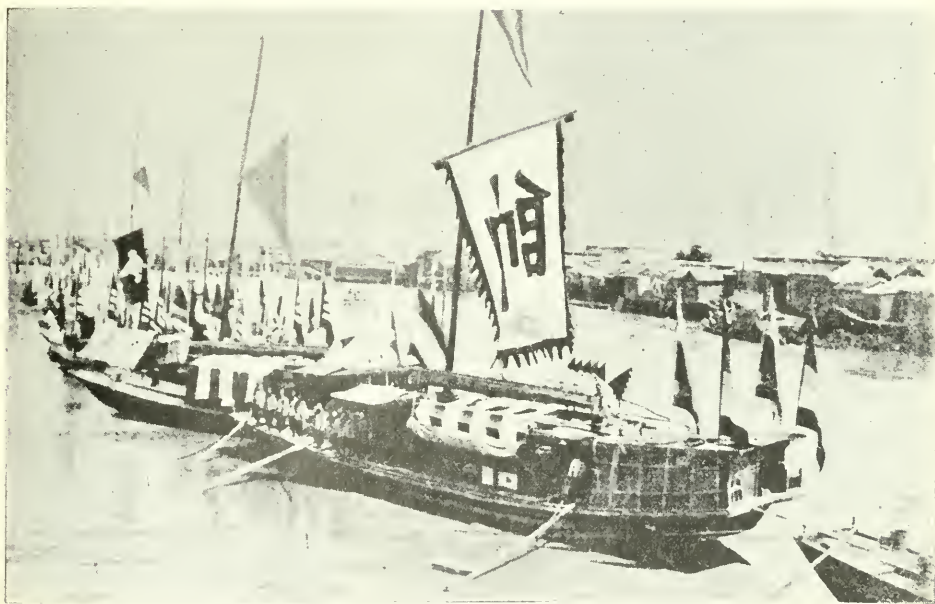
The Tientsin massacres were preceded by a flood of posters, teaching the mob that missionary establishments abducted native women and children for purposes of mutilation.

No trash is too silly so long as it charges cruelty, lewdness, and money-greed to the white man in general, and to the missionary in particular. At a distance of ten thousand miles we can afford to smile at these infantile productions, and pity the perpetrators, as did John Huss those who reviled him. But to the white man on the spot, these are more than the squibs of mischievous children. They are the programme of a government too weak to establish sound administration, but strong enough to obstruct the white man in his efforts at reform.

V.—A FROZEN NATION

What are the evil forces which have arrested the growth of China, frozen its intellect, chilled its blood, and forbidden it either to learn or to forget? Mr. Sheffield, late President of the North China College, shows in the "Forum" for July that Chinese learning, and ancestor worship, are two forces affecting for evil the Chinese character. He says:—

Learning has always been honoured in China. It has been the one open door through which all classes of the people could attain to honour and to



official rank. But learning has been confined within narrow lines. The teachings of the Sages have been gathered into the "Thirteen Classics," or, more exactly, the "Thirteen Scriptures." These Scriptures are literally the road along which men must pass who are inquiring after truth. This classical literature, including commentaries from the hands of later scholars, contains the sum of Chinese learning.

Petrified Knowledge.

For the first few years of their school-life boys are set to the work of memorising these classics, which they accomplish with marvellous success, but with little thought of the meaning of the endless chain of words. When several books have thus been carved upon the memory, the work of explanation begins, first from the lips of the teacher, and then from the students. There are no easy steps in this pathway of learning. The boy of twelve is taught to explain how the prince should rule his kingdom; with what ceremonies he should bury his father, and worship at the tombs of his ancestors; how officials should serve their princes; how parents should regulate the family; how children should obey both the living and the dead. When some progress has been made in mastering the meaning of the classics, the student must begin to match phrases, and to compose rhymes under prescribed regulations. The most serious and the crowning work of the student is to acquire the literary style of composition, which he is to use in preparing essays on themes taken from the classics. These essays, in their beauty of penmanship, elegance of expression, correctness of thought, aptness of quotation, are accepted in the competitive examinations as tests of scholarship, and if successful the writers are rewarded with honours, and finally with official preferment. No other training is thought necessary to qualify the aspirant for the highest civil office. His "stomach" is full of the wisdom of the Sages. He has learned from them the duties that pertain to the "five great relations," and he has only to apply this wisdom to special conditions as they arise.

Scholars competing for honours must present in their essays the traditional interpretation of the doctrines of the Sages. If they should presume to set forth views of their own not in harmony with this interpretation, they would be stripped by the public examiner of honours already conferred, and would be excluded from competing for literary distinction. Thus the educational system of China has not served to lead men's minds into new lines of thought or into fresh fields of investigation; rather has it served to confine the thoughts of each generation of scholars within the

limits of "ancient instruction," and to stifle independent thought and inquiry.

Ancestor-Worship.

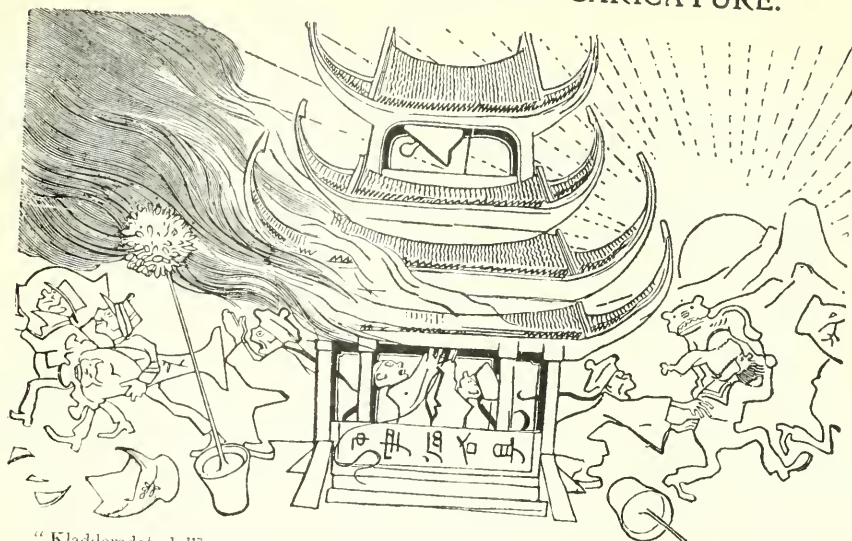
Again, the system of Ancestor-worship has helped to stamp the thoughts and customs of China in its formative period upon the life of the people in subsequent ages. This peculiar cult had assumed definite form twenty-two centuries before Christ, and the ceremonies of worship then existing have undergone but little modification down to the present time.

The setting up of tablets in the household to symbolise the departed as present with the living is a custom relatively modern in its origin, though the offering of food and wine, with prostrations at the family tombs, was in practice at the dawn of Chinese history. The tablet is set up as a part of the funeral ceremony. Upon it is written the name and age of the deceased, and the additional characters, "Divine Lord, Divine Seat." The spirit of the departed is the Divine Lord, and the tablet its abiding-place. From this time the tablet is worshipped by the household as a symbol of the departed ancestor, and it takes precedence over the living heads of the family in honours conferred at weddings, funerals, the New Year, and important fetes.

The good fortune of a family is vitally related to the proper location of the family tomb, and to propitious external conditions. A wealthy Chinaman in extreme distress of mind once called upon the writer, prostrating himself to offer his supplications, explaining that the survey of the road of the "fire-wheel-cart" passed near the tombs of his ancestors, and that the rumbling and screaming of the carts would disturb their slumbers, and so bring misfortune upon the living. Fortunately his mind was set at ease, as the line of the road was changed before construction!

The first care of an officer when he receives promotion is to set in order the tombs of his family, often at much expense for buildings and mounds and shrines, for groves and walls and walks. When an officer has received high distinction through the grace of the Emperor, posthumous honours are bestowed upon his ancestors, since their virtues were made lustrous in the life of their descendant. This system has placed the power of government, to a large degree, in the hands of the aged. Only the lower official ranks are usually reached in middle life, and it is not until the best powers of body and mind have been begun to weaken that the highest places of honour and responsibility are secured. The confusion in government can often be traced to the palsied hands that are guiding its affairs.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA IN CARICATURE.



"Kladderadatsch."

[Berlin.]

THE HOUSE ON FIRE IN THE FAR EAST: THE "RESCUE WORK" COMMENCES.

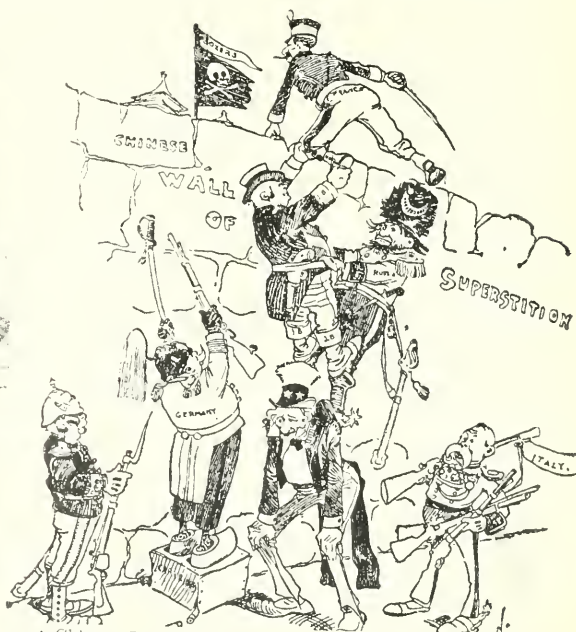


"Kladderadatsch."

[Berlin.]

LOOK OUT, IT IS FALLING!

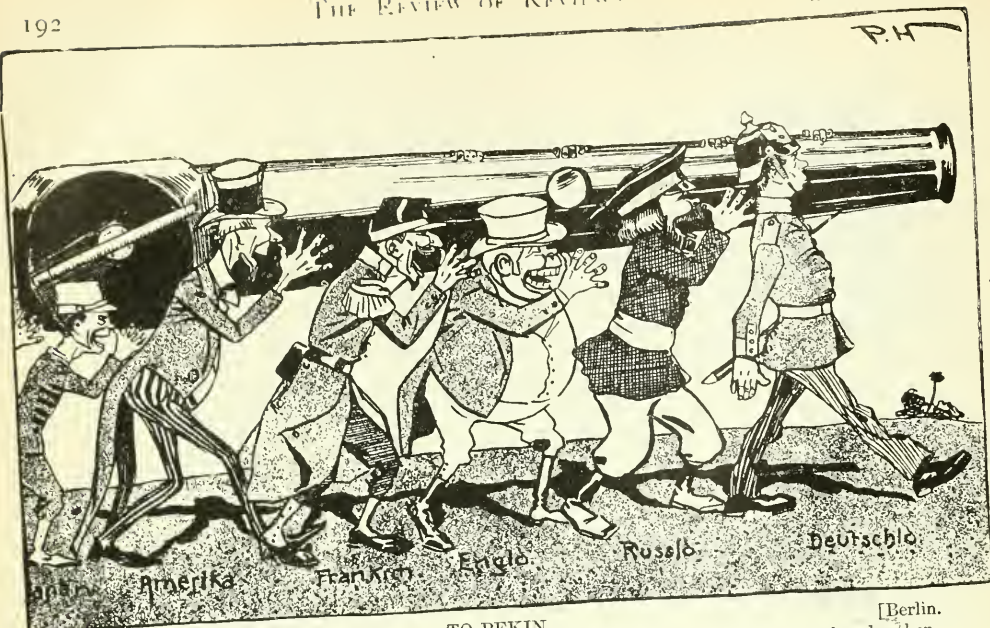
While the Powers are supporting the lower part, the upper storeys seem likely to fall upon them.



"Chicago Record."

[U.S.A.]

FOR ONCE THE POWERS SEEM REALLY TO BE WORKING TOGETHER.

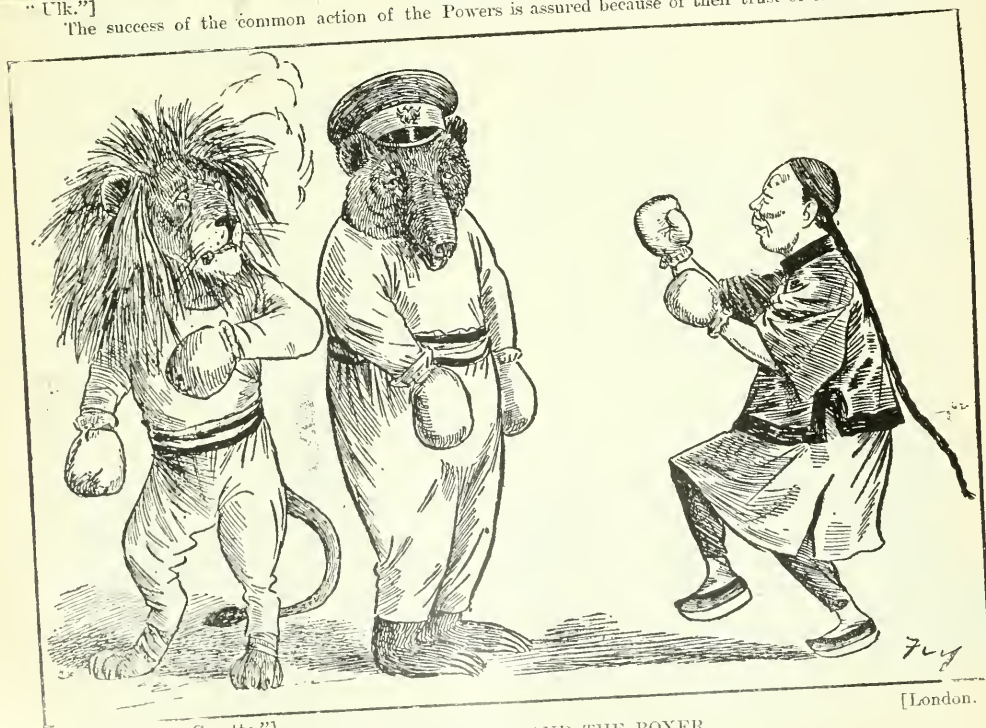


[Berlin.]

TO PEKIN.

"Uk.")

The success of the common action of the Powers is assured because of their trust of each other.



[London.]

"Westminster Gazette.")

THE LION, THE BEAR, AND THE BOXER.

The Lion (to the Bear): "I'm awfully busy just now, and can't give my whole time to this Yellow Terror. Do you mind giving a hand? Then we can manage it together."

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.—TSZE HSI, EMPRESS OF CHINA.

Our July number contained careful sketches of the careers of the two foremost figures in China—the melancholy and ill-fated Emperor, and the vehement, strong-brained, and ruthless woman who, as Dowager-Empress, not only shapes the politics of China, but disturbs the politics of the world. We give here, from the English "Review of Reviews," some very clever and picturesque personal descriptions of these two figures.

* * * * *

Forty years ago a young woman fled with her child and its father in hot haste from the avenging fury of a European army. Hardly had they escaped from the city than the storm of destruction burst over their doomed home. The place was gutted to the walls, and then, to make the work of devastation complete, the plundered ruin was given to the flames.

General Gordon—afterwards illustrious as Gordon of Khartoum—was present on the occasion as a subaltern, and in his correspondence he thus described the scene:—

Owing to the ill-treatment the prisoners experienced at the Summer Palace, the General ordered it to be destroyed. We accordingly went out, and after pillaging it burnt the whole place, destroying in a Vandal-like manner most valuable property which could not be replaced for four millions. The people are civil, but I think the grandees hate us, as they must after what we did to the Palace. You can scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the places we burnt. It made one's heart sore to burn them. Everybody was wild for plunder. You would hardly conceive the magnificence of this residence or the tremendous devastation the French have committed. There was as much splendour and civilisation as you would see at Windsor. The French have smashed everything in the most wanton way. It was a scene of utter destruction which passes my description.

The young woman who fled with her child and its father on the eve of the destruction of the Summer Palace was none other than Tsze Hsi—whose name we shall henceforth write as it is pronounced, "She"—the Empress of China, now the most famous old lady in the world—with the exception of our own Queen.

The Slave Girl of Canton.

The Imperial She was not born in the purple. She is a Manchu, a member of the Imperial race which for two hundred and fifty years has governed the Chinese; but, like many other members of Imperial races, she was acquainted with adversity in her youth. Her story is a romance. Her career is one of the most glaring paradoxes of his-

tory. The Jews fondly cherish the tale of Esther, and every Sunday-scholar is familiar with the romance of Joseph, who was sold a captive into the country which he subsequently ruled as Grand Vizier of Pharaoh. But the story of Esther will not compare with the adventures of the Empress She, and although Joseph became prime minister via the pit and the dungeon, he was always the servant of Pharaoh.

From Slavery to Empire.

But the woman who for the last month has defied the allied fleets and armies of Western civilisation, and has reigned as Empress over 400,000,000 persons for nearly thirty years, was sold into slavery in her childhood by her own father. To leap from slavery to a throne is an almost miraculous achievement in any country. But in China, where the slave is a woman, the transition seemed absolutely impossible. Yet She accomplished this impossible thing, and confronts the world to-day an unmistakable concrete fact, with which all the world has to take account.

The Chinese Estimate of Women.

There is indeed something grotesquely absurd in the spectacle of the Chinese Empire, of all places in the world, being ruled by a woman. Says Dr. A. H. Smith in his book on "Village Life in China":—

The essence of the Chinese classical teaching on this subject is that woman is as inferior to man as the earth is inferior to heaven, and that she can never attain to full equality with man. According to Chinese philosophy, death and evil have their origin in Yin, or female principle of Chinese dualism, while life and prosperity come from the subjection of it to the Yang, or male principle; hence it is regarded as a law of nature to keep woman completely under the power of man, and to allow her no will of her own.

To such a length is this carried, that killing is no murder in China when female babies are concerned. The most ideally excellent daughter, says the Chinese proverb, is not equal to a splay-footed son. Miss Fielde in her book, "Pagoda Shadows," says that 160 Chinese mothers who had borne 631 sons and 538 daughters admitted that they had killed 158 of their daughters. One woman who had been exceptionally unfortunate admitted that she had put away eleven.

Woman Triumphant—Even in China.

Yet, in this stronghold of masculine ascendancy we find the Imperial She lording it over emperors

and mandarins with an authority to which our own Queen never ventures to aspire. Even in China exceptional women succeed in triumphing over the difficulties with which they are deliberately handicapped. Dr. Smith says:—

In one of the huge Chinese encyclopaedias, out of 1,628 books, 376 are devoted to famous women, and of these, four chapters treat of female knowledge, and seven others of the literary productions of women, works which have been numerous and influential.

Nor is the Imperial She altogether alone in her glory. Twelve hundred years ago—five hundred years before the Norman Conquest—a Chinese woman, Wu-Tsi-tien by name, who entered the harem of the Emperor Tai-tsung at the age of fourteen, succeeded in making herself virtual ruler of China until her death at the age of eighty-one. The records of her reign, being written by men, must be accepted with reservation, for they seem to be compiled chiefly for the purpose of holding up the Empress Wu's reign as an awful example of what John Knox called the "Monstrous Regimen of Women."

A Realisable Asset.

She's father was a Manchu official, a Taotai in the north of China, who fell on evil days, lost his money, and ultimately drifted, a broken man, to the neighbourhood of Canton. The family consisted of She, then a girl, and a boy with their parents. She was Manchu, and therefore had escaped the misery of having her feet bound. She was strong, healthy, and vigorous, and probably did her share like other Chinese girls of the poorer classes in collecting sticks for the family fire, and scraping together dung dropped in the high road, to sell it as manure.

In 1838, when the family migrated to Canton, She was four years of age. This was before the first opium war, when the power of China was still unbroken, and the prestige of the Emperors, the brothers of the Sun, was still intact. Do what they could, however, She's parents could not manage to scrape together sufficient to stave off starvation. In southern China, where they were living, the parents of the girl children, when the worst comes to the worst, have always one resource. A good-looking healthy girl is always a realisable asset. If you cannot feed your daughter it is good form to sell her and feed yourself and your son on the proceeds. The story goes that She herself took the initiative of proposing that she should be sold to keep the family pot boiling. Her father recoiled at first from the proposal, for he was a Manchu and from the north. The practice of selling daughters is Chinese and prevails chiefly in the south. But hunger is a potent counsellor, and after a time She was sold to a purchaser who is variously described as a merchant, a mandarin, and a general. Whatever he was, he had the where-

withal not only to buy slaves but to feed them, and that was the supreme consideration. He seems to have been a kind master, and to have early appreciated She's talents.

How it came to pass that the slave girl conceived such a strange idea as that of learning to read or write no one has yet explained. There is a vague rumour current in China that there is some English blood in her veins, but how it got there no one explains; and even if She were Eurasian, the mystery of her character would not be explained. It is said that she learned to read and write before she was eight. No one ever dreamed in those days of teaching Chinese girls such accomplishments. Even now the idea is scouted; but how it came to pass that She could read and write a quarter of a century before we ventured to propose to make education compulsory no one knows. The fact, however, appears to be undisputed.*

The Advantages of Slavery.

Slavery has its advantages. If She had been, not the slave, but the daughter of her purchaser, she would have had her feet bandaged, and as soon as she neared her teens she would have been shut up a close prisoner in the Yamen. There is true pathos in the saying of a Chinese woman, who, after being tethered all her life to the family compound, declared that she hoped, on her next incarnation, she might be a dog, for then she could go about where she pleased. She, however, being a slave, was allowed to go about where she pleased. Being able to read and write, she was allowed to do the family marketing; and, in short, when she was in her teens she had so well established her position as to be regarded almost as a member of the family.

A Chinese Esther.

So things went on until the year 1848, the year of the great European Revolution, and a year destined to affect, perhaps not less seriously, the

*This unexplained mystery throws doubt upon the whole story. When these pages were passing through the press, the "Westminster Gazette" published an article by an anonymous contributor who roundly denies the authenticity of the slave girl tradition. He says the story of her sale into slavery has been almost universally accepted, but, nevertheless, it is wholly fictitious, it being now ascertained that the remarkable woman, who was born in Peking in 1834, was the daughter of one Shen-Yui, an eminent officer of the Li Pu (Board of Rites), by the daughter of a Wang or Regulus of the first rank, and a clansman of the Imperial House of Gioro. Her full name is Tszehi Toanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chuangcheng Shokung (Chinchen Chung-Sih, and she is not Chinese, but of Manchu descent. As a child she is said to have attracted attention by her cleverness and desire for learning; and as a result of this her father procured for Tszehi that which few girls in China ever enjoy—an education. I give the "Westminster Gazette's" contributor's story as it stands. The reader can choose for himself which version he prefers.

destinies of the Far East. For in 1848 there went forth a decree from the Emperor Hien Fung, which recalls reminiscences of the days of King Ahasuerus. It is written in the Book of Esther that when the king wished to replace Vashti, his queen, by a more submissive spouse, "Then said the king's servants that ministered unto him, Let

did so." A similar custom prevailed at one time in Russia, and something like it is said still to exist in Persia. But in China the matter is as much a matter of settled custom as the practice of competitive examinations. Hien Fung was married. His Vashti had not fallen out of favour, but she had no son. It was essential that the Emperor



THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF CHINA.

(From a drawing by a Chinese artist.)

there be fair young virgins sought for the king. And let the king appoint officers in all the provinces of his kingdom, that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto Shushan the palace, to the house of the women. And let the maiden which pleaseth the king be queen instead of Vashti. And the thing pleased the king, and he

should become a father; and to render this possible, proclamations were issued throughout all the provinces of China, directing all eligible Manchu maidens between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, who cared to compete for the position of secondary wife to the Emperor, to present themselves at the palace of the Emperor at Peking.

A Try for a Throne.

She, having the run of the streets, saw the proclamation, and being able to read soon mastered its contents. She was of the specified age. She was of Manchu descent. As for comeliness, that was hardly a question for her to decide, although, possibly enough, she had settled her opinion on that question before her mirror. Anyhow, she made up her mind that she would go in for the competition. To be secondary wife of the Emperor, the Sacred Son of Heaven, satisfied her ambitious yearnings for distinction and a career. She might not succeed, of course. But she decided, at any cost, to "have a try."

Her first step was to secure the assent of her owner. He was startled not a little at the proposal that his slave girl should go up to try her luck in the lottery for a seat near the Imperial throne. But She, like Mr. Rider Haggard's heroine, was "She that must be obeyed." The very loftiness of her aspiration, the incongruity of her ambition, and her position helped to win the first battle. Her owner not only consented to her adventure, but in order to improve her chances adopted her as his daughter, and sent her off to Peking with a handsome outfit.

An Emperor's Bride.

Of the nature of the examinations to which the aspirants were subjected I know nothing, but whatever they were She passed them triumphantly. Out of thousands of candidates She was chosen as one of the best ten certified by the examiners as "a faultless specimen of womanhood, possessing all the virtues needful to the sex and in intelligence the equal of the graduate of the first Imperial examination." Like Esther in Shushan, She was installed in a suite of rooms in the palace of women. She was one of ten. But she had a fair field, and she had no fear of the result, nor did the issue belie her confidence in her star. As it was with Esther and Ahasuerus, so it was with She and Hien Fung. She went in unto the Emperor and found favour in his sight. And behold she conceived and bare a son, and that son was Heir Apparent to the Imperial throne.

Mother of an Heir to the Throne.

She was about seventeen years old when she was taken to the palace of Hien Fung, and she was not more than twenty when the birth of Tung-Chi gave her the proud position of mother of the future Emperor of China. It may be said that there is nothing exceptional in her good luck. A pretty woman who has the luck to have a son by sultan, king or emperor, can usually make her way. It is often the case at Stamboul, at Teheran, and at Peking. But what was exceptional in the case of She, and what marks her off from all her competi-

tors, is that she won the favour of the Emperor by the tact with which she conciliated the Empress. If Esther had had to depend upon the favour of Vashti, it would have gone ill with her and her kinsfolk. But it is asserted that She played her cards with such consummate skill, that she won the good graces of the Empress and made herself the general favourite of all the women of the palace. It was as the friend and companion of the Empress she first saw the Emperor; and when the natural result followed, the Empress, instead of "rounding" upon the Imperial Hagar, became more than ever attached to the woman who had given a son to her husband.

Scandals of the Palace.

The obscurity in which the Empress lives renders it impossible for anyone to speak positively either as to her character or as to her conduct. The unknown is always terrible, and when a woman is concerned it is usually scandalous—at least, when the woman is on a throne. According to the gossip of Peking, the Empress She was a lady who put no limit upon the indulgence of her curiosity or of her instincts. She is the centre of as many scandalous tales as is Queen Elizabeth, and possibly with as much or as little truth. To believe Peking gossip, she was as lawless as Catherine the Great, and rivalled Semiramis herself in the gratification of her caprices.

The tongue of scandal is ever busy about exalted personages, and when that woman is a widow and a sovereign there is no limit to the liberties which slanderous tongues will take with her reputation. But "She is one of the great women of the world, and will go down to history as the compeer of Catherine, Elizabeth, and Victoria," says an American statesman, formerly Minister to China.

The Empress as She is.

"She is a savage," a Russian told me, who knew Peking well. But on the other hand she is described by other residents as a woman of exceptional culture and refinement. She paints, she writes poetry, in token whereof she presented the Hamlin College with six hundred stanzas, all of her own making. Mr. F. G. Carpenter, writing from Peking to the "New York World" on December 30, 1888, said:—

The Empress Regent is now over fifty, and she is said to be well formed and dignified. She combs her hair, I am told, in the butterfly fashion common to the Manchus, having horns six inches long at the back of her head, and she fastens it with a gold hairpin. She is rather independent in thought and does as she pleases, regardless of Chinese etiquette. She is said to practise archery inside the walls of the palace, and she is reported as having taken lessons in boxing from an old eunuch. Minister Denby tells me that she studies and understands all subjects committed to her, and that she is very industrious. He thinks she will go down to history as one of the great rulers of the world, and says that, through her China has attained its present high position among the nations. The Empress Regent has been one of the most progressive thinkers among the

Chinese, and considering the isolation of China, it seems strange to record that in a short time these palaces will be lighted with six thousand electric lights, and that the Emperor will eat his breakfast with ivory chopsticks tipped with gold under the rays of electricity.

Although sixty-six years of age, Tsze Hsi is described by one who has seen her recently as having raven hair without a single grey lock. She is above the medium height, large-boned, her eyes dark, her complexion sub-olive, and her feet, contrary to the Chinese custom, of the natural size. Her voice, however, is harsh, and she is singularly fond of jewellery.

What Her Enemies Say.

Her enemies accuse her of a love for gambling and an inordinate love of money. The chief accusations against her are, however, formulated by the exiled Reformer Kang-Yu-Wei, whose headlong Radicalism brought about the third coup d'etat of the Empress She. In his farewell letter to the Foreign Ministers the defeated Reformer did not spare the Empress. In this letter—

she is compared, more sinica, to the Empress Wu, who also succeeded in keeping her son in tutelage and keeping hold of power during a long and licentious life. She is charged with having tried to corrupt the Em-



THE EMPEROR AS A CHILD.

Kwang-Su. Prince Chang. Emperor's brother.
(Father of Emperor).

When she received the wives of the Diplomats, Sir Claude Macdonald, our Minister at Peking, thus described the reception:—

The ceremony passed off extremely well. The Empress-Dowager made a most favourable impression by her courtesy and affability. Those who went to the Palace under the idea that they would meet a cold and haughty person of strong imperious manner were agreeably surprised to find her Imperial Majesty a kind and courteous hostess, who displayed both the tact and softness of the womanly disposition.

peror, and with having poisoned her former colleague, the Empress-Dowager of Hien Fung, and her daughter-in-law, the Empress-Dowager of Tung Che. She is characterised as an Usurper, having deposed an Emperor who was full of brightness and promise, and is told that she is, after all, but a concubine-relict of Hien Fung, "whom by her acts she made die of spleen and indignation."

But this brings me to the story of the Emperor, whose restoration to the throne is urged by some as the best way of settling the present difficulty.

II.—A CHINESE HAMLET.

As a boy the Emperor was fond of engines, and not very fond of study. When he came to the throne he used to rise about two o'clock in the morning. He took a light breakfast at about 2.30, and by three was ready for work. He received his Ministers at four, five, or six o'clock, and it was at this time that he usually started out to perform his holy duties. He had his second breakfast at eleven, and he dined later in the day, going to bed very early.

At that time he was described as a slender, yellow-faced, almond-eyed, black-queued young Tartar. "I am told," said Mr. Carpenter, "he has all the instincts of the ordinary boy, and likes fun as well as any boy among his subjects. A few days ago he went out to visit some small steam launches, and to the horror of his eunuchs rushed past them, and down into the engine-room. He here found a coolie with a dirty handkerchief tied round his head, oiling the machinery. He asked him his nationality, and the coolie replied that he was a Chinaman, a reply which was very pleasing to the Emperor."

What Manner of Man is He?

Two years later, in 1891, a Foreign Secretary of Legation wrote:—

The Emperor looks younger even than he is, not more than sixteen or seventeen. Although his features are essentially Chinese, or rather Manchu, they wear a particular air of personal distinction. Rather pale and dark, with a well-shaped forehead, long, black arched eyebrows, large, mournful dark eyes, a sensitive mouth, and an unusually long chin, the young Emperor, together with an air of great gentleness and intelligence, wore an expression of melancholy, due, naturally enough, to the deprivation of nearly all the pleasures of his age and to the strict life which the hard and complicated duties of his high position force him to lead.

A year later another observer wrote:—

The young Emperor entirely fails to show either capacity or sense of duty, being given over to frivolity, and, report says, vice.

The following description by the German Minister at a still later date seems to show that Kwang-Su did not profit by his emancipation from the control of the Empress She:—

His Majesty looks older than he really is. With sunken head and yellow face, he looked shyly at the assembled diplomats, and his heavy eyes were lit up for the occasion by opium or morphia. A sorrowful, weary, and rather childish smile played about his mouth. When his lips are parted his long, irregular yellow teeth appear, and there are great hollows in either cheek. His face is not entirely wanting in sympathy, but rather betokens indifference, and from its features nothing of interest can be read; in fact, the Emperor impressed me as being self-restrained, cold, apathetic, wanting in capacity, worn out, and as though half dead. I felt that whatever passed before his eyes had not the slightest interest for him, and that it mattered not in the least to him whether he understood the meaning of the ceremony. A man who wears a look as if life were a burden to him must surely be on the down grade.

An Impulsive Emperor.

The Emperor displayed sudden impulses, which filled his courtiers with alarm. One of these led him, in 1894, suddenly to announce his intention to set aside the award of the Examining Board which had just pronounced upon the result of its examinations, and place the essayists according to his own estimate of their excellence:—

There were two hundred and eight competitors, and it took the Emperor three whole days to look over the essays. The task was long, but it was accomplished with care and attention to details. The list of the Examining Board was turned almost upside down, for the Emperor marked out six men as entitled to first honours (three of these stood amongst the last in the first list); seventy-seven to second-class honours; one hundred and twenty-three to third; and two men to the fourth or last class. Those who belonged to the first and second classes were promoted two steps, while the others were either degraded proportionately or deprived of from one to half a year's salary.

Imagine the sensation which such a sudden incursion into the domain of the Civil Service Commissioners would create in Britain. Multiply it a hundredfold, and we can form some faint estimate of the dismay occasioned by Kwang-Su's escapade in Peking. The marvel is not that he was ultimately set aside, but that he was tolerated so long.

The Advent of Kang Yu-Wei.

In 1896 the advent of Kang-Yu-Wei, the Canton Radical, led the Emperor to embark upon a series of reforms so drastic as to lead to his own summary supercession. Kang-Yu-Wei was a young man of thirty-eight, who had achieved considerable reputation as a teacher at Canton. He was fascinated by the history of Peter the Great, and had conceived the idea of launching China upon a career of reform. He wrote a memorial which attracted the attention of the Emperor. Of this he has given the following account:—

I told the Emperor that all the old customs and ways and manners of his ancestors must be removed. Nothing could be usefully followed so far as Chinese history was concerned. I advised the Emperor to follow in the footsteps of Japan, or of Peter the Great in Russia.

As a preliminary step I advised the Emperor to command all his Ministers of State and all the high officials in Peking to go before the places where they worshipped the gods, and also to the ancestral halls, there to register an oath that they were determined to introduce reforms.

My second suggestion was to have the laws and administration revised; my third, that he should open a Communication or Despatch Department, through which anyone could be able to memorialise the Throne. I told him he had no means of finding out the desires of the people; that the responsibility of administration was too widely diffused; that he should select young, intelligent men, well imbued with Western ideas, to assist in the regeneration of the Empire, irrespective of their social position, whether they were lowly born or of high degree.

I advised the creation of twelve new departments modelled on Western lines, and foreigners to be engaged to advise and assist.

I pointed out the enormous loss of revenue that occurred yearly.

I recommended a complete change of the system, under which the whole of the revenues of the country would go into the Imperial purse, comparing China with India, and adducing from the experience of India the financial resources of China.

I told the Emperor that from ordinary taxes the sum of 400,000,000 taels could be raised annually, and if the *lekin* (native customs) were abolished, and a tariff properly adjusted, banknotes issued, stamp duty established, and other financial reforms adopted, at least another 300,000,000 taels could be raised. With this money in hand it would be an easy thing to get an army and a

W. E. Curtis, writing in the American "Review of Reviews," thus summarises the headlong measures taken by Kwang-Su.

He banished Weng Tung Ho, the tutor of his youth, for trying to teach him moderation. He degraded the most eminent and venerable princes at the court for disputing his opinion. He dismissed thousands of men from office—five thousand with a single stroke of his sacred vermilion pencil. Many of them held positions that were hereditary and had passed from father to son for generations. Others were held as rewards for distinguished services to previous sovereigns.



KWANG-SU, 16 YEARS OLD, WITH HIS FATHER.

navy to protect our coast, and to establish colleges for the training of officers. State railways could also be constructed.

A Chinese Peter the Great.

The Chinese mandarins to whom the memorial was referred, replied stolidly, "Why should we change the manners and customs of our ancestors?" But Kwang-Su thought otherwise. He decided to give Kang-Yu-Wei's ideas a chance. Mr.

One of his most startling assaults upon tradition and propriety was an order to the viceroys, governors, military authorities, and other magistrates, that hereafter they would receive instructions from the Emperor by telegraph.

Kwang-Su proposed to go to Tientsin just like any ordinary mortal, parade himself before the public like a petty mandarin, and gratify his own vulgar curiosity in a manner that was shocking. No wonder that the people believed a story circulated in Peking that he intended to command them to cut off their pig-tails and put on European dress.

The Empress' Third Coup d'Etat.

The reforms which the Emperor proposed may have been excellent in themselves, but, unlike Peter the Great, he had no force behind him. The officials, scared at the revolutionary proceedings of the madcap on the throne, appealed to the Empress. The Emperor had drafted a decree which ordered her confinement in an island in the palace grounds. Another order doomed the commander of the forces to immediate execution. The Empress concentrated a trustworthy body of soldiers round the palace and, instead of waiting to be

arrested and imprisoned, turned the tables upon the Emperor. On September 21st, 1898, she emerged from her retreat, and the next day a decree was issued in the Emperor's name declaring his incapacity for government and begging her to resume the guidance of affairs.

The Reformers fled—those of them, that is to say, who, like Kang-Yu-Wei, were warned in time; others, less fortunate, were seized, and six of them summarily executed without even a form of trial. Chang-Yen-Huan—whom many of us remember as special envoy at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee—was banished to Turkestan.

III.—THE LATE COUNT MOURAVIEFF.

By W. T. STEAD.

"Death of the Russian Foreign Minister," on the placard of one of the evening papers, caught my eye on the afternoon of June 22. We were passing through one of the locks on the river Thames, in the lovely reach of river above Henley. "Death of the Russian Foreign Minister!" I could hardly believe my eyes. I had just written to Count Mouravieff the previous Saturday and was expecting his answer on my return to town, and now—"Death of the Russian Foreign Minister!" It seemed impossible.

But when the newsboy handed over his latest "special" the telegram which told "the steel-cold fact with one laconic thrust" was not to be denied. "In the midst of life we are in death"—one of the tritest of all sayings—seems to acquire new pungency as we read how Count Mouravieff was found lying dead at his desk, with the cup of coffee but half emptied and the unfinished cigarette still smouldering by his side. An apoplectic stroke had carried off Count Mouravieff even more suddenly than the affection of the heart which smote down his predecessor. In one moment how much of active life ceased to be, or rather ceased to find any manifestation on this mundane plane of physical existence! But yesterday the chief of the one Foreign Office in the world which everyone regards with an almost superstitious fear, until it has been invested in the vulgar mind with something of the diabolic halo of omnipotent omniscience which encircles the order of the Jesuits, and now—

Mingled with the natural sensation of the shock occasioned when sudden death removes anyone from the circle of your acquaintance, I was conscious of a certain feeling of remorseful regret.

For in the first year of his ministry I had not been altogether just to Count Mouravieff. Nay, it is perhaps more accurate to say that I had been unjust, and, as he himself said when we spoke of it afterwards, a little cruel. It was the Port Arthur business which led to that, and the appearance of a shuffle where the straight course was so much the safer and more dignified. Count Mouravieff had been the advocate for the occupation of Port Arthur, and his management of the Chinese, to say nothing of his explanations to the British Ambassador, led me to say and to write things which were too harsh. At any rate, even if his conduct was open to censure, it hardly became an Englishman to say so, considering the infinitely more scandalous neglect by our own Foreign Office of honour and good faith. I was, perhaps, a little prejudiced against the Count. I had only met him once before. It was in 1888, when he was attached to the Russian Embassy at Berlin. We had a long conversation, in which I was more impressed by his cynical candour than attracted by his genial abandon. Afterwards when I met him in St. Petersburg on the eve of the Peace Congress the cynicism was softened and the geniality remained the same. And on the whole, now that he has gone, I reproach myself somewhat that I did not make more allowance for the difficulties of his position, and was not more sympathetic to the Minister who had the extremely arduous duty imposed upon him of filling the vacant chair of Prince Lobanoff.

Count Mouravieff may have occupied Port Arthur as the sequel of the German occupation of Kiao Chau, just as we occupied Wei-Hai-Wei as the

sequel to the Russian occupation of Port Arthur; but it is not for the pot to call the kettle black. And it must never be forgotten that Count Mouravieff, the Tsar himself being witness, was of all his Ministers the most sympathetic and enthusiastic in his support of the Peace Rescript. Count Mouravieff did not originate it; he was not a man of initiative. But when it came into his hands, he gave it his hearty and unflinching support. Therein

humour and a human geniality which made him a general favourite in Society, diplomatic and other. Like many other men trained in diplomacy, he probably failed to appreciate at its full value the ethical element as a factor in the affairs of men. When he was "a little secretary," to use his own phrase, Prince Bismarck was very kind to him, and there was always a reminiscence of the Bismarckian manner in his talk. But what capital



THE LATE COUNT MOURAVIEFF.
Russian Foreign Minister.

he differed from other Ministerial colleagues, some of whom made no secret of their scepticism as to the probable outcome of the Hague Conference. Count Mouravieff never wavered, and to his steady support of the Imperial project he probably owed much of the confidence which the Tsar bestowed upon him.

The late Foreign Minister was a charming companion, full of anecdote, with a quick sense of

talk it was—so full, so free, so emancipated from all trammels! I have the liveliest recollection of the last talk I had with him in St. Petersburg little more than twelve months ago. How he laughed at the folly of the Censor, and—which is still more surprising—how frankly he deplored the impolicy of the Bobrikoff regime in Finland! "As if we had not soldiers enough and more than we need already," said he. "What a pity it is we did not

leave Finland alone." But therein Count Mouravieff but echoed the universal opinion of every friend of Russia throughout the world. Even if logical consistency demanded the assimilation of the Finnish and Russian military system, the game was not worth the candle. Count Bobrikoff is a kind of Russian Mr. Chamberlain, and Count Mouravieff certainly left me in no doubt as to the intense satisfaction with which he would have heard of the reversal of the policy in Finland which has given such occasion to the enemies of Russia everywhere to blaspheme.

Count Mouravieff under-estimated the Chinese. The "Times" correspondent at St. Petersburg reports that the day before his death he committed himself to the astonishing dictum that the taking of the Taku forts would have a salutary rather than an exasperating effect upon the Chinese. "It would be all over in a fortnight," he thought. He was an optimist in the skin of a cynic, and he always hoped things would happen according to his wishes. He had always found the Chinese prompt to yield to pressure, and he could not conceive the possibility of a general revolt. In Turkey he left no mark. He continued the policy of Prince Lobanoff. Time was not given him to develop the more humane policy which he meditated both in Macedonia and Armenia. The continuation of the historic role of Russia as the pro-

tector of the Christians of the East will fall into the hands of his successor. In European politics he has been faithful to the French Alliance, knowing that it means peace and not war. He had a very difficult part to play during the crisis over Fashoda, but he played it with address, audacity, and success. He had to convince the French that Russia would not desert her ally, and at the same time to compel that ally to face the unpleasant fact that war with England at that time and in her then condition would have been suicidal folly. He achieved that apparently impossible task, and earned the thanks of both English and French, although from our side his services—as usual when they are rendered by a Russian—were never adequately appreciated.

The task of directing Russian foreign policy is not a sinecure. Prince Gortchakoff stood the strain for a long time, and after him M. de Giers. But the pressure of work on the Foreign Offices of the world is increasing every year. The sudden death of Count Mouravieff, following upon the equally sudden death of Prince Lobanoff, is significant. Count Lamsdorff, who is now acting as Foreign Minister, as he did before Count Mouravieff's appointment, stands the strain well. Whether under a new Foreign Minister or alone, he will do the collar work of the Foreign Office.

Of the papers in "Pearson's" this month what most appeals to the reader in the dog-days will probably be Mr. W. Henry's sketch of Diving as a Fine Art, practised by the Swedes. The separate attitudes of the skilled divers are shown to be as graceful as their combination dives and double dives are wonder-compelling. Or Dr. Cook's discussion of the possibilities of reaching the four poles (the two magnetic poles being added to the usual complement), will suggest coolness to the perspiring reader, until he learns that, in the judgment of the writer, the poles will only be reached by walking. A less dubious relief is called to the mind by Turner Morton's sketch of Midnight Mountaineering in Norway, where the climber has the added charm of sea view and the close proximity of the hotel steamer in the fiord below. Should the heat prove desperate, there is a desperate consolation provided by Mr. Herbert Fyfe's pile of gruesome surmises borrowed from science and fiction as to how the world will end. To steady the whirling imagination as it riots among the ruins of the world, Pro-

fessor Simon Newcomb's precise explanation how the planets are weighed may be welcome. The direct eventuality of all is hinted at in Mr. George Griffith's account of the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor. But may the temperature be merciful!

The June "Atlantic Monthly" is a most valuable number. Specially noteworthy are Mr. Stillman's recollections of Ruskin and the Brownings; Mr. Lee's poetry of a machine age; Dean Sage's sketch of the late Mr. Quaritch; Charles Conant's economic tendencies; Mr. Sanborn's letter from Paris, and Mr. Grover Cleveland's lecture on the American presidency. Mr. Ephraim Emerton laments the passing of the combination known as gentleman and scholar, and demands that the new education shall bring it back by "the conception of a necessary and essential union between learning and the higher life of the spirit." Mr. W. C. Lawton deals with a kindred subject when he proposes as "a substitute for Greek" the study of "the true history of civilisation," which shall adjust the minutest fact or the largest principle "to the whole law of truth one and indivisible."

EPISODES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

[The proprietors of the Australasian "Review of Reviews" have made arrangements with Messrs. Smith and Elder, London, the publishers of "How England Saved Europe," by W. H. Fitchett, for the re-publication of a series of brief episodes from that work. The series will deal with picturesque incidents and striking figures in the Great War with France, betwixt 1793 and 1815, and will extend through twelve issues of the "Review of Reviews."]

IV.—A PERISHED NAVY.

With the great defeat of Trafalgar the naval power of France, for the moment at least, came to utter wreck. The obstinate will and amazing genius of Napoleon sooner or later would, no doubt, have created new fleets. Napoleon was, as a matter of fact, slowly filling the closely blockaded harbours of France with new ships of the line, when, after the retreat from Moscow, his empire came to an end. But the thunderstroke of Trafalgar, as its immediate effect, swept the French flag from the sea. One fragment of the great fleet which escaped Nelson's guns on October 21, 1805, was captured by Sir Richard Strachan on November 4, only a fortnight afterwards. Another fragment, after lying ignobly in Cadiz for three years, was surrendered on June 14, 1808, when the Peninsular war broke out. Dundonald's fireships in the Basque Roads on April 11, 1809, robbed France of her last squadron.

The arithmetic of the struggle with France, on its naval side, shows how complete was the victory of England. In 1805 the British captured from the French twenty-two line-of-battle ships and five frigates. In 1806 British captures only amounted to eight ships of the line and thirteen frigates, and of these one ship of the line and four frigates were Spanish or Dutch. In 1807 not a single French line-of-battle ship or frigate was captured; the reason being that, in open waters, none remained to be captured. The French flag, except where it flew from the mast of some lurking privateer, had vanished from the open sea! British seamen that year, it is true, reaped a rich harvest. They captured no less than twenty line-of-battle ships and fourteen frigates; but they were all Dutch, Danish, or Turkish. In 1808 the British captured eight line-of-battle ships and six frigates. But two of the line-of-battle ships were Dutch; the remaining six were the French ships surrendered at Cadiz when Spain broke into revolt.

In 1809 France had begun to rebuild her fleet, and the British captured or destroyed six ships of the line and sixteen frigates. But Dundonald's exploit in the Basque Roads explains those figures.

After the Basque Roads no French line-of-battle ship was captured until 1812, when the *Rivoli*, a 74-gun ship, became a prize to the *Victorious* in the Gulf of Venice. If we take the eight years betwixt 1805-12, the British captured, in all, from their enemies sixty-five ships of the line and seventy-six frigates; they lost during that same period not one line-of-battle ship. The total British losses to the enemy, reckoning down to the most petty variety of armed craft, averages less than eight per annum.

These figures show how absolute was the British victory on the sea. The chief sorrow of British captains during those years, indeed, arose from the fact that there was, practically, nobody to fight. The English flag flew in haughty and almost unchallenged defiance on all the open seas of the world.

A Postscript to Trafalgar.

Sir Richard Strachan's action, which is a sort of glittering postscript to Trafalgar, deserves a brief description. Five of Villeneuve's ships who flew the French flag, in addition to six Spaniards, made their way from the great fight of October 21 into Cadiz, and Collingwood instantly established over that port a vigilant and threatening guard. Four French ships under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir—the *Fermidable*, his flag-ship, of eighty guns, the *Scipion*, the *Mont Blanc*, and the *Duguay-Trouin*, all seventy-fours—made their escape southward. But all ports were sealed against the French admiral. He resembled a fox with his covert stopped and the hounds in full pursuit. Louis, with a squadron of five ships, barred his approach to Toulon, and Dumanoir turned the stems of his ships northward, intending to reach the Isle of Aix.

On November 2 a British frigate, the *Phoenix*, cruising off Cape Finisterre, discovered four great ships to the northward. The little *Phoenix*, a frigate of the smallest size, instantly started in pursuit of these four giants! They turned out to be Dumanoir's ships, and these, in their turn, proceeded to hunt the *Phoenix*, eager to revenge on

it the sorrows of Trafalgar! Its captain knew that a squadron under Sir Richard Strachan was cruising off Ferrol, and cleverly led his pursuers in that direction. At three o'clock that afternoon Strachan's ships were duly sighted to the southward. Dumanoir's squadron, at that apparition, instantly hauled their wind, wore, and stood to the east; whereupon the Phoenix promptly assumed, once more, the role of the pursuer, signalling vehemently, meanwhile, to attract the attention of the ships to the southward. Two other British frigates, the Boadicea and the Dryad, drawn by the sound of guns, made an appearance on the scene and joined in the pursuit.

Sea-blunders.

The incidents that followed are an amusing example of the chances of sea-warfare. It was a black and starless night. The Boadicea and Dryad threw up friendly rockets as signals to the Phoenix and the mysterious ships coming up from the south; but failing to get any reply, after running down near enough to the approaching squadron to discover they were two-deckers, the Boadicea and Dryad bore up, and vanished from the scene over the horizon. The Phoenix, confident that the approaching squadron was British, though no flags were visible, ran fearlessly down to the leading ship. It was the Caesar, of eighty guns, Strachan's flag-ship. The big ship remained majestically inattentive to the eager signals of the little Phoenix, and only after a shot had been actually fired at it was the ill-treated Phoenix allowed to approach the Caesar and tell its news. When the moon rose Strachan was able to discover, ghost-like against the horizon, the sails of Dumanoir's squadron.

Then followed a stubborn chase, through wild and misty weather, which lasted till the morning of November 5. One of Strachan's ships, the *Bellona*, in that long chase, somehow, lost touch with her consorts and vanished. A stray British frigate, the *Revolutionnaire*, on the other hand, was caught in the vortex of the chase and added itself to Strachan's force. The French ships were faster than the English, and all Strachan's skill and seamanship failed to enable his heavy two-deckers to overtake their quarry. The two British frigates, however, hung on the French rear. With nimble seamanship they kept the *Scipion*, Dumanoir's slowest seventy-four, under constant and tormenting fire, and yet escaped its heavy guns, which might have sunk either of them at a stroke. With such skill and persistency were these tactics maintained, that at last Dumanoir had to choose betwixt abandoning his consort or turning on his pursuers. He chose the more gallant course, and a fight of singular obstinacy followed.

The combat was notable for one curious incident. Strachan, a man of hot and vehement temper, at the height of the fight discovered that one of his ships, the *Namur*, was not obeying with sufficient ardour the signal for "close action;" and he fired two wrathful shots at that vessel by way of adding emphasis to his signal! That a British admiral, engaged in desperate combat with an enemy of equal strength, should deem it necessary to expend some shots upon one of his own ships, was a marine scandal of startling quality. The *Namur*, it turned out, had its main-yard cut in two by a French shot. Her part in the fight was sufficiently gallant, and she captured her own particular antagonist, the *Formidable*. The British lost 135 killed and wounded, but the whole of Dumanoir's squadron was captured, every ship being dismasted, while the number of killed and wounded amounted to no less than 730. Strachan's action was a bit of fighting not unworthy to be a sequel to Trafalgar. At its close, of the proud fleet which Villeneuve led out of Cadiz on October 20, there remained only those sealed up in Cadiz.

Diamond Rock.

The war on the sea from this date includes no fleet actions, though it still supplies some picturesque incidents and not a few gallant actions. One of the most striking naval incidents of the whole war, indeed, is supplied by the story of what is called the Diamond Rock. A mile south-west of Martinique, and six miles south-east from Port Royal, a splinter of basalt rises suddenly from the sea to a height of 600 feet, its whole circumference measuring less than a mile. On three sides it is vertical, and the perpendicular face of rock on which the sea breaks is mottled with great caves. On the west some reefs jutting out into the sea offer a perilous and uncertain landing-place. At the end of 1803 Hood was blockading Port Royal, and he determined to occupy the Diamond Rock for the purpose of making his blockade more effective.

None but a sailor would have dreamed of such an exploit, and only a sailor could have accomplished it. Hood's ship was the *Centaur*, of seventy-four guns, and the Diamond Rock rose high above its mast heads. The problem was to carry five heavy guns up to a height thrice that of the *Centaur's* topmast. It was perilous for the *Centaur* to lie too close to the steep wall of rock, up which the surges flung their spray; but the great guns had to be hoisted through the air from her decks to the summit of the rock. A cable was carried from the *Centaur's* deck to the crest of the Diamond Rock, and the guns dragged up it suspended in a "traveller" or running loop. A spectator who watched the process, and saw Hood's tars dragging

up 24-pounders by hawsers to a cliff 600 feet high, describes them as "appearing like mice hauling a little sausage!" Five guns, in this fashion, were mounted on the rock; one of the ship's lieutenants with 120 men and boys formed its crew, and the "Diamond Rock" made its appearance in the British navy-list as "a sloop of war"!

Its position, and the great range of its guns, made the Diamond Rock a source of great annoyance to the French; and when in 1805 Villeneuve's fleet, newly escaped from Toulon, made its appearance in the West Indies and anchored in Port Royal, the "sloop of war Diamond" became an intolerable nuisance. It fired at everything that came within its reach. The whole trade of Port Royal was interrupted. Villeneuve, lying with a great fleet in a French port, had to suffer the indignity of listening to the continual roar of English guns from the tiny battery high in air, outside Port Royal, and the insult became past endurance. At last a squadron, consisting of two French line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and eleven gunboats, was despatched to suppress this too impertinent "sloop of war." It was a contest betwixt an entire French squadron and 120 British sailors with five guns perched on the summit of a splinter of rock!

Maurice, the lieutenant in command of the Diamond Rock, abandoned his lower battery, consisting of two guns. He could fight only with one 24-pounder, perched half-way up the rock, and two 18-pounders on its summit. The French squadron opened fire at eight o'clock on the morning of May 31, and they bombarded the rock for three angry and industrious days. They succeeded in those three days in killing only two men and wounding one other, while steadily from the solitary 24-pounder on its flank, and the two 18-pounders on its summit, the Diamond Rock spat back at its assailants. The British sailors actually sank three French gunboats and two rowing-boats, and killed or wounded some seventy Frenchmen with their fire. Then, having fired almost his last cartridge, Maurice hauled down his flag, and H.M. ship of war the Diamond Rock, disappeared from the British navy list. But its record was certainly picturesque, and cannot be regarded as inglorious. To have armed it was a remarkable feat of ingenuity; and an entire French squadron was required to suppress it.

Plucky Indiamen.

The naval fighting of that period supplies another example of what can only be described as humorous audacity on the part of British sailors. On February 18, 1804, a straggling flock of some sixteen Indiamen off Pulo Auro discovered four

strange sail coming up fast from the south-west. The Indiamen were bluff-bowed wall-sided craft, deep with merchandise, with rusty sides and stained canvas and scanty crews. But in those stern days even the peaceful British merchant seamen had to keep with cutlass and cannon-shot the goods he carried. The Indiamen carried guns and knew how to use them. An Indiaman's guns, indeed, were commonly of an obsolete type, and it was the fashion to lash the butts of water for use during the voyage betwixt the guns. Thus, for warlike purposes, they were not very efficient; but their scanty crews included much good fighting material, and their captains, with sufficient training, might have coned into action Nelson's ships at Trafalgar. The captains of the sixteen Indiamen in question had appointed one of their own number, Captain Dance, of the Earl Camden, as commodore, and Dance, as it turned out, fought his squadron with a skill and audacity which would have delighted Nelson himself.

The French squadron in sight consisted of a 74-gun ship, the *Marengo*, two heavy frigates and two corvettes, all under the command of Rear-Admiral Linois. Linois was in these waters for the express business of intercepting the China fleet, and he now had found his prey! With a powerful French squadron hanging to windward of them, the heavy Indiamen might have been expected to spread every inch of their tarry canvas, and to turn their stems to every quarter of the compass for the purpose of escape. It was on this Linois calculated; and the British merchantmen, in that case, would have been to the French like fat ducklings to a flock of hawks.

But this cluster of heavy-sterned and pacific Indiamen proceeded to behave in a quite unexpected fashion. "Commodore" Dance took his duties seriously, and gravely signalled to four of his heaviest ships to run down and examine the strangers. Four clumsy Indiamen thereupon solemnly bore up towards the French squadron, and approached the puzzled Frenchmen until their commodore recalled them. Dance next formed his sixteen Indiamen in line of battle, but kept on his course under easy sail. At nightfall the French were well up with the Indiamen, whereupon Dance faced about, and the French ships drew off to wait for the next day. Linois calculated that the merchantmen, under cover of night, would scatter and endeavour to escape, when the swifter Frenchmen would have picked them up one by one as their prey. But Dance knew his business better than to show any sign of fear.

All night long the Indiamen lay-to in order of battle, with lights flaming and men at quarters. Linois kept to windward of the fleet within short

distance and closely studied these puzzling Indianmen. Dance had ordered three of his heaviest ships to hoist the blue ensign, and so give the impression they were ships of war; but Linois was not in the least deceived. He knew he saw before him nothing but a cluster of fat merchantmen. Yet their cool order, and their visible readiness to fight, had a discouraging effect. At nine o'clock, as the Frenchmen showed no signs of coming down, the Indianmen fell off, and under easy sail—but still in line of battle—kept on their course; whereupon the Frenchmen filled on the opposite tack and edged away in pursuit. By one o'clock Linois threatened to cut off the rearmost merchantman, whereupon Dance, as though he had been an admiral trained under Nelson, made the signal to tack in succession and bear down on the Frenchmen.

Merchant-seamen.

In close order, the Royal George, a matronly looking ship, heading the column, the gallant merchantmen came on with bellying topgallant sails. Here, in a word, was a flock of British merchant ships actually attacking a squadron of French ships of war! Towards two o'clock Linois opened fire on the Royal George and the ships astern of her; but the sturdy Indianman, who by this time had cleared her water-butts and got her guns in fighting order, fired back with unabashed courage, and ship after ship coming up joined in the fray. This curious fight lasted for three-quarters of an hour; then Linois found the Indianmen too much for him. His ships hauled their wind and stood away under

all sail to the eastward. The triumphant Dance threw out a signal for "a general chase," and for nearly two hours there was witnessed the astonishing spectacle of a fleet of exasperated British merchantmen pursuing a squadron of French ships of war! It was as though a cluster of indignant fowls were chasing a number of half-astonished and half-alarmed bull-dogs, suspected of felonious designs on their chickens!

At four o'clock Commodore Dance drew off his fleet and the Indianmen resumed their voyage. It is sometimes asserted that Linois was deceived by Dance's trick of hoisting the blue flag, and drew off from the fight in the belief that he was engaging ships of war. But this was not the case. Linois knew perfectly well that his antagonists were merely merchant ships. He was too experienced a sailor to mistake the straggling fire of an Indianman for the broadsides of a British seventy-four. The merchant sailors owed their triumph to their own cool courage, and to the gallant comradeship which made them stand by each other. England was accustomed to see her ships of war beat French ships of the same class with themselves; but that a flock of merchant ships should, in this fashion, meet a powerful French squadron under a famous admiral and drive it off in mere flight, was a quite delightful novelty. Dance was knighted and received a grant of £5,000. The captains and crews of the various Indianmen were overwhelmed with gifts; and the tale of how these merchant captains had out-manoeuvred and out-fought a French squadron became one of the classic stories of British naval history.

"My First Century" is the heading which Mr. Randal Roberts gives to the autobiographic letters of eminent cricketers and contributes to the "Wind-sor." Dr. W. G. Grace made his first century in a match between the Gentlemen of Sussex and the South Wales Club in July, 1864, a few days before his sixteenth birthday. His record on that occasion was 170 and 56 not out. "And in 1900 he is still holding his own with the best in first-class cricket," exclaims Mr. Roberts.

The "English Illustrated" for July is an interesting number. Mr. George Wade's "Cockney John Chinaman" claims separate notice. Cecil de Thierry narrates the exploits of certain distinguished colonial soldiers, accompanying his sketch with a few pleasing portraits. The "Resuscitation of a Sea Monster" is Helen Gordon's

way of describing the salvage of the Milwaukee, the steamer which left her fore half on the rocks, and steamed with her stern portion away to a port, where she was fitted with a new fore part. Frederick Dolman recounts what he has seen of ancient Roman civilisation in the Naples Museum, under the title of "Nothing New under the Sun." A pleasant account is given of the surroundings and treatment of the convicts at Princetown.

In the June number of the "Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne," Leopold Delisle concludes his study of the Montmorency Book of Hours in the Conde Museum; Henri Bouchout has an interesting article on Jan van Eyck's Portrait of His Wife in the Bruges Academy, and the remaining space is devoted to a series of articles on the French Art at the Paris Exhibition.

SACRED ART.

No. II. OF THE MASTERPIECE ART PORTFOLIO.

The World Romance of the Prodigal Son.

Instead of twelve small pictures, such as those in No. 1 of the Masterpiece Art Portfolio, No. 2 will contain six twice the size, in order that they may be the more easily seen on the walls. These pictures illustrate the parable of the Prodigal Son. When once the central episodes of the Life of Christ are excluded, there is nothing in the Gospel which embodies more of the essential truth of Christianity than this parable. Nor is it only Christianity that this parable embodies; it is instinct with humanity. Men of all religions and of none, recognise the pathos and the truth of the story, which touches the highest height and the lowest depth of human experience. It is a world-romance told in the compass of the shortest of short stories. It contains every ingredient that makes up the tragedy and the comedy of life—youth and age, wanton pleasure and sad remorse, feasting and starvation, opulence and poverty, reckless selfishness and humble penitence, the joy of life and the dregs of despair, the whole redeemed and glorified by the tender, forgiving love of the father. There is no parable like it in literature, no teaching more universal, more direct, or more true. The parable of the Prodigal Son is the storied commentary and explanation of the first words in the Lord's Prayer.

Murillo for the Multitude.

Murillo, the Spanish artist, devoted his genius to the painting of a series of six pictures, which in six acts or scenes set forth the whole parable. These pictures have never been photographed or engraved, or rendered generally accessible to the public. Five of them for a long time belonged to Lord Dudley, but the gem of the collection, which was regarded as one of the treasures of the Vatican, belonged to the Pope. It was only in recent years that Lord Dudley was able, by arts into which it is well not to look too closely, to gain possession of the sixth picture. The whole set subsequently passed into the possession of Mr. Alfred Beit, and they now hang in his beautiful palace in Park Lane.

By special permission of Mr. Beit, this wonderful collection has been photographed for the Masterpiece Portfolio. And so it comes to pass that, for the first time, the English and Australian public have the opportunity of securing copies of the six best pictures of the Prodigal Son in existence for the decoration of their walls.

Each of the pictures measures 13 in. by 10 in., without the margin. The full size of the plates for framing is 16 in. by 13 in. The set of six will be sent by post to anyone in Australasia for a postal order or stamps

for 2s. 3d., or money order for 2s. And with the six pictures of the Prodigal will be sent as a presentation plate a colotype reproduction of the Sistine Madonna, Raphael's masterpiece. If any friend and sympathiser with Sunday-school work wishes to help the Sunday-school in which he is interested, he can give the Prodigals to the Sunday-school and keep the Madonna for himself.

The Sistine Madonna is too well known to need any description. It has long been recognised as the most ideal type of proud motherhood and happy childhood that has ever been placed on canvas. The Prodigal Son Series can best be judged by a glance at the reproductions in miniature which form the frontispiece of this article. The diminutive size of the reproduction does no justice to the clearness and excellence of the picture. But they tell the story.

An Artist's Testimony.

Many letters have been received from near and from far in praise of the contents of Portfolio No. 1. An artist writes from Hastings:—

Allow me as an artist to add one more to the many congratulations you must have received on the excellent Portfolio of pictures you have issued. They are simply wonderful for the money, and for the most part very well chosen, though I think pictures like the "Israel in Egypt" too elaborate and confused in composition for reproduction on so small a scale.

I am only afraid the vulgarity of taste innate in the average Briton will still make him prefer his hideous chromos in sham gilt frames, and consider them more decorative than simple black and white. I have been invalided for some years, and obliged to pass most of my time in lodgings at various health resorts, and the awful chromos and terrible oil-daubings that invariably disfigure the walls have been a continual source of suffering. May your good endeavours bring forth fruit.

A New Portfolio, No. 3.

A want most felt by our elementary school teachers is pictures, not of the classical order, but pictures which will interest their children, and at the same time afford them texts on which to tell their stories. They want to have good pictures of animals and living creatures, for the purpose of inculcating kindness and sympathy in our dealings with our poor relations in fur and feathers. So, in order to meet this need, we have in preparation a third Portfolio, differing from both No. 1 and No. 2, in that it will be solely devoted to pictures of animals. By dispensing with a presentation plate, Portfolio No. 3 will contain eighteen beautiful reproductions of some of the best pictures of animals and birds that are accessible in any of our galleries. We do not expect to be able to publish No. 3 before the middle of September; but orders for both Portfolios 1 and 2 may now be booked. Address all communications to T. Shaw Fitchett, 167-169 Queen-street, Melbourne.



I.—A certain man had two sons. And the younger said to his father: Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth unto me. And he divided unto them his living.



II.—And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey unto a far country.



III.—And there wasted his substance with riotous living.



IV.—And when he had spent all.



V.—And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him. And he said, "I will arise and go to my father."



VI.—When his father saw him he had compassion on him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

England and Russia :

WHICH WILL BRING IN UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD?

The "North American Review" for June contains a series of articles under the title of "The Rival Empires." The first of the series is signed by "A Diplomat," and is chiefly interesting for the writer's prediction of the absorption of all the small European States, and the creation of several great world-powers, outside which nothing can survive. He says:—

The principle of nationalities, which is the only obstacle in the way of simplification of the present political divisions of the world, is one whose career, although successful in the south-east of Europe, does not warrant the expectation of a failure of the policy of expansion through the absorption of inferior or weak races which suggests itself to-day to the great Powers. Who is the optimistic politician who can predict anything but extinction to Holland, Belgium, Denmark, and Norway and Sweden? And having foreseen this reduction of European factors, why should he stop at that point and go no further? Supposing, then, that the rollers of American, British, German, Russian and Chinese supremacy have crushed political and ethnical distinctions into five uniform masses, there are but two alternatives left: eternal peace on the basis of a federation of these five masses, or, what seems less probable, a further process of simplification, and again eternal peace on the basis of a fusion of the five into one government—Muscovite, in all likelihood, for her youth and strong rule are chances in favour of the survival of Russia? Universal federation will mean universal brotherhood in a restricted sense; universal fusion will mean universal brotherhood in an absolute sense; and what is considered as the highest dream of humanity will have been realised at the expense of principles which, with more than usual inconsistency, we cherish to-day to the point of staking our lives for them, although they mean, in the form of patriotism and national competitions, the prolongation of universal strife and hatred.

The writer concludes that by its very nature British diplomacy is and must always be unsuccessful, whereas he shares the prevalent idea that the Russian is both by race and training a natural diplomat. He thinks, also, that the Russian mode of dealing with Oriental nations is superior to our own method, which is founded on force and a belief in our own superiority:—

Continuing a policy of empty threats and intimidation, practised since the eighties, in place of the tactics formerly pursued at Constantinople, indulging on every occasion in a wanton display of contempt and provocation, for which Sir Philip Currie was an admirably chosen instrument as Ambassador at Constantinople, the English played with amazing naivete into the hands of the Russians, and finally found themselves obliged to heat an ignominious retreat. It will take some time for the Irishman who acts to-day as British Ambassador at Constantinople, with a mission to inaugurate a more sensible policy, to repair the effect of the blunders dictated to his predecessor by the Foreign Office.

In China and Persia the writer says our influence shows a similar decline.

Mr. Boulger Wants War at Once.

No such sober speculations occupy the brain of Mr. Demetrius Boulger. Poor Mr. Boulger's head has been quite turned by Lord Roberts' success, and he calmly advises us to pick a quarrel with Russia—for war, he says, sooner or later is "inevitable"—and pull her to pieces. "Has the moment come for this historic and earth-shaking struggle?" he asks magnificently; and answers, it has. We are not only stronger than ever before on sea, but we are strong enough on land to invade Russia in Manchuria, beat her on the Indian Frontier, capture her Black Sea forts; and—but this is thrown in casually as befits a little thing—send 250,000 men to attack and capture St. Petersburg, which Mr. Boulger tells us would be quite easy. We could, of course, do all this without assistance, but Mr. Boulger informs us that "the alliance of Japan is actually assured to us." Our other allies in this "earth-shaking," and we may add side-splitting struggle, are Sweden, Norway, Poland, Austria, Turkey, and Italy. As for French opposition we have merely to lock up their fleet in the harbours:

Now is the moment to bring the rivalry of this determined and relentless enemy to an issue, and to have recourse to the remedy of war as an insurance against an inevitable and manifest danger being allowed to become too difficult and formidable. England is ready and Russia is not. Russia has the itching to clutch India without the power to do so; and if England is firm and resolute, and fights in a proper spirit and not in the silly, hypercivilised manner she has pursued in South Africa, she can shatter the Asiatic dominion of the Tsar to its base, and give the Russians something else to think of than the invasion of India for another hundred years.

Compared with this magnificent vision, Sir Richard Temple, who follows with an article on "Great Britain in Asia," must needs cut a poor figure. Sir Richard's article is devoted to a review of our present position in Asia, and is not controversial. He thinks, however, that the Russian movement of troops to Kushk and the Persian concessions are unfriendly to this country.

The Struggle for the Presidency.

A MANIFESTO BY MR. BRYAN.

The "North American Review" for June opens with an article by Mr. W. J. Bryan, entitled "The Issue of the Presidential Campaign."

What the Issue Is.

The issue in the present campaign, he says, is the issue between plutocracy and democracy; and all the questions upon which the Democrats and Republicans differ, if analysed, disclose the conflict between the dollar and the man. The three great questions to be decided—the gold standard, trusts, and Imperialism—are inextricably involved with one another, and imply a corresponding attitude on minor questions:—

If a man opposes the gold standard, trusts, and imperialism—all three—the chances are a hundred to one that he is in favour of arbitration, the income tax, and the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, and is opposed to government by injunction and the black-list. If a man favours the gold standard, the trust, and imperialism—all three—the chances are equally great that he regards the demand for arbitration as an impertinence, defends government by injunction and the black-list, views the income tax as “a discouragement to thrift,” and will oppose the election of Senators by the people as soon as he learns that it will lessen the influence of corporations in the Senate. When a person is with the Democrats on one or two of these questions, but not on all, his position on the subordinate questions is not so easily calculated.

Trusts and Bimetallism.

Of bimetallism Mr. Bryan makes it clear he is as strong an advocate as ever, though he does not make it the predominating feature of the contest. Of the trust question he says:—

The line must be drawn at the point where the corporation seeks to establish a monopoly and deprive individuals or smaller corporations of the right to compete. In other words, the legislation necessary at this time must be directed against private monopoly in whatever form it appears. Those who desire to protect society from the evil results of the trust must take the position that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. The power to control the price of anything which the people need cannot safely be entrusted to any private individual or association of individuals, because selfishness is universal and the temptation to use such a power for personal advantage is too great.

The Republican party cannot be relied upon to deal with trusts, for it numbers to-day all the trust-magnates it ever had, and in addition numbers all the trust-magnates who formerly belonged to the Democratic party.

Imperialism.

The Anti-Imperialist campaign revolves mainly around the Philippine question. On this subject Mr. Bryan will make no compromise. He stands by the letter of the Declaration of Independence:—

If the Filipino is to be a subject, our form of government must be entirely changed. A republic can have no subjects. The doctrine that a people can be kept in a state of perpetual vassalage, owing allegiance to the flag, but having no voice in the government, is entirely at variance with the principles upon which this government has been founded. An imperial policy nullifies every principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

The “white man’s burden” argument is merely a resuscitation of the arguments formerly employed to justify kingcraft: as Lincoln said:—

“Kings always bestride the necks of the people, not because they desire to do so, but because the people are better off for being ridden.”

The Democrat’s Policy.

The policy of the Democrats on the Philippine subject is definite and uncompromising:—

Hostilities can be terminated at any moment by a declaration of this nation’s purpose: first, to establish a stable government; second, to give the Filipinos their independence; third, to give them protection from outside interference while they work out their destiny. Such a declaration would be in harmony with American principles, American traditions, and American interests. Such protection would be valuable to the Filipinos and inexpensive to us, just as protection to the South American Republics has been of vital importance to them, while it has imposed no burden upon us. The Bates treaty, negotiated by the administration last summer, provides that the United States shall protect the Sultan of Sulu from foreign interference. It ought to be as easy to protect a republic as to stand sponsor for a despot.

MR. BRYAN’S PROSPECTS.

In the “National Review” the section devoted to “The Month in America” is wholly taken up with the prospects of the rival candidates for the Presidency. Mr. Low is evidently of the opinion that the luck is going more and more on the side of Mr. McKinley, and the most he can say for Mr. Bryan’s chance is, that it “is not an utter improbability.” The Republicans have greatly strengthened their ticket by nominating for the Vice-Presidency Governor Roosevelt, who is at present the most popular man in the United States. The elimination of Admiral Dewey has been equally favourable to the Republicans. The continued defection of the Gold Democrats is equally unfortunate for Mr. Bryan.

A Blow of Ice.

But the worst blow Mr. Bryan has received is the New York Ice Trust Scandal, in which Tammany Hall is implicated. Ice in America is as essential as water, and it is as necessary for the poor as for the rich. The Ice Trust has succeeded in raising its price 300 per cent., and at the same time in raising an outcry which is likely to be fatal to Mr. Bryan:—

Politically, the expose has damaged Mr. Bryan, who, personally, has no more concern in the operations of the Ice Trust than has the reader. But the Democratic Party has always posed as the friend of the people, the foe of monopoly, and the enemy of trusts. It has wept scolding tears as it has thought of the trust iniquities foisted upon an innocent and confiding people by the corrupt Republicans, and it has sworn by the seven gods—and it would have sworn by the seventy or 700 if necessary—that when it came into power it would smash the trusts. Now to have it proved that the beneficiaries of the most detested monopoly are Democrats, not unknown men but the men who hold the Democratic vote of the State of New York in the hollow of their hands, naturally gives the Republicans a weapon which they have not been slow to avail themselves of

Dr Dillon's View of the Czar.

"Good Words" for July has a character sketch of the Tsar from the pen of Dr. Dillon. After describing his education, he says:—

Speaking in the language of sobriety, Nicholas II. is a man of much more than average intelligence, quick of apprehension, keen in investigating, fertile in distinctions, but somewhat slow in reaching definite conclusions, and slower still in drawing practical consequences from them. The two qualities which have heretofore stood him in best stead are his power of observation and his splendid memory. He can take a man's measure in a twinkling, and store it away in his memory for years. His mind, one of his professors told me, is wax to receive and granite to retain impressions.

His knowledge of English literature is most unusual. Dr. Dillon says:—

The Tsar's professors assured me that there is no epoch of our literature with which he is not fairly well acquainted. That a cultivated foreigner should have read "Macbeth," "Hamlet," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Childe Harold," and "In Memoriam," is not perhaps surprising; but one is somewhat startled to learn that a Russian who is being trained specially not in philology but in artillery, strategy and statecraft, should on the "Canterbury Tales," peruse the "Fæerie Queene," dip into the "Arcadia," and make a favourite of Marlowe, carrying about a selection from their masterpieces in his brain. Yet this is what Nicholas II. did when Tsarevitch. Of all English literature he prefers the historical plays of Shakespeare, which he has read over and over again. A diplomatist, who is himself a well-known English writer, seriously declared that it is impossible to discover by a wrongly-placed accent, a foreign idiom, or any other token that the Tsar is not an Englishman.

Dr. Dillon explodes again the ridiculous stories of the Tsar's ill-health, and declares:—

he is wholly free from organic ailments, and is endowed with powers of endurance which are considerably above the average. He is a splendid walker, both as regards speed and the length of time he can go on without resting; and on horseback, too, he can hold his own with the best. "He is as wiry as a mannequin," said an officer to me, "and his nerves sometimes seem to be made of Sheffield steel." "He is as sensitive as a woman," one of his professors assured me, "and the number of persons who are aware of this soft side of his nature could be counted on the fingers of one's hands." He never gives way to his feelings before others, no matter how near and dear to him they may be.

But students of character find the Tsar no easy subject to read:—

His shyness, which is constitutional, is a most disturbing factor for those who endeavour to make an estimate of his character. But some of its other effects are much more serious still. It weakens the force of his personal influence upon his surroundings, empties his language of the emotion which interpenetrates his thoughts, and renders it like the utterances of the Delphic oracle or the remarks of a contemporary diplomatist. . . . His words are words only, for he uses the algebra, not the poetry, of conversation.

Dr. Dillon himself concludes in a somewhat oracular vein:—

If conjecture were not rash, his feelings might be characterised as intense, and his aims as vague, the sentiments being seldom precipitated in thought and the ideas rarely made emotion-proof.

From Counter-jumper to General.

General Hector Macdonald is the subject of a sketch by Alexander Macintosh in the "Woman at Home" for July. From this it appears that "Fighting Mac" was born at Rootfield, in Ross-shire. His father was a farmer, but it is said that from his mother, who was a Boyd, he got his fighting grit. He got his education at the parish school. His first step on leaving the care of his dominie gave slight promise of what lay before him:—

The future General began life in the more "genteel" occupation of a draper. Early in his teens he wanted to be a soldier. His parents, like many other Scottish folk, thought that the army was the very last and lowest occupation for their sons. To cool Hector's courage they sent him to learn the drapery trade with Mr. William Mackay, of the Clan Tartan Warehouse, in High-street, Inverness. Once loose, however, from his mother's apron-strings, his natural bent asserted itself. The draper did not extinguish the soldier. He was found one morning drilling all the assistants in the shop! The volunteering spirit ran high at Inverness in 1870. He joined the Merchants' Company on March 7th, 1870, and on the last day of that month he subscribed the battalion roll.

He kept up and extended his education in evening classes. His career as a draper came to an abrupt end in his eighteenth year. He was sent downstairs to cut out patterns:—

His employer, on going to see how he was getting on, found fault with Macdonald's work, and asked sarcastically if he had cut out the patterns with a spade. "No," replied the youth; "I did it with a shovel." And so, as the story runs, he put on his bonnet and went off to seek the recruiting-sergeant.

In 1871 he ceased to be a volunteer and became a Gordon Highlander:—

His parents, on hearing of his enlistment, wished to buy him out; but he was only too happy in his new sphere, and he was determined to succeed.

He did not mean, he said, to be a common soldier all his life. He became drill-corporal in 1872, sergeant in 1873, colour-sergeant in 1874, and won his commission as second-lieutenant in 1879. Step by step he has risen to take at last the command of the Highland Brigade. His remarkable rise is attributed to his genius in handling men as well as to hard work and to his uncommon tact. The writer—himself a Mac—declares that "there is no race more politely deferential than the Highland." And the General has so managed to captivate men that his success has excited little envy.

He is essentially tartan at heart, and cherishes still the Gaelic tongue. This he turned to practical account in a noted campaign:—

During his sojourn in the Sudan he wrote home in "the good old Gaelic tongue," so that if the Dervishes captured his letters they were none the wiser.

Home Rule in Sight.

Mr. E. Redmond, M.P., contributes to the "Forum" for June a short article on "The Present

Position of the Irish Question." Home Rule, he says, is now in sight, and it is the South African war which has made it so.

The Fruit of the War.

The first result of the war was the union of the Irish parties. The war outraged the conscience of the Irish people, who saw their own history reproduced in the history of the South African Republics. The sympathy of Ireland went out to the Dutch, and it was the painful consciousness of the impotence of disunited Ireland to make her sympathy felt that led to the end of all dissension:—

Thus, peace in Ireland was produced by war in South Africa. It is only two months since this peace was proclaimed, and already the results are apparent. In Ireland a great popular national organisation, on the lines of the old National League, is springing into being. The Irish members in the House of Commons have proclaimed their complete independence of all English parties. They are once more a power and a menace, and the Irish Question has once more arisen phoenix-like from its ashes.

Ireland Alone Hostile.

The second service of the war to Ireland was the testimony it afforded as to the failure of British statesmanship. All parts of the Empire gave willing aid; but from Ireland only came bitter and uncompromising hostility. Yet in spite of this—

on the field of battle England has in the end been obliged to rely upon the genius and the valour of the generals and the soldiers who are the sons of that land which is still vainly clamouring for its rights. The recent visit of the Queen to Ireland is a proof of what I say; and more than likely it has served to intensify the feeling which undoubtedly exists in England at this moment—that Ireland has been treated unjustly and that the Empire itself has suffered severely in its prestige and its power by the injustice.

The Local Government Germ.

Together with the Queen's visit came the complete success of the Local Government Act. Of this Mr. Redmond says that he has always believed it to be the greatest step towards the granting of Home Rule:—

The working of the new system has been a complete and admitted success. The administration of local affairs has been better and more economical than it ever was before. Men of all religions and politics and classes have been elected to these boards. Landlords and tenants, Catholics and Protestants, Orangemen and Nationalists sit side by side and amicably transact the business of the country. I say the success of this Act destroys the chief argument against Home Rule; and I believe the day is near at hand when, by general assent, Ireland will obtain Legislative Home Rule in a Parliament in Dublin.

The Question of Dissolution.

In the "National Review" for July "A Conservative M.P." writes a short article on the prospect of "A Khaki Dissolution," which he will not have at any price. A general election fought when the constituencies were in anything like the temper that prevailed at Manchester and the Isle of Wight

would not result in a strong Government, and even from the merely electioneering point is not to be desired:—

No one who has watched the life of this House of Commons can think that huge majorities make strong Governments. Their effect is all the other way. Huge majorities demoralise the leaders and the led. They produce a fatal sense of security in the Government and its supporters. Over and over again in the last five years this Government has committed the most gratuitous blunders. These blunders have been as palatable to Ministerialists as to the Opposition. But Unionist members, rightly or wrongly, have refused to mark their sense of the errors of their leaders; for, if they had done so, they would only have encouraged the ambitions and the policy of infinitely more divided, more incapable and less patriotic politicians.

A SACRED PREROGATIVE.

Mr. Edmund Robertson, Q.C., discusses, from a very abstract point of view, "The Prerogative of Dissolution" in the "Nineteenth Century" for July. He quotes several authorities to show that to threaten a dissolution in order to silence criticism is against the spirit of the Constitution:—

Lord John Russell and Sir R. Peel are perhaps weightier authorities on constitutional practice than Mr. Disraeli, but the concurrence of all three in the same doctrine is very remarkable. And what is the doctrine? That to tell the House beforehand that it will be dissolved in the event of its rejecting the proposals of the Government is an unconstitutional proceeding. The Ministers who were accused of using the menace denied the menace, but did not dispute the doctrine. Even when the Government of the day was holding office by sufferance, having a majority of the House of Commons in general opposition, a threat to dissolve in the event of defeat was declared to be unconstitutional. Recently we have been openly told not only by party newspapers and party politicians but by Ministers, that the present Government, with a majority of 130 behind it, will dissolve the House of Commons, not if certain proposals are defeated, but if they are even opposed. I do not wish to dwell too much on the immediately contemporaneous bearings of the question, but I may permit myself again to quote Lord John Russell. "If we are to have repeated threats of dissolution in order to compel members of the House, contrary to their own opinions, to vote according to the behests of a Minister. I can only say this House will stand ill with the Crown and will stand ill with the country." We seem to be far removed in spirit from the times when Sir Robert Peel could say that he declined to advise Her Majesty to dissolve because "it was his opinion that that was a most delicate and sacred prerogative of the Crown, and ought not to be exercised for the purpose of any individual who might be at the head of affairs or for the purpose of any party."

Mr. Robertson concludes his article by pleading for the formation of a Ministry of Affairs, which he thinks at the present time would command more public confidence than any party administration.

Mrs. Kruger and Miss Rhodes.

Mr. Arthur Mee chats pleasantly in the "Young Woman" for May about "Some Women of South Africa." He tells how Mrs. Joubert was the first to see the redcoats on the summit of Majuba Hill, where they had climbed under cover of the night.

Mrs. Kruger in some respects sets an example which may be commended to certain of her supercilious English sisters:—

She is kind and thoughtful and has a womanly heart. Nobody ever saw her with a feather in her bonnet. She trims all her own bonnets and makes all her own dresses; but she has the strongest objection to wearing birds' feathers or anything else involving suffering or cruelty. She sets her own fashions and wears what she pleases.

The Sister of the Colossus.

By the side of another great South African stands a female figure less known to fame. Says Mr. Mee:—

It is not generally known that Mr. Cecil Rhodes has a sister living in South Africa. At Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes' beautiful home, a few miles from Cape Town, Miss Edith Rhodes entertains her brother's guests. She is said to dislike men as much as her brother dislikes women. She dispenses hospitality on the most lavish scale. Miss Rhodes is of masculine appearance, and has been described as resembling "the English squire of sporting prints." She is rich, generous, and business-like, and her impulsive nature wins her many friends. Miss Rhodes has many peculiarities, but as she has an ample fortune a good deal is forgiven her. On board a steamer not long ago she gained herself a tremendous popularity by regulating the handicaps for the running matches and acting as umpire in the tugs-of-war. Away from home she is thoroughly masculine, and takes her part with men in any sport; but at home, where she has a lady companion in constant attendance on her, she is as feminine as any woman can be, and makes a genial hostess. She is greatly interested in the Zoo at Groote Schuur, upon which Mr. Rhodes has spent a fortune, and is fond of driving about the estate, which comprises six miles of splendid drives. Miss Rhodes has a better grasp of South African politics than some members of the Colonial Office, and it is needless to say that she is the loyal champion of her brother Cecil and all in which he is concerned.

Ought Women to Cycle, Row, etc.?

AN INTERESTING FRENCH SYMPOSIUM.

Our enterprising contemporary, the "Revue des Revues" of Paris, henceforth to be known as "La Revue et Revue des Revues," published in its July number a most interesting symposium upon "Women and Modern Sports."

The questions submitted to a great number of eminent persons were these:—

1. Are women ceasing to be women through their devotion to the physical exercises known under the general head of Sports?
2. Are these out-of-door recreations a healthy diversion, or are they to be considered as a kind of infatuation prejudicial to her future?

The balance of opinion in the replies received was undoubtedly in favour of women enjoying themselves in out-of-door sports. Although few are quite so enthusiastic as M. Berenger, who sees in the movement a possible reconciliation of Minerva and Aphrodite, most of the women and many of the men are strongly opposed to excluding women from the healthful recreation supplied by out-of-door sports.

M. Zola on the Cycling Skirt.

The most elaborate reply is that of M. Emile Zola:—

I am a partisan of all physical exercises which can assist in the development of woman, always providing that she does not abuse it. I am not speaking simply of physical beauty, but chiefly of moral development, the manifestations of individuality which the practice of sports brings more rapidly to young girls.

The bicycle, which one can take as a type par excellence of modern sport, seems to me to be capable of contributing in a large measure to this individual development.

As for the comradeship which sport quickly establishes between young men and young women, I think that it cannot but aid to better knowledge in view of marriage. I have always contended for mixed education, which as you know has had such splendid results in England and America. The bringing together of both sexes in youth gives excellent results.

As regards the costume of sportswomen, I do not find it so disgraceful as some pretend. It is comfortable, practical, and a well-built woman would always know how to show off her figure even if the costume in which she was dressed resembled somewhat that of a man. At bottom it is a question of fashion, which a clever costumier can change from day to day. I must confess that English women have reconciled me to the skirt. The provision centres of London are sufficiently far removed from the smiling cottages of the outskirts, to cause young ladies to go awheel for provisions in the morning, and however uninteresting they may be on foot, I always watched them pedalling to market with the greatest pleasure. Turn over the leaves in some drawing-room of an old album containing the portraits of the ancestors of the family, or better still before the time when photography was discovered, pass round the fashion plates of the time of the restoration, or of Louis Philippe, and you will hear the young ladies of to-day ask how people dared go out dressed in that way.

You fear that the introduction of sports amongst women will make them so virile that their companions will not show them that respectful deference, that particular courtesy towards all women, which is called gallantry. Reassure yourself. While retaining the observation of that politeness which is due to her, I do not think that one should see in woman an idol whom one should only address with timid respect. That familiarity which shocks you amongst sportsmen is a manifestation of audacity, and audacity pleases women better than timidity.

The Queen of Roumania.

I would allow all modern sports to woman if she remains gracious and sympathetic like Sakountala, if she succours the unhappy like Saint Genevieve, if she composes music like Saint Cecilia, if she spins like Queen Bertha, if she weaves like Penelope, if she embroiders like the ancient Roumanian Princess, if she paints books of hours like Ann of Brittany, if she cares for the wounded like Florence Nightingale, if she makes verses like Margaret of Navarre and like the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

As for courage in women I do not think there is need to recall Joan of Arc, or the daughter of the Dacian King, who used her arm in place of a bolt across the door which barred the last retreat of her Father Decebal, or the martyrs, or the mothers: the courage of woman is proved, she has no need of sport to convince the world of it.

If sport gives rise to any disquietude within me it is because I fear to see the chivalrous man slain by the modern Amazon.

CARMEN SYLVA.

The Duchesse D'Uzes.

Certainly I approve. All sports are hygienic up to the moment when they cause too much fatigue.

I think that this style is not the result of a simple fashion or chic, but is the necessary environment of new

manners. Everything changes. The time has passed for the womanlets of the lounge chair, which are not women, but mere articles of furniture.

I am a feminist, but I trust in a good way. Because woman is the guardian of the cradle, the more you elevate woman the more you elevate the family. That is why I am not afraid when the mother, the wife, the sister, the daughter follows more or less her sons, husband, brother, or father in sport.

Could the woman who knows how to confront every danger bear a son who knows fear?

Baroness Bertha von Suttner.

Everywhere there is evolution, everywhere change. Take care, my contemporaries, my brothers, to change your ideal aso.

Do not think that the type of woman whom you prefer, either by conviction or by habit, represents "woman," and that every woman who wishes to introduce a new trait into her life ought so to modify it that she may a ways remain the "lady of your dreams."

Modify your dreams, rather, gentlemen! Sport is health. Therefore it is an element of happiness for the individual and for the race.

Thus riding, swimming, cycling, gymnastics, all these should form part of a young girl's education. I would like to see hunting excluded from sports, for, while I admit that it strengthens the muscles, I fear that it hardens the heart.

Dr. Max Nordau.

Whatever she does, I believe that psychically a woman remains a woman. In sports, even of the most masculine character, she has other ambitions and other aspirations than man. The question of dress preoccupies her. She tries to please by her prowess.

It is another form of coquetry, it is always coquetry. I have often thought that Diana, if she had worn a pretty hunting costume, would have been happy to have excited the admiration of Actæon. She had him slain simply because he had the indecency to look at her before the seamstress had done her work.

The adventures of Penthésilæa prove, it seems to me, how much even the belligerent Amazon remains a woman . . . even to die for love!

Why do women give themselves up to sport? I am not competent to answer this question; it should be asked of the women.

Plans of Imperial Reorganisation.

THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION BILL.

Mr. Edmund Barton contributes to the "North American Review" for June a sketch of the Australian Federation Bill. The article does not enter into controversial questions, but gives a very lucid account of the new Constitution and its working. It is at once more democratic than the Constitution of the United States, and not only more democratic, but more Federal than that of Canada:—

Instead of being elected by the several Legislatures as in the United States, senators are to be directly chosen by the people. They will each represent the whole of the State which elects them; while, in the House of Representatives, the members will be representatives of districts. The voters for each House will be the same persons, the difference being that, in voting for senators, each State is to be one entire electorate, and will have equal representation without respect of numbers; while, in voting for the House of Representatives, each State will be represented in electoral divisions, purely according to the numbers of inhabitants. There is one broad fact which secures that each House will be popularly representative.

The conditions for membership of either of the Federal Houses are the following:—

1. The attainment of the age of twenty-one years;
2. The qualification of an elector for the House of Representatives;
3. A three years' residence within the limits of the Federal Commonwealth;
4. The being a British subject, either natural born or for five years naturalised.

COLONIES IN THE CABINET.

A plea for the entire reorganisation of our Colonial Department is put forward by Mr. Beckles Willson in the July "Fortnightly," under the awkward title of "An Over-worked Minister—and a Remedy," as if the health of Mr. Chamberlain were a ground sufficient to justify the readjustment of an Empire. After an instructive survey of the previous development of the department, the writer considers first the suggestion that there should be two Colonial Secretaries, one to have charge of the Crown Colonies, the other to supervise the self-governing Colonies. This change he dismisses as insufficient. He says:—

There is, however, another need, another aspiration which is now presenting itself to the mind of the Sovereign, the statesmen, and the people of the Empire, one which recent unforeseen events have caused to become very prominent. It is the necessity for a direct participation of the greater Colonies in Imperial Councils. If it is really desirable that we should "invite the Colonies to share in the responsibilities and privileges of Empire in such a manner as not to disturb the constitution of this country or that which is enjoyed by the Colonies," in what simpler and yet more effective manner could this end be attained than by the establishment of a Secretaryship of State for each of the great federations of Colonies, the incumbent of which should be representative, as well as advisory and executive? Why should not a Canadian, with a full knowledge of Canada, advise his Sovereign on Canadian affairs, in so far as they affect Imperial interests?

With a Secretary of State for Canada, another for Australia, and another for South Africa, each having a seat in the House of Lords, and charged with the oversight of the affairs, so far as the British Empire is concerned, of their respective States, we have a scheme which should assist us on our way. With its adoption there would still remain work enough and more than enough, seeing that the Empire is in a state of growth, for the Secretary of State for the "Colonies." Canada and Australia are, properly speaking, no longer Colonies, but Nations, Kingdoms, or Commonwealths.

These Secretaryships of State would, the writer suggests, absorb the functions of the present Agents-General.

Town and Country Ideals.

One of the most interesting articles in the "Nineteenth Century" for July is that of Mrs. S. A. Barnett, entitled "Town Children in the Country." It is an account of an attempt made to get from city-bred children their impressions of country life. Various questions were put to the children, and many of the answers are well worth quoting.

In reply to a question as to the names of the young of various animals, the following answers were given:—

"A baby horse is a pony."
"A baby fox is an ox—a thorn."
"A baby deer is a reindeer—a oxen."
"A baby frog is a terpol—a fresher—a toad."
"A baby sheep is a bar lamb."
"A baby rabbit is a mammal."

Astronomy from the Slums.

The following are some of the replies of fifth and sixth standard children to the question, "What causes the moon to shine?":—

"Electricity causes the moon to shine."
"The moon revolving round the sun, which gives light by unknown planets."
"It is the darkness which shows it up."
"The moon is the shadow of the earth on the clouds."
"The eclipse of the sun."
"The clouds."

Rabbits and Boarhounds.

In reply to the question, "Why does a rabbit wobble its head," some strange answers were given:—

"To make holes in the ground," wrote one child.
"To account for the formation of its head," was the philosophy of another.
"It does it when it does what a cow does digests it food," is a profound but an unsatisfactory explanation.
"It's washing its face," shows more credulity than observation; while another discarded reasons; and declared in large round text-hand, regardless of grammar: "I have seen a number of rabbits wobblings its nose!"
Seven only answered the question rightly; but one child, although no inquiry was put concerning dogs, volunteered the information that "French puddles are kept for fancy, Irish terriers as ratters, but the boerhounds are kept for hunting the Boers."

The Joys of the Country.

In reply to the question what they most enjoyed in the country, the children replied:—

"The country boys taught me to swim."
"The head lady who was Mrs. MacRose what paid for me at the sports."
"The drive a gentleman gave us in his carriage."
"The food I had."
"A game called 'Sister come to Quakers' meeting.'"
"A laddie where I stayed. She was a kind and gente lady."
"The party which Mrs. Cartwright gave us."
"Paddling at a place called flood gates."
"Watching a woman milking a cow. She held the can between her knees and puled the milk out of the cow. I should like," adds this observer, "to be a farmer."
"I also liked the way in 'witch' I was treated and also liked the respectability of Mrs. Byfield my charge," writes one young prig; but many, both boys and girls, wrote the same sentiment in simpler language—a delightful tribute to our working-class homes.

The Olympian Games in Paris.

Four years ago the first of the modern Olympiads was held in Athens. Paris is the meeting-place this year, and in the "North American Review" for June Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the originator of the scheme, gives an interesting account of the conditions under which the games will be held.

The Organisation of the Sports.

The chief difference between the games of 1896 and 1900 is the preponderance of the technical element in the present year. In Athens the committee was so much engaged with providing decorations and auxiliary amusements that the purely athletic side was neglected; but owing to the attractions of the Exhibition, the French Committee have been able to devote all their energies to athletics. The International Committee, on which Lord Ampthill is the English representative, only decides in what country the games will take place, leaving all preparations to the local sub-committee. The sub-committee of 1900 was appointed by the French Government, and is presided over by M. Merillon, a former deputy.

Their Classification.

This year there are ten sections:—

The first comprises Athletic Sports and Games; the second, Gymnastics; the third, Fencing; the fourth, Shooting; the fifth, Equestrian Sports; the sixth, Cycling; the seventh, Motor Car Racing; the eighth, Aquatic Sports; the ninth, Firemen's Drill; the tenth, Ballooning. The first section comprises athletic sports, foot races, jumping, etc., and games. The distances of the foot races are those of the French championships, in which the best English runners have taken part on several occasions within the last ten years; that is to say, the distances are very nearly the same. If the "100 yards" has become with us 100 metres, and the "one mile" 1,500 metres (instead of 1,609, the exact equivalent of the mile), the hurdle race corresponds exactly to the English distance; the hurdles are of the same height, and they are arranged in the same manner. As to the running competitions, the long and high jumps, pole-vaulting, and putting the weight, they are performed in identically the same fashion. The games entered as international are Football (Rugby and Association), Hockey, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Golf; there will also be a match at Bowls. All these games are played in France. There are others, such as Baseball, La Crosse, etc., of which exhibitions only can be given, as they are not played in France.

Gymnastics are only open to individuals, and not to societies.

Where They Take Place.

The various contests will take place at considerable intervals, and will not be all held in the same place:—

Vincennes had been first chosen as capable of uniting them all; but although possessing a wood which almost rivals that of Boulogne, situated on the other side of Paris, just at the other extremity, Vincennes does not offer the conditions indispensable to certain sports. It is perfectly adapted for athletic sports, gymnastics, cycling and lawn tennis; a cycling track of fine dimensions is already in course of construction; there will be tracks for the foot races and good tennis grounds. But it is wanting in space for golf, shooting and polo; as for the lakes, there can be no question of having the rowing, still less the sailing, matches upon them. It is therefore almost decided that the shooting will take place at Satory, near Versailles, in the ordinary exercising ground of the troops garrisoned in Paris; that the polo matches will be played on the Polo Club ground in the Bois de Boulogne; that the rowing matches will take place at Courbevoie, and the sailing matches at Meulan, two pretty spots in the neighbourhood of Paris, where the Seine is wide and straight. As for the golf matches, in order to find good links one will have to

go to Compiegne, an hour's railway journey from Paris. The Society of Sport at Compiegne has made links which would satisfy the wishes of the most exacting players.

Professionals and Amateurs.

Professionals will not be allowed to compete with amateurs; but distinct competitions in which they alone take part will be included in the programme. In regard to athleticism in general, Baron de Coubertin says that most progress is observable in Germany and Sweden. Berlin is on the way to becoming a great sporting centre. In Vienna an athletic club has recently been opened in the Prater, and there is a movement in favour of athleticism in St. Petersburg. In short, sport is spreading all over the world.

Browning's Father and Mother.

The character of Browning becomes more explicit in the light of what Mr. W. J. Stillman tells us in the June "Atlantic Monthly" of both his parents. Mr. Stillman recalls a winter in Paris which was greatly brightened by the acquaintance of the father and sister of the poet. He says:—

"Old Mr. Browning," we have always called him, though the qualification of "old," by which we distinguished him from his son Robert, seemed a misnomer, for he had the perpetual juvenility of a blessed child. If to live in the world as if not of it indicates a saintly nature, then Robert Browning, the elder, was a saint, a serene untroubled soul, conscious of no moral or theological problem to disturb his serenity, gentle as a gentle woman, a man in whom it seemed to me no moral conflict could ever have arisen to cloud his frank acceptance of life as it came to him. . . . His unworldliness had not a flaw. So beautiful a life could never have become distinguished in the struggles and antagonisms which make the career of the man of the world or even the man of letters, as letters are now written, for he was one, and the only man I ever knew, of whom it could be said that he applied in the divine sense the maxim of Christ, "Resist not evil"—he simply, and by the necessity of his own nature, ignored it.

The Poet's Bulldog.

Of the elder Mrs. Browning Mr. Stillman reports a trait which we have not seen mentioned elsewhere. He says:—

Of Miss Browning, who still lives, I will not speak, but what she told me of the poet's mother may, I think, be repeated without indiscretion. She had the extraordinary power over animals of which we hear sometimes, but of which I have never known a case so perfect as hers. She would lure the butterflies in the garden to her, and the domestic animals obeyed her as if they reasoned. Somebody had given Robert a pure-blooded bulldog of a rare breed, which tolerated no interference from any person except him or his mother. Even her husband was not allowed to take the slightest liberty with her in the dog's presence, and when Robert was more familiar with her than the dog thought proper, he showed his teeth to him. . . . They had a favourite cat to which the dog had the usual antipathy of dogs, and one day he chased her under a cupboard and kept her there besieged, unable to reach her, and she unable to escape, till Mrs. Browning intervened and gave the dog a lecture, in which she told him of their attachment for the cat and charged him

never to molest her more. If the creature had understood speech he could not have obeyed better, for from that time he was never known to molest the cat, while she, taking her revenge for past tyranny, bore herself most insolently with him, and when she scratched him over the head, he only whimpered and turned away as if to avoid temptation.

A Royal Road to Education.

It would appear from an article by J. D. Quackenbos, in "Harper's Magazine," that hypnotic suggestion is of immense educational value:—

"Not only may dull minds be polished, unbalanced minds adjusted, gifted minds empowered to develop their talents, but the educating mind of the school-child may tread that royal road to learning which ancient philosophers sought for in vain; the matured mind of the scholar may be clothed with perceptive faculty, with keenest insight, tireless capacity for application, unerring taste; and the imaginative mind of painter, poet, musician discoverer, may be crowned with creative efficiency in the line of ideals that are high and true."

The writer gives several examples of the effect of such treatment in cases of unnaturally stupid children with excellent results. In many of these cases the hypnotic treatment was persisted in for months, until the desired trend was permanently given to the mental and moral energies.

An instance is given of the treatment of a boy whose case was so serious that it was practically a question whether approaching insanity or congenital mental unbalance could be successfully treated by hypnosis.

After the lapse of some time devoted to hypnotic suggestion, the boy's state was much improved. The writer says:—

A marked character change has certainly been effected. The boy is now docile, obedient and happy. The tangled faculties have been unravelled, and he has become rational and quick of comprehension.

It is, however, not alone the young who can benefit by this treatment. Mr. Quackenbos tells wonderful stories concerning its effect upon those requiring assistance in musical work:—

Proficiency in piano-playing on the part of those who understand the technic is assured in a comparatively short time by suggestive instruction of this nature.

It is not even necessary that the suggestor should be possessed of musical ability. One case is cited in which a singer was cured of hoarseness, a thickened condition of the vocal chords, and a morbid expectation of failure. When hypnotised she was assured the atmosphere would have no effect upon her vocal chords, that her voice would be smooth and capable of every demand made upon it. These suggestions had an immediate effect.

Many would-be writers of fiction have been under treatment, the following being the method pursued:—

To these were imparted, by hypnosis, first, a knowledge of the canons of narration; secondly, of the laws of construction in the case of the novel, its function and technic, and its legitimate material.

The results are reported to have been most successful.

The writer seems to turn with relief to the treatment of actresses, who, apparently, are easily influenced by suggestions of their merit and superiority to other stars, and whose consequent improvement is so marked as to easily lead them to the front of their profession.

It would be most interesting to hear more about the after-life of those who have undergone the treatment, as to whether they need hypnotism as a stimulant, and whether there comes a time when a reaction sets in. Certainly, if Mr. Quackenbos is able to achieve in every case anything like the success he reports in this article, he is likely to be a very busy man very soon.

"The Only Possible Leader."

In the "Nineteenth Century" for July, Dr. Guinness Rogers voices the cry for a leader, and ends by nominating Lord Rosebery as the only possible leader of the Liberal Party. Liberal principles are still very strong in the country, although the Liberal Party is weak, but unless the Liberal Party can come to a general agreement in relation to the war, it will destroy its position in the country for years to come:—

In short, it can hardly be doubted that Liberal Imperialism is an extremely powerful—it would not be too much to say the dominant—element in the party at the present time, and assuredly it is the only form of Liberalism which is at all likely to command the suffrages of the electors. He has himself told us that we are at the parting of the way, and that is true alike of parties and their leaders. It is, I venture to think, particularly true of himself. He simply cannot remain in his present detached position and yet discharge that duty to his country which he regards as so imperative. No one who knows even a little of the inner life of politics can reasonably blame him for abandoning a leadership in which his action was so hampered, or deny him the credit of abstaining from any action since his retirement that was likely to damage the influence of his successors. On the contrary, he has materially helped them by a criticism of the Government of the most trenchant and effective character. But his position is anomalous and cannot be continued without serious risk to his own influence. He is marked out for a leader, and it is an open secret that there are men in the Unionist party who would feel distinctly relieved if he was at the head of affairs. It is that which may possibly have suggested the idea that his role should be that of the chief of a great National party. He has a considerable personal following, and, if he were dominated by selfish ambition, might be tempted to adopt this independent course, and to shake himself from all party trammels. It is sincerely to be hoped for his own sake, for that of the party with which he has been so honourably associated, and above all for the sake of the nation, that he will eschew a course so dangerous.

In the July number of the "Century Magazine" Mr. William Mason begins "Memories of a Musical Life." The reminiscences include interesting notes on Lowell Mason (his father), Meyerbeer, Liszt, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, and others.

How the Venom of Serpents is Collected.

The East is of a truth strangely jumbled with the West of to-day, when we find snake-charmers in India regularly employed by the Pasteur Institute in Paris to furnish a supply of snake-poison for inoculation purposes. It is this fact which lends an added flavour of interest to the paper in the July "Cornhill" on "Venomous Snakes: How They are Caught and Handled." It appears that during the last ten years an annual average of 21,000 deaths has occurred in India from snake bites. The British Government has offered for many years a reward of four pence for every cobra killed, and two pence for each viper or keraït. The undiminished number of venomous reptiles makes one hope for a better remedy from the methods of preventive medicine. The writer says:—

Much interest has been aroused lately among medical men in India, and other countries where venomous snakes abound, by a discovery, which Professor Calmette, of the Pasteur Institute at Lille claims to have made, of an antitoxic serum, the hypodermic or intravenous injection of which, if made before the graver symptoms have advanced very far, is an almost certain antidote to snake-bite. This serum, which the Professor terms Anti-venene, is taken from the blood of horses rendered immune by repeated minute injections of snake venom. In the year 1897 Professor Calmette applied to the Government of India for help in collecting venom for his experiments.

The Snake-Charmer.

The writer tells how large quantities were secured and forwarded by Major Denny, at Delhi. For a pound a month "the master snake-catcher of the district, a low-bred Mohammedan of the name of Kullan," undertook to supply one hundred living venomous snakes weekly and to extract their venom. The man disclaimed all pretence of magic. He pulled vipers and cobras from their holes by means of a stick, and then flung them into his bag:—

He used no reed instruments or music of any kind to propitiate the reptiles. He would simply squat on his haunches in front of them, and after they had been hissing and swaying their uplifted heads backwards and forwards for a few minutes he raised his hands above their heads and slowly made them descend till they rested on the snakes' heads. He then stroked them gently on the back of their necks, speaking all the time in the most endearing of Hindustani terms. The serpents appeared spell-bound. They made no effort to resent the liberty, but remained quite still with heads uplifted, and seemed to rather enjoy it.

Then he let them twine about his neck and arms. He even allowed a large black cobra to crawl into his mouth and then shut his teeth on its head. Its violent resentment was unavailing; the head was later released without injury to snake or man.

An Infuriated Cobra.

The extraction of poison is a process carried out under more menacing conditions. This is how Kullan dealt with a large and angry cobra:—

He would hold up and shake a rag in his left hand. On this the infuriated reptile would rivet its gaze. With his right hand, from behind, the man would then suddenly seize it round the neck about three inches below the head, and an assistant would fasten firmly on to its tail to prevent it winding round Kallan's arm. His right hand would then slide forward till he had fastened his fingers round the neck, just behind the jaw. He would then insert the rim of a watch-glass between the jaws, the grip on the neck would be slightly relaxed, and the serpent would viciously close its jaws on the watch-glass, and in doing so squirt the whole of its venom, through the tiny holes of its fangs, into the concavity of the glass. In this manner snake after snake was made to part with its venom into a watch-glass. Often between sixty and a hundred snakes were so dealt with in the course of a morning.

The Desiccated Venom.

The watch-glasses were then placed on small glass stands in a plate swimming with melted beeswax. Large glass bell jars were then heated so as to drive out most of the air in them, and these were inverted over the plate on to the wax. The entire plate was then placed on a shelf and the venom allowed to dry in vacuo for seven days. At the end of that time the dried venom (a flaky yellow powder) was scraped off the glass with a sterilised knife, the powder was hermetically sealed up in small glass tubes, the tubes labelled showing the species of snake and date on which the venom was extracted, and the whole supply forwarded weekly to Professor Calmette. In this condition the desiccated venom maintains its virulence for months.

To Prove the Preamble of All Religions.

To prove the preamble of all religions, according to Mr. F. W. H. Myers, is the duty and the mission of the new century's leaders of spiritual thought, and this great task has to be achieved via the Psychological Research Society, which has just elected Mr. Myers President in succession to Sir William Crookes. Mr. Myers' presidential address has just been published in the "Proceedings of the S.P.R.," and a very remarkable address it is. It is partly a confession of faith, partly a record of progress already achieved, and partly a prophecy of things to come. That it is eloquent need not be said, for when is Mr. Myers not eloquent? But it possesses higher qualities than eloquence; it is instinct with intense conviction. Mr. Myers, after thirty years' continuous study of the Borderland, proclaims aloud the conviction at which he has arrived. He announces:—

Our method has revealed to us a hidden world within us, and this hidden world within us has revealed to us an invisible world without.

Against Unscientific Men of Science.

The hidden world within us is the subliminal self, the invisible world without is that in which dwells the myriad multitude of departed spirits. Mr. Myers is somewhat ahead of the majority of psychological researchers. He believes more because he knows more, has studied the subject more closely, and is more quick to realise the facts which the

Society has now verified beyond all dispute. In his presidential address he argues with force and fervour against the unscientific attitude of many scientific men who are false to the first principles of science in refusing to recognise the possible significance of facts, the existence of which cannot be denied, and the relation of which to existing systems has not yet been ascertained. Mr. Myers says:—

The faith to which Science is sworn is a faith in the uniformity, the coherence, the intelligibility of, at any rate, the material universe. Science herself is but the practical development of this mighty postulate. And if any phenomenon on which she chances on her onward way seems arbitrary, or incoherent, or unintelligible, she does not therefore suppose that she has come upon an untraveller end in the texture of things; but rather takes for granted that a rational answer to the new problem must somewhere exist—an answer which will be all the more instructive because it will involve facts of which that first question must have failed to take due account.

Science asserts the conservation of matter and the conservation of energy, but against the doctrine of the conservation of energy there stands the fact of death:—

If death be really, as it seems, a sheer truncation of moral progress, absolute alike for the individual and for the race—then any human conception of a moral universe must simply be given up. We are shut in land-locked pools; why speak to us of an infinite sea?

The World-old and World-wide Desire.

Science, therefore, confronted thus with this peremptory negation of one of its primary dogmas, should hail with intense interest any facts which afford reason to suspect that this truncation is illusory, and investigate with the utmost eagerness any facts which might promise to prove that on the moral side there is also conservation and persistence, and that the supreme law which covers matter is not less uniform in the domain of life. But unfortunately, despite Mr. Myers' arguments, the majority of scientific men are coldly oblivious of the possible significance of telepathy and the evidences that point to the doctrine of spirit return. It is, therefore, for the S.P.R. to pursue its task of accumulating and verifying facts which will in the long run, in Mr. Myers' opinion, convert scientists to a belief of the metetheral environment of life, as they have now learned to believe in ether:—

This search for new facts is precisely what our society undertakes. Starting from various standpoints we endeavour to carry the newer, the intellectual virtues into regions where dispassionate tranquility has seldom yet been known. As compared with the claims of theologians, we set before ourselves a humbler, yet a difficult task. We do not seek to shape the clauses of the great act of faith, but merely to prove its preamble. To prove the preamble of all religions; to be able to say to theologian or to philosopher, "Thus and thus we demonstrate that a spiritual world exists—a world of independent and abiding realities, not a mere 'epiphenomenon' or transitory effect of the material world—a world of things, concrete and living, not a mere system of abstract ideas—now, therefore, reason on that world or feel towards it as you will." This would, indeed in my view, be the weightiest service which any research could

render to the deep disquiet of our time—nay, to the *residerium orbis catholici*, the world-old and world-wide desire.

Our duty is not the founding of a new sect, nor even the establishment of a new science, but is rather the expansion of Science herself until she can satisfy those questions which the human heart will rightly ask, but to which Religion alone has thus far attempted an answer. Or, rather, this is the duty, the mission, of the coming century's leaders of spiritual thought. Our own more special duty is to offer through an age of transaction more momentous than mankind has ever known, that help in steadying and stimulating psychical research all over the world which our collective experience should enable us richly to bestow.

If our inquiry lead us first through a jungle of fraud and folly, need that alarm us? As well might Columbus have yielded to the sailors' panic when he was entangled in the Sargasso Sea. If our first clear facts about the Unseen World seem small and trivial, should that deter us from the quest? As well might Columbus have sailed home again, with America in the offing, on the ground that it was not worth while to discover a continent which manifested itself only by deal logs.

If the belief in the other world is re-established on a scientific foundation among others, says Mr. Myers—

One point is clear; and on that point it is already urgently necessary to insist. We must maintain, in old theological language, that the intellectual virtues have now become necessary to salvation. Curiosity, candour, care—these are the intellectual virtues—disinterested curiosity, unselfish candour, unremitting care.

A New World-religion at Hand.

But from this fusion of religion and science a new world-religion will come:—

For just as a kind of spiritual fusion of Europe under Roman sway prepared the way for Christianity to become the European religion, so now also it seems to me that a growing conception of the unity, the solidarity, of the human race is preparing the way for a world religion which expresses and rests upon that solidarity; which comes to us in a fuller, more vital fashion than either Positivist or Catholic had ever dreamed. For the new conception is neither of benefactors dead and done for, inspiring us automatically from their dates in an almanac, nor of shadowy saints imagined to intercede for us at Tribunals more shadowy still; but rather of a human unity—close-linked beneath an unknown Sway—wherein every man, who hath been, or now is, makes a living element; inalienably incorporate, and imperishably co-operant, and joint-inheritor of one infinite Hope.

Losing His Faith to Find It.

If the careless reader is disposed to shrug his shoulders at that expression of great hope, he may perhaps modify his attitude when he reads the following passage, when Mr. Myers describes his own personal experiences as to the study of psychical phenomena:—

When, after deriving much happiness from Christian faith, I felt myself forced by growing knowledge to recognise that the evidence for that culminant instance of spirit return was not adequate, as standing alone, to justify conviction, I did honestly surrender that great joy; although its loss was more grievous to me than anything else which has happened to me in life.

Then with little hope—nay, almost with reluctant scorn—but with the feeling that no last and least chance of the great discovery should be thrown aside, I turned to such poor efforts at psychical research as were at that time possible; and now it is only after thirty years of

such study as I have been able to give that I say to my self at last, "*Habes tota quod mente petisti*"—"Thou hast what thine whole heart desired;"—that I recognise that for me this fresh evidence—while raising that great historic incident of the Resurrection into new credibility—has also filled me with a sense of insight and of thankfulness such as even my first ardent Christianity did not bestow.

Those who are interested in the subject will do well to obtain the presidential address, which is published at sixpence in the "Proceedings of the S.P.R." by Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

Miracles Becoming Credible.

I will conclude this notice by quoting a passage from Dr. Dolbear's book on "Matter, Ether, and Motion," which has just been published by the S.P.C.K. Speaking of telepathy, and what may be described as the phenomena of the Borderland, Dr. Dolbear says:—

If these things be true, they are of more importance to philosophy than the whole body of physical knowledge we now have, and of vast importance to humanity, for it gives to religion corroborative testimony of the real existence of possibilities for which it has always contended. The antecedent improbabilities of such occurrences as have been called miracles, which were very great because they were plainly incompatible with the commonly held theory of matter and its forces, have been removed, and their antecedent probabilities greatly strengthened by this new knowledge, and religion will soon be able to be aggressive with a new weapon.

How to Open a New Book.

The "Library" is not a mere technical review containing articles of interest to the librarian only. A fair proportion of its contents will be found to be of considerable interest to all lovers of books. It is from one of the latter category that the following advice, given by Mr. Cedric Chivers, is culled. He writes:—

Every librarian knows, and every lover of books soon learns, that to insert the two thumbs in the centre of a book, and to hold the leaves down against the covers tightly, and force the book open flat, is an unwise proceeding. The book ever afterwards has a tendency to fall open in the same place, and if the front edge be marbled or gilt, an ugly ridge, technically called a "start," defaces it as a result.

It should be remembered that in opening a book the convexity of the back is suddenly changed into concavity, and if it is also understood that the back, underneath the covering material, has been coated with glue, paper, or other stiffening material, so that quite a brittle surface has to be dealt with, the necessity for conducting the operation of "breaking in" the book gently is sufficiently apparent. Care, then, is required that the alternative concavity of the back shall not be sharply broken at an angle, but that an attempt should be made when opening the book for the first few times to bend it in an arc. It will in this way become pliable, and will afterwards open gratefully where it is desired.

In order to effect this, a few of the leaves of a new book, say sixteen or so, on each side, should be held tightly to the boards by the first fingers, while the thumb should be inserted a few leaves nearer the centre, and made to hold these leaves a little less firmly as the covers are opened slightly apart.

The book is then closed, and, taking a few more leaves from the centre, the fingers and thumbs are in-

serted in the same way on each side. It is to be carefully observed that the leaves held by the index finger close to the boards are to be tightly held, whilst those held by the thumbs are to be allowed to give as the boards are again forced open, this time a little further back. Again closing the book, the fingers and thumbs in the same way as before, gather more leaves from the centre of the volume, and force the covers yet farther. The same operation is repeated by again gathering more leaves toward the covers until the centre of the book is nearly reached, some two dozen leaves, or three sections, being left to prevent the production of an acute angle.

The back of the book has now been bent, and not broken open. Its pliability may be further improved by holding about three-fourths of the leaves in the right hand, and with the left gathering a few of the leaves under the thumb, and leaving a few leaves loose; the cover should be pressed downwards, so that the back at the commencement of the book may be bent. Again closing it, and opening it at the other end, the book must be held by the left hand, and the cover and last few leaves pressed back in the same way by the right, always, however, leaving some sixteen or twenty leaves loose, so that the lining or leather at the back of the volume shall never be folded back at an acute angle.

These operations may seem a little complicated, but a very little practice will amply repay the trouble of a few moments' study of this description. The operations themselves are so simple, and may be so quickly performed, that the writer, who has occasion frequently to open in this way some two hundred octavo volumes, can dispose of that number in about thirty minutes.

Submarine Boats in America.

The "Engineering Magazine" for June contains an article by Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn, the Chief Constructor of the U.S. Navy, entitled "The Demonstrated Success of a Submarine Boat." Admiral Hichborn begins his article by surveying the history of submarine-boats, the first of which, it is interesting to note, was made by an Englishman named Bourne over three hundred years ago. Admiral Hichborn is a believer not only in the possibility of building efficient submarine boats, but in their superiority for coast defence over other ships.

Modern Experiments.

Since 1880 submarine boats have been experimented with in nearly all European countries, and in France, Spain, and Italy the governments have encouraged the experiments. In France alone has there been government encouragement through a series of years; and although the development in that country has been intermittent as a favourable or unfavourable administration came into power, the progress has been so great as to call forth official estimates and requests for the building of a submarine flotilla of thirty-eight boats. The French type developed by the trials with an electric-storage motor boat, the Zede, is a very good one, deficient to be sure in some very important details, but sufficiently good for the economical and methodical French to be impressed with the great economy that submarines will bring to their mobile coast defences.

The "Holland" Design.

At present there are two distinct types of practicable under-water boats, the submarine torpedo-boats like the Holland and the French boats, and

bottom-workers like the Travailleur, Sous Marin, and the Argonaut. The submarine torpedo-boat is, of course, the more important type, and Admiral Hichborn takes the Holland as one of the best of the class. The theoretical radius of the Holland is 1,500 miles; the surface-speed ten knots, and submerged speed seven knots for a fifty-mile radius of action.

Its Control.

The control of the Holland is excellent, as it can be raised and lowered in the vertical plane to any required depth in a few seconds. The difficulty is in steering when submerged, as the object to be steered for cannot be seen. The ventilation system is also satisfactory. As to the field of vision Admiral Hichborn says:—

The field of vision when submerged is nil, and therefore unsatisfactory as such; but acceptable because field of vision would carry with it the loss of the perfect invisibility which so largely adds to her effectiveness in attack, and because the quick rises and dives give perfect field of vision for a few seconds with a minimum of chance of disablement from gun-fire.

Protection.

The protection of the Holland is perfect:—

Neither gun-fire nor torpedoes can reach her when approaching to the attack submerged, and since the chance of her suffering from gun-fire when raising her turret a few inches above the surface for a few seconds is reduced to a minimum. Sea-going qualities. Perfect, since no sea, however heavy, can affect her when in the awash condition ready to dive, and when running light she can always be dropped to the awash condition in heavy weather. Surface motive-power. Satisfactory, since it is the same that gives satisfaction in thousands of small surface craft using gas-engines. Submerged motive-power. Unsatisfactory, since its source is the heavy and cumbersome storage battery. Acceptable, since it is the most available motive-power for use when air cannot be freely used, and since the supply can always be renewed (when there is communication with the air by coming to the surface or by sending up a hose when the boat is lying on the bottom) through the use of the gas-motor as long as the fuel supply holds out.

Armament.

The armament of the Holland consists of torpedoes which can be delivered with as great, if not greater, accuracy than the same weapon from other types of craft. On account of the cramped space, however, the Holland's accommodation is bad, but—

she is sufficiently habitable to be endured for a few days at a time while lying off on picket duty, and because her crew can always be dry and warm and not suffer from heat as do the fire-room force of most naval craft.

What will probably attract the most attention in the "Royal" for July is Margaret Collinson's paper on the Queen and her family as artists, and in especial the two drawings by Her Majesty and the one by the Princess Royal. Bible readers may be interested to find in the fiction that the little captive maid of Naaman appears as the heroine of a love story.

Seven Sea Powers,

AND THEIR RELATIVE FIGHTING WEIGHT.

Mr. J. Holt Schooling contributes to the July "Fortnightly" an ingenious paper on the Naval Strength of the Seven Sea Powers. He takes the figures of fighting tonnage given in Government returns, and discounts them according to the age of the men-of-war. His estimate is:—

The 1895-1899 ships are worth	100 per cent.
" 1890-1894	80 "
" 1885-1889	60 "
" 1880-1884	40 "
" Before 1880	20 "

He then sets side by side figures gross and net:—

BATTLESHIPS.

As Compiled from Admiralty Return.

	Tons.	Percentage of Total Tonnage.
Great Britain	821,605	39.4
France	339,599	16.3
Russia	262,912	12.6
Italy	193,004	9.3
Germany	191,259	9.2
United States	184,144	8.8
Japan	92,420	4.4
Total	2,084,943	100.0

After Tonnage has been Depreciated on Account of the Age of Ships.

	Tons.	Percentage of Total Tonnage.
Great Britain	604,141	38.3
France	220,635	14.0
Russia	221,988	14.1
Italy	112,899	7.1
Germany	152,929	9.7
United States	176,708	11.2
Japan	88,088	5.6
Total	1,577,388	100.0

CRUISERS.

As Compiled from Admiralty Return.

	Tons.	Percentage of Total Tonnage.
Great Britain	827,430	47.9
France	297,486	17.3
Russia	144,673	8.4
United States	140,274	8.1
Japan	114,479	6.6
Germany	107,844	6.3
Italy	93,673	5.4
Total	1,725,850	100.0

After Tonnage has been Depreciated on Account of the Age of Ships.

	Tons.	Percentage of Total Tonnage.
Great Britain	650,779	46.5
France	255,351	18.3
Russia	111,063	7.9
United States	120,379	8.6
Japan	103,141	7.4
Germany	81,626	5.8
Italy	76,958	5.5
Total	1,390,297	100.0

Total.

After dealing similarly with other classes of ships, the writer offers this summary of the total strength of the Powers:—

Here are the seven Navies arranged in the order of their strength:—

	Tons of Fighting-Weight, 000 omitted.	Taking the Navy of Japan as the Unit of strength, he Degrees of Strength are:—
I. Great Britain	1,347	6.38
II. France	543	2.57
III. Russia	397	1.88
IV. United States	349	1.65
V. Germany	282	1.34
VI. Italy	218	1.03
VII. Japan	211	1.00
	3,347	

The writer is especially glad to point out that Great Britain possesses 100 tons of good fighting-weight to every 70 tons possessed by France and Russia combined. Even the navies of France, Russia, and Germany in combination furnish only 1,222,000, as against our 1,347,000 of adjusted fighting tonnage.

Cricket in Decay.

THE UNVEILING OF THE SHAM AMATEUR.

"The Parlous Condition of Cricket" is the pessimistic title of an article by Mr. H. G. Hutchinson in the "National Review" for July. Mr. Hutchinson deals only with first-class cricket, which he admits is not of the first importance from the sporting point of view, but which nevertheless, in the opinion of the public, is the only thing worthy of attention.

The Long Match Fatal.

It is the length of matches, resulting from improved conditions, which is bringing ruin on the game. No cricketer unless he be possessed of private means can afford to spend three days in succession several times a month away from his profession or business. Sometimes he turns avowedly professional, and if so, well and good. But in most cases he scorns to do this, and thus is developed a class of cricketers who are nominally amateurs, but who really, under various pretexts, draw as much or more profit from the game than the avowed professionals.

How It is Done.

Mr. Hutchinson gives a long list of the means by which this is done. "Expenses" are the chief pretext. Some amateurs draw their out-of-pocket expenses, and nothing more. More often, however, the amateur receives what is known as "liberal expenses," and he is paid these expenses, not in proportion to what he has spent, but in proportion to his skill in "drawing a gate." Still worse, however, than the recipient of liberal expenses are the so-called amateurs who get com-

pensation for "loss of business" during their absence on tours. And, finally, there are amateurs who draw regular salaries for services which they do not and cannot perform. "Assistant secretaryships" and other such posts are created with considerable salaries for the purpose of supporting amateurs, who have all the profits of the professional together with the privileges of the amateur.

"Amateur Employees."

Another means of supporting sham amateurs is hardly less deplorable. This is the creation of a fictitious situation in some adjacent town, the "amateur" drawing his salary from an employer who expects him to do nothing, and who, in return, is recompensed by the club. How this is done Mr. Hutchinson explains:—

Every important cricket club has its headquarters, almost of necessity, near some large town. A large town, of equal necessity, has certain firms of business people. It would be curious and sad if no members of any of these firms took a lively interest in the club and its cricket. This being so, one of these firms is approached with a proposition somewhat in these terms on behalf of the committee of the cricket club:—"By the bye, you know young A.B. We must have him to play for us; but he does not see how he is to manage it unless we can find a job for him. Now, he would be a very useful young fellow in your business, and if you could find him a place in it, and would agree to let him get away for all the matches, we would pay you his salary." It may be that the offer would only amount to paying a part of his salary; that, of course, is matter of detail. The principle of the thing is clear enough. The cricket club is to pay young A.B. a salary for playing cricket, but instead of paying it directly to him, it is to pass through the hands of this complaisant firm, and is to be handed on to him under the guise of wages for work that he has never done, never had any intention of doing, and probably has no ability for doing if he were to try. But the great ends are attained: he plays for the club, and he remains, in name at least, an "amateur."

To Narrow the Bat.

The only way to remedy these abuses, which are destroying the game, is to shorten the present abnormally long matches, so that they shall interfere less with the cricketer's profession. Mr. Hutchinson thinks the best way to effect this is to make the bat an inch narrower on each side. Widening the wickets would only have the effect of making the batsmen play more on the defensive, and as a result matches would take longer than ever. This would not be the case with a narrower bat, because a ball off the wicket would still be a ball off the wicket, independently of the size of the bat, and it is possible to hit even harder with a narrow bat than a broad one. Mr. Hutchinson points out that it is a mistake to suppose that the dimensions of all cricket accessories are settled as if by a natural law:—

Wickets are not the immutable things that custom leads the irreflective cricketer to suppose. During the last century there have been frequent alterations in their size, and a while ago the amateurs and professionals used to play matches with the handicap that the latter had to defend the bigger wickets.

The United States of Europe.

A NEW RÔLE FOR FRANCE.

M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent member of the Institute, contributes to the "Revue des Revues" of June 1 a powerful and eloquent essay on "The United States of Europe." He argues that a rapprochement of the European peoples is not only a possibility, it is also a political and economic necessity. Not even the most sceptical statesmen, he says, will venture to assert that Europe is condemned for ever to remain a mere geographical expression, and that all efforts to constitute a living and compact federation will always remain fruitless.

M. Mielle takes up the discussion in the "Revue" of June 15, in an admirable paper entitled "Patriotism and Internationalism." He argues with fervour and conviction that the transformation is inevitable, and that France ought, as the international country par excellence, to take the initiative in bringing it about. France, says this fervid patriot, is the natural nucleus round which other nations would group themselves, and form the United States of the future. In the fulfilment of that beau rôle, he declares, lies the secret of her glory and the fulfilment of her destinies. France must become the point of union of the peoples, the heart of Europe, the heart of the civilised world. Internationalism is the watchword of the future. It rests with Frenchmen to say whether it will be for them or against them. If France does not take the lead the task will inevitably be accomplished at her expense. France must be international or there will be no more France.

What Made "Bobs" a Humanitarian.

In "Good Words" for May, Mr. W. J. Mathams, writing a sketch of Lord Roberts, tells the following story, which is quite of the old moral class-book kind:—

It is interesting that his first strong impulse in this direction came in his second year in India, when he was compelled to witness the flogging of two Horse Artillerymen. The men were in the wrong, but the punishment was brutal, and the unwilling witness must have felt the sting and fire and throb from the descending lash almost as keenly as the men themselves. Naturally they sinned again and were sentenced again, but through the clemency of the colonel the further punishment was remitted. Lord Roberts says he watched the effect of that forgiveness for some years, and found that the men proved themselves worthy of it. Henceforth, therefore, in his view, the man was greater than the uniform, and on this principle he has based the actions which have won him such renown. "Better the conditions of the soldier, and you will elevate the character of the man," he once said to me, and the saying was unconsciously autobiographical. On this plan of progress he reformed the old canteen system in India, or rather replaced it by the establishment of soldiers' institutes, and the broad, human, redemptive and preventive agency of the Army Temperance Association.

Columbia Triumphs!

"The commercial ascendancy of the United States has long been assured," so at least writes the Hon. C. D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour, in this month's "Century." As an example of how the United States has managed to reach the position she now holds, Mr. Wright quotes the agricultural labourer. He says:—

An ordinary farm-hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany, or six in Austria, which shows what an enormous waste of labour occurs in Europe, largely because the farmers are not possessed of the mechanical appliances used in the United States.

The Key to American Ascendancy.

This is a most significant example, because it gives the key to the whole question of the ascendancy of American goods in the markets of the world. In this connection it is worth remembering Lord Cromer's statement with reference to the purchase of American locomotives for use in the Soudan:—

"Their choice," he says, "is simply due to the fact that American firms almost invariably offer engines built on standard designs of their own at lower prices and in less time, while the English and other European makers content themselves with their old designs, not being, as a rule, in the habit of manufacturing to standard designs of their own."

The Witness of Exports.

Passing to the real facts which show commercial ascendancy, Mr. Wright says:—

To secure commercial ascendancy, the exports of a country must be greater than the exports of any other country; for the total exports of a country indicate its true position in commerce, as they usually consist of surplus products.

A table is given showing that in the year ending December 31, 1899, the imports of the United States were 798,845,571 dols., and the exports 1,252,903,987 dols.; those of Great Britain were 2,360,619,989 dols., and 1,289,971,039 dols.; and those of Germany 1,236,888,380 dols. and 949,957,960 dols. Mr. Wright touches upon the serious point of these statistics when he says:—

While our exports have been constantly increasing, our imports have not increased. It must be remembered that the reverse is true for other countries. The exports of British produce from the United Kingdom are no greater to-day than they were a dozen years ago, while her imports have increased.

"The Bakery of the World"—and its Coal Cellar.

On looking into the details of the exports we find that the totals for the export of breadstuffs and provisions were in 1890 154,925,927 dols. and 136,962,278 dols. respectively, while in 1899 they were 273,999,699 dols. and 175,508,608. Mr. Wright holds that these figures prove the United States to be "the bakery of the world." The writer does not overlook the question of coal; the United States, he says, possesses at least 50 per cent. of the coal area of the world. At present her coal

production is something like 30 per cent. of the total world production. These statistics cause Mr. Wright to ask if the time may not be looked for when his country will—

furnish not only the food for the support of armies, both industrial and military, of some of our greatest competitors, but also the fuel food by which armies, navies, industries and transportation are supported.

Obliging to Customers.

The figures given of the export trade to the new countries and markets are those which should give us the most cause for anxiety. In Australasia alone we find that the United States exported 19,624,890 dols. worth of goods in 1899 as compared with 7,818,130 dols. worth in 1893. The estimate for 1900 is 24,000,000 dols. The reason for this is to seek in the fact that the American manufacturer endeavours to give his customer what he really wants, while the British merchant too often considers that as his article is most excellently made, it must satisfy everybody's wants. It is certain that in all the colonies American goods are to be seen almost everywhere in use, except in the cases where a sense of patriotic duty has conquered a desire for successful business in the heart of the colonist.

Mr. Wright's article is very instructive, and we could wish that every British manufacturer would read it and act upon the lessons it teaches.

Ernst Haeckel and the New Zoology.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams contributes to the July number of "Harper's" one of his excellent articles on the scientific achievements of the nineteenth century, occupying himself in this essay with "Prof Ernst Haeckel and the New Zoology." Professor Haeckel is at the University of Jena. He is Germany's greatest naturalist, and "one of the most philosophical zoologists of any country or any age." Haeckel has trained his attention to the study of animal life rather than vegetable life. He is an artist as well as a great scientist, and, aside from numberless technical drawings, he has made hundreds of paintings which show esthetic feeling as well as scientific accuracy. It is astonishing that Haeckel should have such a wide range of mind when one considers what his initial work in the furtherance of scientific knowledge has been. Dr. Williams says there is probably no man living whose mind contains a larger store of technical scientific facts; nor a man who has enriched zoology with a larger number of new data.

Thus the text alone of the monograph on the radiolarians, a form of microscopic sea animalcule, is a work of three gigantic volumes, weighing, as Professor Haeckel laughingly remarks, some thirty pounds, and representing twelve years of hard labour. This par-

ticular monograph, by the bye, is written in English (of which, as of several other languages, Professor Haeckel is perfect master), and has a history of more than ordinary interest. It appears that the radiolarians were discovered, about a half-century ago, by Johannes Muller, who made an especial study of them, which was uncompleted at the time of his death, in 1858. His monograph, describing the fifty species then known, was published posthumously. Haeckel, on whom the mantle of the great teacher was to fall, and who had been Muller's last pupil, took up the word his revered master had left unfinished as his own first great original "Arbeit."

Within a short time Haeckel had discovered, at Messina, 150 new species of radiolarians, trebling the whole number previously known; and when Professor Murray brought back from the expedition of the ship Challenger samples of mud dredged from the bottom of the ocean, it was found that every particle of this ocean slime was the shell of a radiolarian, and Haeckel spent twelve years separating these into no less than 4,000 new species, all of which he figured, described, and christened.

The genius of the great naturalist transforms this deadly mass of fact into a certain message of world history by showing that the radiolarians, insignificant as they seem, have really taken an extraordinary share in building up the crust of the earth. For the ooze at the bottom of the sea, which finally becomes metamorphosed into chalk or stone, is but the aggregation of the shells of dead radiolarians.

Haeckel became famous to the world at large when he published a popular abridgment of the great technical work on morphology, under the title, "The Natural History of Creation," in which Haeckel at once made the logical application of the Darwinian theory to man himself, and became the great Continental champion of Darwinism.

Haeckel at Home.

Dr. Williams describes his visit to Professor Haeckel in his workshop at the University of Jena: "To reach his laboratory, you walk down a narrow lane, past Schiller's house and the garden where Schiller and Goethe used to sit, and where now the new observatory stands. Haeckel's laboratory itself is a simple oblong building of yellowish brick, standing on a jutting point of land high above the street-level. Entering it, your eye is first caught by a set of simple panels in the wall opposite the door, bearing six illustrious names: Aristotle, Linne, Lamarck, Cuvier, Muller, Darwin—a Greek, a Swede, two Frenchmen, a German, and an Englishman. Such a list is significant." It tells of the cosmopolitan spirit that here holds sway.

The Personality of the Great Naturalist.

Haeckel himself is domiciled, when not instructing his classes, in a comfortable but plain room across the hall—a room whose windows look out across the valley of the Saale on an exquisite mountain landscape, with the clean-cut mountain that Schiller's lines made famous

at its focus. As you enter the room, a big, robust man steps quickly forward to grasp your hand. Six feet or more in height, compactly built without corpulence, erect, vigorous, even athletic; with florid complexion and clear, laughing, light-blue eyes that belie the white hair and whitening beard; the ensemble personifying at once kindness and virility, simplicity and depth—above all, frank, fearless honesty, without a trace of pose or affectation—such is Ernst Haeckel. There is something about his simple, frank, earnest, sympathetic yet robust, masculine personality that reminds one instantly, as does his facial contour also, of Walt Whitman."

How a German Scientist Works.

Dr. Williams shows that Professor Haeckel is the personification of orderliness and initiative energy. He at one time worked as Englishmen do, but went back to the German method.

Thus I, who am an early riser, begin work at five in summer and six in winter, after the customary light breakfast of coffee and rolls. I do not take a second breakfast at ten or eleven, as many Germans do, but work continuously until one o'clock, when I have dinner. This with me, as with all Germans, is the hearty meal of the day. After dinner I take a half-hour's nap; then read the newspaper or chat with my family for an hour, and perhaps go for a long walk. At about four, like all Germans, I take my cup of coffee, but without cake or other food. Then at four, having had three full hours of brain rest and diversion, I am ready to go to work again, and can accomplish four hours more of work without undue fatigue. At eight I have my rather light supper, and after that I attempt no further work, giving the evening to reading, conversation, or other recreation. I do not retire till rather late, as I require only five hours' sleep.

In consequence of these regular hours, and in spite of this enormous labour, Haeckel looks, at sixty-five, according to Dr. Williams, as if he were good for at least a score of years of further effort.

Australian Writers.

The courageous and youthful editor of the "Brisbane Grammar School Magazine" invited a number of Australian writers to tell the secret of their art and their success, and got, in reply, some very interesting "Letters from Celebrities."

Miss Ethel Turner thus tells the story of how she learned to write:—

How Miss Ethel Turner Won Fame.

The editor of the school paper proper, evidently considered the aspiring contributions I used to drop into her box as beneath contempt, so in a wrathful moment I rallied my particular friends around me and started a rival paper that ran an exciting course until I left. Then what a blank in my life! No more "editorials" to write, no more chances of print for my starry-eyed heroines and proud, cynical heroes, for my highly moral essays on "Friendship" and "Ambition," for my beautiful verses, "To a Moss Rose," and "Sea Whispers," and "Songs of Spring." There was nothing left to do but attack an editor of a real paper. I sat me down and, just out of school and with my hair still in a plait, I wrote an article that would have occupied four pages of a daily paper if it had been printed. At this distance of time, I do not remember the subject, but it was probably on "The Hidden Meaning of Pagan Myths," or "The Great Ideals of Modern Thought." It was a bitter blow when no notice whatever was taken of the effusion by the big paper to which it had been posted; and the MS. did not even

come back "Declined with thanks." We repeated the school experiences, my sister and I. Since no "real paper" would print us, we resolved to print our selves, and started a monthly magazine, which, our classics fresh in our mind, we called by the high-sounding title of "The Parthenon," and found one had to explain, even to, our well-read friends, that it meant "Of the Virgins." We kept this up for three years; it cost £25 a month to print, and the months the canvasser did not get enough advertisements and subscribers to cover this frightful sum, our hair used to almost turn grey. Then good months would come along, the advertisement sheets would be filled, and as much as £10 be left over for the hard-working editors to divide between themselves. For we were hard-working; there was no money to pay contributors, and the result was we had occasionally to fill the magazine from cover to cover ourselves—poems, stories, editorials, erudite articles, popular articles, cookery, and answers to correspondents, signing each with a different nom-de-plume to show the size of our staff. But it came to an end; Sydney had been very kind to it, wonderfully kind; at this distance of time I feel quite touched to think of the 1,500 people (2,000 was our monthly edition, but then there were free copies, returns, and so on), who had paid their sixpences a copy, their six shillings a year, for the poor little sheet; touched to think of the insurance offices, the banks, the big firms that advertised cheerfully month after month, and received—how much increase of business? But an end came; the work and responsibility were too much, and there came a month when the always unpunctual paper failed to come out at all; and the heroine who was drawing her noble figure up to its full height is probably doing so still. After this, I tried the "real paper" again, and having worked off a surprising amount of youthful nonsense in that paper, where there was no one to "decline with thanks," this time several things were accepted. Which sent me headlong, of course, to try a book. I took a big work in hand—I think it was a Spanish tragedy or some such thing. But at the same time, for relaxation, I had a little work too. The latter work was a children's story (being the younger of the two editors of the dead paper, I had always been apportioned the "Children's page," among other matters, and the stuff came easily after such practice). The big work came back; no one would touch it with a pitchfork. The little work—I had called it "Seven Little Australians"—was accepted. My pleasure in the latter fact was not quite without alloy. If it had been the Big Work, now! The "Spanish Tragedy" is still unaccepted.

Mr. Fitchett's Literary Recipe.

Mr. Fitchett is didactic and brief:—

Methodist Ladies' College,
Hawthorn, April 16th, 1900.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I know of only one "secret of success" in literature, as in any other vocation; and that is hard, tireless, methodical work. To create a resolute habit of application is a tonic to the intellect as well as to the moral character; without it boy or man is but a poor fibreless creature, sure to be beaten in every race. For literary success, what may be called a sense of style—of balance and music in language—is necessary, and I think it may be cultivated. The best method I know is to saturate the memory and the imagination in the best literature. Read good writers, and hate and shun bad ones. De Quincey, Ruskin, and Stevens are models of style, the two first more ever than the last. The chief virtue of a literary style is clearness—not musical cadences, not fine words, not pretty metaphors, but simple, straightforward clearness. Short sentences and short words help to make the meaning plain. Clear thinking is, of course, the first requisite to clear writing, and even a graceful style will make amends for rambling logic and inexact knowledge. Wishing you and the Magazine all success.—Yours very truly,
W. H. FITCHETT.

How Mrs. Campbell Praed began to Write.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is autobiographic and diffuse:—

There's always a starting point to everything, and my starting point was a certain fallen gum-tree which lay on the ridge at Maroon—a grey corpse, blackened by bush fires in places, its hollow interior green with tiny ferns. Long since has it rotted or burnt away. I searched for it when I went back to my old home a few years ago, but there was no trace of it left. The log was a convenient resting place during our walks for a tired mother; how well I remember the pale sweet face, the bright eyes, the fragile form, in which spirit strove sometimes vainly to overbear weakness of flesh. There we used to sit and talk—mother and the children; there we would talk of many matters—many aspirations after higher things. Life is monotonous in the bush, and the young creatures had restless, craving souls; we saw visions of the unattainable great world; we longed to escape from what my old friend the poet, Brunton Stephens, has aptly termed "eucalyptic cloisterdom." Some of us dreamed dreams—dreams of making a name as an author, actress, musician, what not—al by our own heaven-sent inspiration, with no faintest idea of the disciplined servitude Art exacts from her votaries. And, in truth, even had we realised the necessity, there was no means of getting it. Our mother was a wise woman, and most tenderly sympathetic; she knew it was best to give the foolish aspirations rein. So it was, while we sat and talked on that grey log, that the "Maroon Magazine" was first planned into shape.

I have some numbers of that famous periodical, modelled, of course, on the Brontë family's magazine—had we not all read Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Brontë?—now put away in a tin box in my lumber room with the other childish manuscripts, which, somehow, I have never had the heart to burn. We each wrote our contributions on gazed paper, of the kind, I believe, called mercantile, which was in vogue in the bush. They were then sewn together every month; I find the cover of each number emblazoned in water-colours, and there are even occasionally attempts at illustrations. As for the contents, all that can be said is that they are various. My mother conscientiously laboured on the governing cardinals of France; I as conscientiously at the Italian poets; someone else on famous women of letters, and so on. Our materials were culled from one source, a certain dictionary of Biography in many volumes; but it never occurred to us that the educational object might have been perhaps better gained had we read aloud the original articles. The serious papers were our lessons, but the magazine had its play side as well, and therein lay our joy. Some of our neighbours sent us rhymes on local subjects; the girl poetess among us produced tragic lays; there was a page of station news of a facetious kind; while upon me devolved the honour of supplying the serial fiction.

My first novel was begun in the "Maroon Magazine;" it was never finished; things happened—a political event, a new Ministry, involving for us a change of home, an illness, the dreary wanderings of the consumptive, and death at the end—and there was no more of the "Maroon Magazine," for its initiator had gone and the mainspring was broken. About my novel; how did I even at the age of fifteen come to write such drivel? Honestly it hasn't one redeeming quality, or spark of promise. There was the fair-haired heiress of the older school of cheap fiction, most cruelly ill-treated by her rival, the dark Italian villainess, who rejoiced in the magnificent name of Beatrice di Montarini. This Beatrice, by foul arts, enticed away the heiress' lover and did her to death. I think, but on this point I am not perfectly clear, that she first hypnotised, and then murdered her with the traditional dagger of the medieval pattern.

Enough of my novels; but while on the subject of first attempts, let me say that I have searched the bundle of manuscripts in that tin box, and can find in none a

gleam of originality, a single description or idea showing possibility for the future. They are all about countries I had never seen, about emotions of which I had absolutely no experience. The language would suggest that I had hunted the dictionary for the longest words I could find, and had used them irrespective of meaning. This was within a year or two of the publication of my first story, which did not happen till I was nearly thirty; and all the time had I only been simple and natural, had I only tried to describe what I knew, there was a rich virgin field waiting to be filled under my very feet. I had the Australian bush with its glamour, its tragedy, its pathos, and its humour; I had the romance of the pioneer upheavings and the social makings of a new born colony—had I but known it, the whole stock-in-trade of the novelist. Here and there in my thought stands out the author who has been inspired by the peculiar melancholy, the grim mystery, and the loneliness, etc., of the Australian bush. Foremost the author of "Dinkinbar." And I seem to smell the gum leaves in "Robbery Under Arms"—what a delight to me was that book! And my heart thrills to the Australian harmonies and discords, tenderness and comicalities, all that makes up the dear familiar life of old, in "When the Billy Boils." Yes! it would be much pleasanter to talk about my country's writers than about myself—only that wasn't what I was asked to do—alas! when I think that in those early days of mine, it never struck me that my worthiest ambition might be to become a genuine Australian story-writer! Then it was rather the fashion to despise native surroundings and the romance of the bush. We all wanted to be English; to seek art beyond the sea, so some of us left the treasure behind and sailed after the shadow. I am glad that we have learned better, and that there promises to be a literature as distinctly Australian in its key-note as the American literature is definitely American. The promise is there, scarcely yet the great fulfilment; there are still to arise our Australian Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Walt Whitman. They will arrive when young Australian writers make it their aim to steep themselves in native inspiration, to be faithful to the spirit of their own woods, and to the genius of the gum trees born within them.

The Contest for White House.

The American "Review of Reviews" gives an elaborate sketch of the two great rivals for the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. McKinley.

For the past twenty-five years, President McKinley has been in public life, and has probably met more of his fellow-citizens in that time than any other living American.

The impression of him which a casual caller at the White House receives is that of a sincere, patient, and kindly man of great natural dignity and tact. In his personal contact with others, he is generous of his time in the extreme, and listens to the stories of the unfortunate and complaining with a patience which surprises his associates, when he himself is bearing well-nigh crushing burdens of administrative responsibility. He is naturally sympathetic, obliging, and self-sacrificing. Yet all this reflects but one side of his character, although it is the side which most impresses those who meet him but casually. His most predominant characteristics, which bind great bodies of men to him with rivets of steel; which have lifted him from the position of a private soldier to that of Chief Magistrate of the nation, which have sustained him and carried him through the many great crises confronting him, and have given him the trust and confidence of the American people,—are his moral strength and his unflinching courage to do the right as he sees it, irrespective of temporary consequences. His natural gentleness and his

tendency to ignore small and non-essential differences, his willingness to oblige even his enemies, and his utter lack of vindictiveness,—all these, when the times of crisis have come and the eyes of the people have turned to him alone, have given him added strength to achieve great results in public affairs.

Mr. Bryan.

Of Mr. Bryan Mr. Charles B. Spahr writes:—

I first met Mr. Bryan in the spring of 1894, and in a few hours I knew him well. It was the morning that the Coxey procession was about to enter the Capitol grounds, and Mr. Bryan and I stood together on one of the terraces of the Capitol to watch the event. That which surprised me then I have since found to be a fundamental characteristic of the man. I had expected him, as the representative of a Western district, where Populists were a majority among his constituents, to be in sympathy with the Coxey propaganda. But I found that he took no stock in it whatever. The people for whom he stood were the men who were trying to work at their homes, and not the adventurers called together for a theatrical procession.

How He Became a Bimetallist.

That evening, Mr. Bryan dined with me at my hotel, and after dinner we had a long talk together. In the course of it he had occasion to tell me of the way in which he came to believe in bimetallism. When he was first elected to Congress, he said, he knew practically nothing about the question; but as his Republican opponent believed in the free coinage of silver, and his own sympathies were with the farmers in their demand for the measure, the issue was never referred to during the campaign. When he reached Washington, he said, he told his wife that he believed the silver issue was going to grow in importance; and they two, who had been in college at the same time, who both had studied law, the wife that she might be with her husband in his work, even though she took no part in it, devoted their leisure during the winter in Washington to studying the silver question together. In speaking of the books which had most profoundly influenced them, he put first and foremost De Laveleye's "Bimetallism." This book, I happened to know, had not been translated from the French, and the chance remark showed that his reading had not been confined to the English works. But the charm of his story had no relation to the thoroughness of the scholarship which it evinced. It lay entirely in the relation which it showed between himself and his wife. Heine once remarked that a German, even when married, continued to live "a bachelor life of the intellect." Mr. Bryan seemed to me to illustrate that in America, more and more, man and wife share together the same intellectual life as well as the same social life. In speaking of one of his colleagues who died during that session of Congress, Mr. Bryan said that "he found his inspiration at his fireside." This seemed to me to be equally true of Mr. Bryan himself; and the purity of the moral atmosphere about him, together with the strength of his religious faith, both seemed to me counterparts of that love of wife and home which were the most strongly marked features of his private character.

The Incomparable Bookseller.

Bernard Quaritch is the subject of a warm appreciation of Dean Sage in the June number of the "Atlantic Monthly." The writer does not disguise his sense of the angularities and eccentricities of the late bookseller, but does not allow these to hide the real worth of the man. He thus briefly epitomises the life of Mr. Quaritch:—

He came to London from Prussia, his native country, in 1842, when twenty-three years of age, having had an apprenticeship of five years in the bookselling and pub-

lishing business in Nordhausen and Berlin. In London he found employment with Mr. Bohn, the well-known publisher and bookseller, with whom he remained four years, an intervening year being passed with a bookseller in Paris. In his earlier days with Mr. Bohn, when employed as general utility man and porter at 24s. a week, his confidence in the future was so great that he once said to his employer, "Oh, Mr. Bohn, you are the first bookseller in England, but I mean to become the first bookseller in Europe."

In 1847 Mr. Quaritch started in business for himself, settling at 16, Castle-street, Leicester Square, with a capital of £10. . . . Thirteen years of hard work in Castle-street enabled him to remove in 1860 to 15, Piccadilly, where the rest of his laborious and useful life was spent.

The writer pronounces "his wonderful catalogues" to be his great monument. His greatest was produced in 1880. It contained the descriptions of over 23,000 books in 2,395 pages. In prefaces to these monumental works Mr. Quaritch showed that "he knew he was the greatest living bookseller, and mentioned the fact as something patent and irrefutable. He was also perfectly sincere in stating his willingness to devote his life to gratifying the wishes of scholars and collectors, and he did it." He had no mean estimate of his powers and of his achievements:—

Another [friend] once telling him how fortunate he had been in leaving Germany and starting his career in England, was answered in perfect seriousness, "Well, if I had stayed in Prussia I might have been a von Moltke."

When the great Spencer Library was sold, in 1892, to Mrs. Rylands, who gave it to the city of Manchester, Mr. Quaritch, who was authorised too late to treat for its purchase by a gentleman of New York, wrote, "My collection of books is more valuable and useful than the Spencer library, and may be had for £120,000. This is about one-half paid for the Spencer library."

From no little experience of the man, the writer says:—

His great wisdom and the accumulations of over half a century of booklore were at the service of anybody, high or low, who would take the trouble to ask of him. Outside of his kindness and generosity, so universally extended, as a matter of business he was content with fair profits on his bargains. . . . Mr. Quaritch was incomparably the best informed, most munificent, and most liberal bookseller of this or any age, and it is very doubtful if the man lives who has the combination of knowledge, industry, enthusiasm, and high principles necessary to fill his place.

A Visit to Menelik.

Captain M. S. Wellby continues his account of his visit to the Abyssinian capital in the July number of "Harper's Magazine." He gives the following description of the King of Kings, as Menelik is called:—

Such a brief meeting scarcely allowed me to form a fair judgment of the king. Squatting, as he was, when we entered, I should have taken him to be quite a small man, whereas he stands five feet ten inches high. Though by no means handsome, there is yet a very taking and frank look about his features; or, perhaps, I should more correctly say, an open look. Shahzad Mir, my Indian surveyor, summed his appearance up in these words: "I saw a very little man and a very big mouth."

Captain Wellby gives some excellent descriptions of the surroundings of the king, both at his capital and in one of his provinces, whither he betook himself during the writer's visit.

About the customs of the Abyssinians we learn that there are practically no smokers in the country. This is due to an edict of King John, which absolutely forbade smoking.

The British agent, Captain Harrington, had brought out a phonographic message from Queen Victoria to "Jhanoi," as Menelik is called by the Abyssinians:—

A table was arranged in front of the king, and on this the phonograph was placed. With the exception of the gurgling sound produced by the instrument, dead silence pervaded the tent. The Negus was highly gratified with the message, even standing up that he might the more distinctly catch the words, for he was much struck with their clearness and firmness. He listened to the Queen's gracious words time after time, and readily consented to my attempting to photograph the scene.

Queen Taitu also listened to the Queen's words time after time.

The American Slave Trade

Mr. John R. Spears contributes to "Scribner's Magazine" the first of a series of articles dealing with "The Slave Trade in America." He tells in this article of the gathering of the slaves, and it is probable that part of his story will surprise many of his readers; for instance, when he says:—

The fact is the student of slaver history is not unlikely to feel a degree of sympathy for the old-time slaver captains, and that it is an inclination which should not be restrained if a right understanding of the merits of the trade is wanted.

A time soon came, however, when the slave captains ceased to be content with buying the slaves as in the early days, but incited and even assisted the tribes to prey upon one another. The nature of the work degraded the captains and crews until there seemed no end to the infamy they were capable of. The writer says:—

How the degradation of the slaver's deck was contagious; how it spread to the owners of the ships; how these owners, while posing as Christians, became, through inciting such acts, worse than the captains who participated actively in the infamies; how communities and nations were thus made rotten, until at last the greatest slave nation of them all regained health by the most frightful of modern wars, can only be suggested here.

That the trade was very profitable may be judged from the fact that—

the Liverpool ship *Enterprise*, belonging to T. Leyland and Co., in a voyage made about the first of the present century, cleared £24,430 8s. 11d. on a cargo of 392 slaves, or more than £62 per head, old and young all counted in.

The article is excellently written, and much interest will be felt to read the succeeding chapters.

The Irish the Greeks of the West.

A writer in "Gentleman's" for July, E. M. Lynch by name, endeavours to make out a number of resemblances between Greece and Ireland. The case is not quite that of Macedon and Monmouth, even though Hibernia and Hellas both begin with the same letter. It is a pithy epigram with which the paper opens—that the most striking resemblance was "the part played by barbarians in arresting the development of both Greek and Irish art, literature and architecture. Danes, Normans and English played the Turk to perfection in Ireland." Now two of the poorest nations, Greece and Ireland, were once comparatively rich, and each was a centre of culture. Yet with both peoples the love of learning has never departed. Patriotism and religion have been linked in both as the means of preserving national life and unity. In Ireland, as in Greece, patriotism is the master passion. Faith and superstition flourish in both lands. Among other resemblances selected for mention are the carvings on ancient tombs, "quickness in the up-take," disparagement of romantic love, early marriages, low rate of illegitimacy, "politicking," resignation and fatalism, absence of the industrial gift, success in life everywhere except at home, love of law, lawgivers and litigation. This somewhat Hibernian jumble of similarities ends with the assertion—"the learned maintain now that Greeks descend from Phœnicians, who were Celts." The Irish therefore, like the French, whom Carlyle called "the Greeks of to-day," may claim kinship with the stock which produced Pericles, Phidias and Plato.

How Ruskin Broke with Christianity.

Mr. W. J. Stillman's autobiography in the "Atlantic Monthly" is full of interesting matter. In the June number he tells how he went, at Ruskin's invitation, to spend the summer with him in Switzerland. He says: "More princely hospitality than his no man ever received, or more kindly companionship."

A Ghost Story.

He mentions one spookish incident which, being given on the authority of Ruskin, may claim some attention even from an incredulous public—

a story which Ruskin told me of a locality in the valley of Chamouni, haunted by a ghost that could only be seen by children. It was the figure of a woman who raked the dead leaves, and when she looked up at them the children said they only saw a skull in place of a face. Ruskin sent to a neighbouring valley for a child who could know nothing of the legend, and went with him to the locality which the ghost was reported to haunt. Arrived there, he said to the boy, "What a lonely place! there is nobody here but ourselves." "Yes, there is," said the child, "there is a woman there raking the leaves," pointing in a certain direction.

"Let us go nearer to her," said Ruskin, and they walked that way, when the boy stopped and said that he did not want to go nearer, for the woman looked up, and he said that she had no eyes in her head, "only holes."

On Sabbath Observance.

At Chamouni, on Sundays, Ruskin would write "a sermon for a girls' school in which he was much interested, but not a line of drawing would he do." Mr. Stillman had always regarded the sanctity of the first day of the week as a theological fiction—

so that this slavery to a formality in which Ruskin was held by his terrible conscience provoked me to the discussion of the subject. I declared that there was no authority for the transference of the weekly rest from the seventh to the first day of the week.

They went over the texts together which bore on the question, and Ruskin "could not make a defence":—

The creed had so bound him to the letter that the least enlargement of the stricture broke it, and he rejected not only the tradition of the Sunday sabbath, but the whole of the ecclesiastical interpretation of the texts. He said, "If they have deceived me in this, they have probably deceived me in all." This I had not conceived as a possible consequence of the criticism of his creed, and it gave me great pain, for I was not a sceptic, as, I have since learned, he for a time became. It was useless to argue with him for the spirit of the gospel—he had always held to its infallibility and the exactitude of doctrine, and his indignation was too strong to be pacified. He returned somewhat, I have heard, to his original belief in later days, as old men will to the beliefs of their younger years, for his Christianity was too sincere and profound for a matter of mistaken credence in mere formalities ever to affect its substance; and the years which followed showed that in no essential trait had the religious foundations of his character been moved. For myself, I was still a sincere believer in the substantial accuracy of the body of Christian doctrine, and the revolt of Ruskin from it hurt me deeply.

There is something almost comic as well as tragic in the idea of a dispute as to a first- or a seventh-day Sabbath upsetting the Christian faith of a soul like Ruskin's.

A Mammoth Locomotive.

"The biggest engine in the world" evokes Mr. Herbert Fyfe's admiring notice in the July "Windsor." This mammoth locomotive, recently built at Pittsburg, weighs with its tender 167 tons, and has a hauling capacity on a level track of 6,650 tons. In other words, it can pull at the rate of ten miles an hour a train of 166 box-cars loaded with wheat, which would form a train over a mile in length, and would contain the produce in wheat of more than fourteen square miles of land. Its cylinders are 23 inches in diameter. Its boiler is over ten feet in height. Its total length of engine and tender is 63 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The tender carries 5,000 gallons of water and 10 tons of coal. Such huge locomotives would be impossible on our restricted permanent ways, but in America are found to pay.

Browning and the Phonograph.

In the course of a very interesting interview in the "Strand," with Mr. Rudolph de Cordova, Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., tells the following story about Browning:—

"Browning had the most marvellous memory I ever knew," he said, as we talked of him, "and could quote Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and a host of other poets by the page together. If one wanted a quotation for a picture, one had only to go to him, and he would be able to give the necessary lines without a reference to any book, and he'd reel them off letter-perfect. I remember once, though, a funny failure of his memory—the funnier because it was in one of his own poems. When the phonograph was first brought over to London it was being shown at the house of an artist, and we were all asked to speak something into the receiver. Browning modestly declined for a time, but we egged him on, and at last someone said, 'Quote some lines from one of your own poems.'

"I know those least of all," he replied, with a smile, and eventually he said he thought he knew 'How they brought the good news from Aix to Ghent' better than he knew anything else. He began splendidly:—

"We sprang to the saddle, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all three;
We—we—we; we—we—we!

"Upon my word I've forgotten my own verses," he exclaimed, and stopped there. Somebody prompted him; he took up the thread again, but he couldn't get on any farther.

"He apologised, but the owner of the phonograph declared that the cylinder was more valuable to him on account of the breakdown than if the poet had recited it right through."

"Pre-eminently the People's Office."

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND ON THE PRESIDENCY.

The June number of the "Atlantic Monthly" opens with the first instalment of a study by Ex-President Cleveland on "The Independence of the Executive." He reviews the steps taken during the formative years of the American Constitution to develop the office of President. He especially rejoices in the rejection of the proposal which was very nearly adopted, that the selection of President should rest entirely with Congress. He goes on:—

In the scheme of our national government the presidency is pre-eminently the people's office. Of course, all offices created by the Constitution, and all governmental agencies existing under its sanction, must be recognised, in a sense, as the offices and agencies of the people—considered either as an aggregation constituting the national body politic, or some of its divisions. When, however, I now speak of the presidency as being pre-eminently the people's office, I mean that it is especially the office of the people as individuals, and in no general, local, or other combination, but each standing on the firm footing of manhood and American citizenship.

Inasmuch as Senators are elected by the State legislatures, Representatives in Congress by the votes of districts or States, and judges are appointed by the President, it is only in the selection of the President that the body of the American people can by any possibility act together and directly in the equipment of their national Government.

But Mr. Cleveland does not think the present system of selection through electors perfectly meets the case. He would amend it so as to prevent

the possibility, which has already become actual, of a President being chosen by a minority of all the voters in the land.

Sir Bartle Frere—Vindicated?

Mr. W. B. Worsfold sets himself to the task of vindicating the policy and reputation of the late Sir Bartle Frere. Had only his policy, instead of being arrested and renounced by the British Government, been put into effect, there would, the writer holds, "have been no Majuba, no Bechuanaland Expedition, no Jameson Raid, and no war today." He points out that Frere did not, as Mr. John Morley stated, annex the Transvaal. Lord Carnarvon instructed Shepstone to annex on October 5, 1876, a week before Frere was asked to be Governor. He denies that Frere was the author of the Zulu War, arguing that, as the Zulus were preparing to invade Natal, the best defence was for him to attack them. "The Home Government betrayed Frere. They allowed him to take up a definite position, and then blamed him for not retiring, when he could only have retired at the risk of incurring dangers twofold greater than the one danger which they desired him to avoid." Mr. Worsfold puts Frere's policy into two propositions:

- (i.) British rule once established must be maintained, and
- (ii.) All responsibilities incurred by England by the act of annexation must be absolutely fulfilled.

Sarah Grand on Girls' Holidays.

There is much sensible advice given by Sarah Grand in the July "Young Woman" on making the best of a holiday. Perhaps the most piquant piece is this:—

If the English girl would only put some of her intelligence into the art of cooking, what holidays she and her friends might have! They might club together, don rational dress for comfort, convenience, and safety's sake, mount their bicycles, and be off to some delightful spot where their tents could be pitched; and they might lead such a life of freedom and ease as should set them up mentally and physically for a long time to come, and make capable women of them. The experiment has been made by one cycling association with the most perfect success, I understand; and it certainly seems to be one which might be tried more extensively with great advantage, especially when summers are hot and dry, as they have been of late years.

The Countess de la Warr contributes very interesting "Gleanings of the Past" to the May "Humanitarian." Among other curious facts she mentions this:—

In an old copy of the "Spectator," published just when railroads were beginning, I have read an article in which the writer said that anyone must be mad who could believe that a speed of twenty miles an hour could ever be attained without danger to life. He added, you might just as well talk of being shot out of a cannon from Woolwich to London, as to hint at such a thing, that the mere fact of going through the air at that speed would kill you.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The National Review.

The "National Review" for July is an average number. I have dealt elsewhere with "A Conservative M.P.'s" article on "A Khaki Dissolution," with Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's article on "The Parlous Condition of Cricket," and with Mr. A. M. Low's survey of the prospects of the rival candidates for the Presidency of the United States.

The Assumptionists' Conspiracy in France.

Mr. F. C. Conybeare describes at length the intrigues of the great Assumptionist organisation against the French Republic. No election is beyond the scope of this organisation:—

Municipal, cantonal, legislative, presidential, and even elections of Chambers of Commerce and of Agriculture—all alike are to be watched and provided for. Without such organisation, says M. Laya—and he is right—nine-tenths of the electors might at the bottom be on our side, and yet we should continue to be beaten at elections.

The duties of the Assumptionist caucus are thus defined:—It shall occupy itself with revisions of the register of voters, shall study diligently the body of electors, their wants and the currents of opinion which stir them. With every elector its members must be personally acquainted, so as to set him in one of three classes—viz., good, bad, or doubtful. The "good" electors must be reinforced, marshalled in battalions, encouraged to become apostles of the good cause. The doubtful ones and waverers must be won over. The bad ones had better be left alone, at least to begin with.

Of the means, literary, political, and domestic, by which the conspirators attain their ends, Mr. Conybeare gives a detailed and very interesting account. Even a female league exists for the purpose of influencing voters through the agency of their wives.

A Plea for Military History.

Mr. C. Oman contributes a Plea for the Study of Military History. He thinks that the disasters of the South African War were due to the entire ignorance of elementary military history among our politicians:—

The most discomposing incident of the last autumn was not Nicholson's Nek nor Magersfontein, but that astounding message sent from London to Australia which told our willing Colonists that if they wished to supply men for the war "infantry would be preferable." That one sentence showed with fatal clearness that the responsible persons at headquarters had not realised that the chapter in the art of war which they should be studying was the great American struggle of 1861-65. Anyone who has carefully read through the records of that contest can see that it alone among modern wars offers really useful lessons and analogies for application in the present campaign in Africa.

Cutting Through the Sudd.

Captain M. F. Gage gives a very interesting account of a recent voyage made by him from

Uganda to Khartoum with the object of examining the Sudd region of the White Nile. The passage by boat through the Sudd was only accomplished after extraordinary difficulties, and took several months. Of the manner in which the obstruction is formed, Captain Gage says:—

From Shambe to 9 deg. N. Lat. the river is bordered at intervals on either bank by extensive lagoons, filled with floating islands of papyrus grass, termed "Sudd," which sail about at the will of the wind. These, during the rainy season, are blown in large masses, by the frequent squalls which are prevalent at that period, into the river, and are carried down by the current, often wrenching fresh pieces of papyrus from that bordering the river during their course. These formidable floating islands of papyrus grass, with roots sometimes as much as ten feet in length and one foot diameter, continue their course until, either at the bend of the river, or when the latter suddenly narrows, they become jammed. Fresh islands constantly arriving from behind with the current tend still more to compress the block thus formed, until, in course of time, a formidable barrage completely blocks the course of the river. There being no solid banks in these latitudes, the huge volume of water descending from the south then swerves from its true course and flows over the surrounding marshland, thereby forming a vast expanse of inundations.

The Swiss Army.

Mr. C. G. Coulton contributes a description of the Swiss Army. The Swiss Army is probably by far the cheapest in the world, taking into consideration the three points of money, length of service, and efficiency. In 1900 it will cost far less than our own imperfect Volunteer system. Every adult Swiss is liable to serve, but the physical test is so strict that nearly fifty per cent. are rejected. The rejected pay a tax of five shillings per head, with an income tax of fourpence in the pound. For the first thirteen years of his service the recruit belongs to the elite, and is called out every other year for exercise. The cavalry alone is called out every year. In the intermediate years the soldier shoots forty rounds per annum. In his thirty-third year he passes into the Landwehr, and in his forty-fifth year into the Landsturm. In 1899 the Swiss Army, with reserves, numbered 284,000 fighting men. Captain Gage made enquiries from a number of authorities as to the physical and moral effect of the Swiss military system, and the conclusion he came to was that in every respect it was beneficial.

A "Special Supplement" of thirty-six pages is devoted to a complete history of the war by Mr. H. W. Wilson. Mr. Wilson thinks that the Boers never had at the utmost more than 40,000 men in the field. His conclusions are as follows:—

In tactics the Boers all through proved themselves ahead of the British Army, and, man for man, superior to our soldiers. It was said before the war that they

would never attack, though Majuba was even then an instance to the contrary. But when well led they could, and did, attack with complete success, as, for example, at Spion Kop. There can now be no doubt that the force opposed to us in that battle was not one-third the strength of Buller's Army.

The Rights of the Weak.

Mr. W. H. Mallock writes a somewhat casuistical article upon "The Rights of the Weak" in which he concludes to his own satisfaction that the weak have no rights at all:—

The right of the great State is guaranteed by something which is internal to itself. The right of the weak State is guaranteed by something which is external to itself. It is guaranteed by the forbearance of the great State, which guarantee rests on the dictates of the great State's conscience as to what, under the circumstances, is equitable. If, therefore, owing to a change in circumstances, the great State comes to feel that the weak State uses its rights in any unjustifiable manner, the weak State's guarantee of its independence necessarily disappears at once.

Other Articles.

Mr. Alfred Austin reprints a paper on "Dante's Realistic Treatment of the Ideal," which was read before the Dante Society on June 13. Mr. Arthur Galton gives his "Final Impressions of the Roman Catholic Church." "The House of Usna" is the title of a drama by Miss Fiona Macleod. It deals with the reign of Connor MacNessa, who was King of Ulster, and High King of Ireland at the beginning of the Christian era.

Blackwood.

"Blackwood" is distinctly optimistic this month. It allows that prophecies are rife in Paris of a war with England after the Exhibition is closed, but believes that that war will never take place. General Mercier and the thousands of unemployed left from the Exhibition may create a sensation, but it will be internal, not foreign aggression. Mr. Walter B. Harris pooh-poohs "the Morocco scare," and denies that there has been any French aggression of which we need complain. "It is a cause of congratulation" that Tuat has fallen into French hands. He is even prepared to concede that if the neutrality of the Straits of Gibraltar and a certain freedom of trade for all nations be guaranteed, "there is no possible reason why France should not possess the country."

"Distracted China" can be set right by deposing the Empress and surrounding the Emperor with reform ministers, whom the educated classes would welcome. "Our Officers" have been criticised in the light of South African reverses. Well, they are not perfect; nothing is in this world. One by one the counts against the officer-class are dealt with; their lack of professional study, their absorption in sport, their standard of extravagance: and

we are warned against substituting mere professional pedants for English gentlemen. And then who can question their courage and endurance?

Perhaps not least suggestive of the new temper of our contemporary is this passage in an unsigned eulogy on the late Mr. Steevens:—

I think he had faith in Toryism as a constructive policy, and therefore was a bit of a Socialist as well. For it is, or ought to be, a commonplace that Toryism, as distinct from mere Conservatism, and Socialism, as distinct from ignorant sham Communism, have much in common.

When Mr. John Morley on one side and "Blackwood" on the other side begin coquetting with Socialism in this style, change must be in the air.

The Nineteenth Century.

The most striking feature in the "Nineteenth Century" for July is the announcement of a proposed association which is to watch over the administration of the affairs of the country, and impress upon the public the lessons of the South African War. I have mentioned this elsewhere. I have also dealt elsewhere with Mr. Henry Norman's article on "Our Vacillation in China," with Colonel Stopford's paper on "Soldier Settlers in South Africa," with Mr. Lyttelton Gell's demand for "Administrative Reform in the Public Services." Among the Leading Articles will also be found Dr. Guinness Rogers' cry for a leader, and Mrs. Barnett's amusing paper on "Town Children in the Country;" there are also, Colonel Lonsdale Hale's article on the "Home Generals and their Work in the Coming Autumn," and Mr. Edmund Robertson's article on "The Prerogative of Dissolution." There are six other articles.

Identification by Finger Mark.

Mr. Francis Galton has a very interesting article on "Identification Offices in India and Egypt," which deals with the use of thumb marks to identify natives. In India all pensioners, whether civil or military, are required to make a print with the fingers, in order to avoid impersonation after decease. A similar use of thumb prints is made in the Law Courts, and in the Survey and Medical Departments, in order to prevent the re-employment of men who have been discharged for misconduct. Mr. Galton says that the chances against a mistake in the identification of a man by such means are a hundred millions to one:—

The Identification Office at Cairo has already produced excellent effects. False names have ceased to be a protection. Habitual criminals can no longer avoid themselves of the lenient sentences passed on first offenders. Innocent men have been saved from being mistaken for guilty ones. Released criminals, still legally under police supervision, but who have escaped from it, are certain to be recognised whenever they become suspected and the Office consulted. Lastly, the administration of prisons in Egypt being still subject

to Government irregularities, it has happened that a prisoner sentenced to a long term has actually been set free instead of another man who bore the same name and was sentenced to a short term, and the latter has regained his rights solely owing to the intervention of the Identification Office.

The Loss on the Telegraph.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., explains "Why Sixpenny Telegrams do not Pay." In the year ending March 31, 1899, the net result of the telegraph administration was a loss of £221,000. Mr. Henniker Heaton says that in the management of the Telegraph Office business principles are persistently ignored, hence the loss in spite of the yearly increase in the gross returns. As an instance of the unbusinesslike methods of the Telegraph Department he mentions the practice of charging capital expenditure on buildings, etc., against current revenue. The concession of free "service" telegrams to the railway companies should also be done away with.

Rural Ireland.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh contributes a chatty article entitled "In the By-Ways of Rural Ireland." Ireland, he thinks, is as much Ireland as ever, in spite of the outward assimilation of English habits. The reading of the Irish peasant is, however, becoming more and more English every day. Mr. MacDonagh says:—

I have been amazed during recent visits to Ireland at the display of London penny weekly publications, such as "Tit Bits," "Answers," "Home Chat," "Pearson's Weekly," "Woman's Life," in the newsagents' shops, in even the remote towns of Ireland, while Dublin publications of a somewhat similar kind, but supplying Irish verses, stories, and historical sketches, such as "The Shamrock," "The Emerald," and "Irish Bits," were difficult to obtain. I have seen the counters of newsagents in such towns as Waterford, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, Galway—each feeding large agricultural districts—piled thickly with as varied a collection of these London weekly journals as the counters of newsagents in Lambeth and Islington or any other populous district of the Metropolis in which these publications are produced.

Juvenile Crime.

The Rev. A. W. Drew has a paper on "Hooliganism and Juvenile Crime," in which he says that the only means of dealing with truancy in its earlier stages is to remove the culprit to a special school for dealing with such cases, and to make that school of such a character as to effectually deter any boy who has been there from ever returning to it. He says:—

The truant schools are made far too comfortable and far too jolly to be of any real use, and many boys, as they have told me, prefer to be there rather than at their ordinary day schools. Who wonders at this when a truant school is now framed on the exact model of one of our very best industrial schools, suitable indeed and necessary for such establishments, but not for the cure of truants. What the truant hates is, as has been already stated, having to do school work morning and afternoon, and yet in this the

truant school plays into his hands, for there he only has to do school work for half the day, and for the other half he goes into the carpenter's, the shoemaker's, or the tailor's shops, where he enjoys himself thoroughly. I consider therefore that all industrial work of the above kind is not only out of place in a truant school, but is positively mischievous there as directly tending to defeat the object of such a school, by making many boys prefer it to an ordinary day school.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for July is a good average number. Deserving of special mention are Mr. Demetrius Boulger's article on "The Scramble for China," Mr. Arthur Sowerby's paper on "The Crisis in China," Lieutenant Burde's "Defence of Frontal Attacks," and Mr. G. F. Millin's article on "The Future of London Railways." There are no other articles calling for separate notice.

Finland and Russia.

Mr. Augustine Birrell reviews Mr. Fisher's book on "Finland and the Tsars." He says that the whole trouble has arisen in obedience to the idea of Pan-Slavism:—

We have our idea—the Anglo-Saxon idea. Russia has hers—the Pan-Slavonic idea. One Russia, one faith, one law, one tongue, one army. Shall a miserable Finland and her paper Constitution stand between Russia and her unity? "Are we not to be allowed"—cries the Procurator of the Holy Synod—"by suspending the privileges of Finland to unify the Russian army?" . . . Interference, of course, is out of the question. Who is there to interfere? Odd things are happening everywhere. It is the best not to think of what is going on in Schleswig-Holstein at the present moment in obedience to another idea—the great Germanic idea. Why be Danes?—become Germans! Why be Finns?—become Russians! Why be Dutch in South Africa?—become English! Russia, Germany, England, these are great names, they palpitate with great ideas, they have vast destinies before them, and millions of armed men in their pay, all awaiting Armageddon. How absurd to be a Finn! What is the Finnish Idea?

Against Municipal Trading.

Lord Avebury has an article on "Municipal Trading," in which he points out some of the disadvantages which are likely to accrue from the widespread adoption of the principle. The following are the heads of his objections:—

1. The enormous increase of debt which such a policy will involve;
2. The check to industrial progress;
3. The demand on the time of municipal councillors, which will:
 - (1) Preclude the devotion of sufficient consideration to real municipal problems;
 - (2) Prevent men who have any business or profession of their own from entering municipal life;
4. The undesirability of involving Governments and Municipalities more than can be helped in labour questions;
5. The fact that the interference with natural laws in some important cases has the effect of defeating the very object aimed at;
6. The risk, not to say certainty, of loss.

The Haunted Crimea.

Mrs. Menie Muriel Norman has a very brilliant paper describing her travels in Southern Russia in last November. She has been over the battle-fields of the Crimea, and here are some of her reflections:—

We are not enemies now, ourselves and Russia. There was a treaty of Paris after Sebastopol "fell," after death and victory had reduced us to the kernel of an army and—the other results—benefits forgot (or were they ever received?) are difficult to specify. Many times since then the regret has been general and open that we did not let Russia sweep the Turk before her as with a flail and scatter him over the less choice parts of Asia, even as chaff at a winnowing. Ah, but if we had, Russia would have got to Batum, to Merv, to the frontier of India; she would have established her armies, her Cossacks, and her outposts—just where she has established them!

Britain and the Hispano-American War.

Mr. A. M. Low contributes an article entitled "An Unwritten Chapter in American Diplomacy," in which he describes how Great Britain thwarted the desire of the European Powers to interfere during the war of 1898. Mr. Low makes a series of somewhat astonishing statements, but he does not give a single fact or quote a single document to prove the accuracy of his "unwritten history." For instance, in making the following statement, one would think that a person who knew so much would give at least one instance:—

In Spain, at Gibraltar, in London, in Hong Kong, in fact wherever British diplomatic or military or naval officers were stationed, the laws of neutrality were violated a dozen times a day in the cause of friendship.

Athleticism in Schools.

Dr. H. J. Spenser has a severely critical article on "The Athletic Master in Public Schools." He traces the career of the athletic master from his entry of the public school as pupil to his re-entry as teacher. The athletic master seldom or never takes any interest in scholastic affairs, and as a result he impresses the minds of his charges at their most impressionable age with a false idea of the relative importance of study and sport:—

Of all men he is least capable of inspiring a right attitude towards work, or of enforcing the incidents of a routine. Of professional zeal he is entirely destitute; he has no sense of the dignity of his profession, and his work is characterised by a loud voice and perfunctory manner.

Ruskin and Carlyle.

Mr. R. Warwick Bond has an interesting article on "Ruskin, Man and Prophet," in which he makes the following comparison between Ruskin's style and Carlyle's:—

To read Carlyle is like leaping from crag to crag beneath a stormy sky, amid the roar of swollen torrent and the frequent burst of thunder, with rarely a bit of heather or moss or the slender grace of a harebell to redeem the wildness of the place. The smooth, beautiful, almost euphuistic style of Ruskin leads us along more level ground refreshed by springing fountains, shaded by graceful trees, and not uncheered by the light of laughing flowers; but near us still rise the steep, strong

mountains that are like God's righteousness, and in our ears resounds, distant perhaps but ever present, the moan of the labouring, the uncomforted sea.

The Fortnightly Review.

The July number has in it plenty of solid fare for robust political appetites.

"Smart Society": What and Whence it is.

Mr. T. H. Escott writes "Concerning Hosts and Hostesses." He comments on the disappearance of the political hostess, on the fusion between old acres and new wealth, and on the growing costliness of fashionable London. This last factor practically excludes from the London season "whole orders" once seldom absent. But while more national, cosmopolitan and plutocratic, London Society is marked by an amount of philanthropic work of perennial as well as practical interest in the welfare of all classes, and in all efforts for national improvement, which is "but thinly veiled by the surface frivolity":—

The very smartest set of smart society, thanks to such influences as those of the late Duchess of Teck and of our whole royal family, while on one side it is bounded by the ladies' lawn or the racecourse, on the other stretches into the province of philanthropic reform. Smart society, to use the phrase to-day on so many lips, may, perhaps, be said to consist of good-looking and well-dressed young women, and their friends; beauty, whether in music, art, decoration, or dress and general appearance, is one of the notes by which these coteries may be recognised; so, too, are a systematic restlessness and absence of all conventionalism. Neither the thing itself, nor the expression, would have been so much heard of, but for the fashionable ascendancy of late acquired by the Transatlantic element in polite life.

How to Fix Workmen's Compensation.

His Honour Judge Parry contrasts what the workmen's compensation was intended to be—"an automatic scheme of workmen's insurance"—with what it has turned out to be—"a Chinese puzzle," "a legal chaos," exasperating to all concerned except the lawyers. He would like to take the whole machinery from the Law Courts altogether. He says:—

What is wanted is a scheme rather than an Act of Parliament. A scheme in which, if the County Court machinery is used, it is only to be used for the purpose of fixing compensation, and then calling in the post office to aid in distributing the funds. A scheme in which the appeals, if any, are to be to some body like the Railway Commissioners, business-like as well as technical. If the working of such a scheme is left to the County Court Judges, one of their number might well preside in such a court. And it is essential that, whatever the tribunal that fixes compensation may be, it should have at its disposal the State-paid doctor.

A small committee, consisting of a colliery manager, a works manager, a trades union official, an insurance manager, and a County Court registrar, could, among them, thrash out something workable.

Chicago v. Paris World-fairs.

Mr. Heathcote Statham pronounces the French Exhibition a great achievement in a spectacular

sense, and in the proof it affords of the vigour and vitality of French art. He says:—

The French edifices are all pure invention, the offspring of the alert and vivacious artistic genius of the country. The buildings of the Chicago Exhibition, with which the Paris Exhibition is inevitably compared, were more classic and more dignified in style, but they were mostly formed on antique models, whereas the French buildings of the Paris Exhibition are an outbreak of sheer originality. This spirit of artistic invention crops out in all the minor details as well as in the more prominent features of the Exhibition.

He vilifies the Eiffel Tower as a piece of ironmaster's brag, but glorifies the new bridge, the joint product of the first engineers and architects and sculptors. He deplores the frequency of these exhibitions, as tending to cut up Paris too much.

Other Articles.

M. Wilfrid Ward selects, as text for his appreciation of John Henry Newman's philosophy, two mottoes of the Cardinal's: one, chosen when he became Cardinal, "*Cor ad cor loquitur* ("Heart speaketh to heart"); and the other, chosen for his epitaph, "*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*" ("From shadows and images unto truth"). Professor Lewis Campbell, writing on *Climax in Tragedy*, divides the normal construction of an Attic tragedy into five stages: the opening, the climax (i.e., the gradual ascent), the acme (or chief crisis), the sequel, and the close. He fears that the importance of the sequel is overlooked by modern impatience. Albert Vandam illustrates his thesis that poets should not be legislators by the failures of Chateaubriand, Beranger, Lamartine, Hugo, Dumas, Deroulede, and Coppee. Mr. L. D. Cooper gives interesting extracts from the letters of a young medical man who went "with lancet and rifle" on the Beira railway, and was killed in the Johannesburg railway accident.

Cornhill.

There is plenty of excellent reading in the July number. Dr. Moorhead gives a vivid description of the first battles of the war from the point of view of a Boer ambulance; Mr. Worsfold seeks to vindicate the fair fame of the late Sir Bartle Frere and his African policy; and Miss A. Howarth sketches the Boer at home unsympathetically, and "*Antivenene*" vouches for extraordinary scenes with snake-catchers in India.

It is an amusing paper which Max Beerbohm contributes under the title of "*Ermine and Motley*." He propounds the question, Why are our judges jocular? and answers, Because the crowd in court always laugh at their jokes. He then pushes the question one stage further back, and asks, Why do people always laugh at jokes from the Bench? The Bar may laugh to win favour with the Bench.

But, the writer holds, the laughter is, as a rule, genuine and spontaneous. He finds the desired explanation in the fact that "laughter in court is mostly a kind of nervous reaction." The solemnity and awe suggested by judicial proceedings make us abnormally susceptible to a joke from the august creature who presides. The writer proposes that the judge be relieved of his functions as jester, and that a first-class humourist should be employed as jester-assessor.

An unsigned paper, entitled "*Moorish Memories*," gives a vivid picture of the attractiveness of Moorish life, and of the difficulties our merchants have in obtaining concessions from powerful residents in that ungoverned land.

Mr. Andrew Lang revives recollections of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, which enjoyed an immense vogue a hundred years ago.

The United Service Magazine.

The "*United Service Magazine*" for July opens with the continuation of Lieut.-Col. F. N. Maude's article on "*The Evolution of Cavalry*." This month Colonel Maude deals with Cromwell's battle tactics. I have dealt among the war articles with Major-General Owen's paper on "*The Employment of Artillery*." There is a short article on "*The French Army*" by an anonymous writer. "*An Outsider*" writes on "*The Staff of the British Army*," his conclusions being as follows:—

Under the present system of competitive examination we have no security that all those who have genuine ability for Staff duties in the field are afforded an opportunity of joining the College; that, actually, a large number of Staff College graduates have proved the error of their selection by incompetence in the discharge of their duties; that the principles under which the recommendation of candidates is conducted admit of considerable improvement; that a competitive examination has the effect of dismissing many of more practical value than others who succeed, and that therefore a system of entrance by seniority of qualification would be preferable; that the examination itself should be strictly confined to subjects having a direct bearing upon efficiency in the field; that officers who lack private means should be assisted to improve themselves by study abroad, where training upon a large scale can be observed; that a rigorous system of rejection and selection should be practised by the commandant of the Staff College, so as to ensure that none but the most competent officers shall become graduates, and that the most suitable spheres of usefulness shall be allotted to each individual.

Sir John Colomb contributes a paper on "*Marines and Coaling Stations*," Major W. Baker-Brown on "*The Reorganisation of the Engineers*," and an anonymous writer begins a series of articles on "*Our Army*."

The Century.

In the July number, Mr. Morley continues his study of Oliver Cromwell, dealing in three chapters with the campaign in Scotland, from the battle

of Dunbar to Worcester; and Cromwell's treatment of civil problems. With Mr. Wright's article on the Commercial Ascendency of the United States we deal elsewhere. Mr. Richard Whiteing concludes his "Paris of To-day" series with an article dealing with "Artistic Paris." In eight pages of beautifully printed illustrations Mr. Andre Castaigne endeavours to give a pictorial view of the Exposition at Paris. The picture entitled "Evening at the Great Gate" is possibly the most striking. Mr. Castaigne has succeeded so well with these few pictures that it is to be hoped that he will extend his pictorial view of an Exposition which certainly affords endless opportunities to an artist.

Dr. Weir Mitchell continues his narrative of Dr. North and his friends, and otherwise the lighter part of the magazine is well up to the average.

Mr. W. N. Sloane tells of Miss Sarah Porter and her unique educational work;—

The lesson she most thoroughly inculcated by her influence was moderation: a few studies at a time, each task well learned and all combined into a whole, complete as far as it went; pleasure sufficient for intellectual and moral recuperation; work as a vocation and not incidental to life; piety within the bounds of personal responsibility.

Her view, therefore, of the teacher's function was that it was essentially tutelary; her researches were made on the minds of her pupils to find and supply the particular need of each. Every girl knew that her personal advantage was Miss Porter's aim. The chosen course might appear inexplicable at first, but its pursuit with concentration, regularity, and judgment soon showed its adaptability to the end, or exhibited as mandatory the modification for further advance which had been expected. Herein lies the whole philosophy of secondary education.

A portrait accompanies the article, which fully bears out all the statements made by the writer. Miss Porter's beautifully sweet, strong face goes a long way towards explaining how it was that all her pupils loved and revered her as they did.

The Forum.

The only articles in the June "Forum" which require separate notice are Mr. John Redmond's paper on "The Present Position of the Irish Question" and Mr. Ho Yow's upon "The Attitude of the United States towards the Chinese." There are eleven other articles.

The Philippine Question.

Mr. Charles Denby asks, "Do we Owe Independence to the Filipinos?" a question which he answers in the negative. He says:—

We so-called Imperialists desire as ardently as the anti-Imperialists to keep foreign nations from securing ownership of the islands, and in order to do so we think we ought to hold and keep them as and for our own. We are advised to "offer to the people of the Philippines our help in maintaining order until they have had a reasonable opportunity to establish a

government of their own." If we to-day announce to the Filipinos that we intend to hold them for only a "reasonable" time, we shall by that announcement give the reins to anarchy. Every foreign merchant will leave the islands. He will not live under Filipino rule. Every native who is now for us will turn against us.

Labour in France.

Mr. Walter B. Scaife has a paper on "Organised Labour in France." In 1884 the working men of France for the first time gained the right to organise, and since that time they have passed from the condition of a mob into that of a disciplined army. The number of French workers for wages is about 3,000,000, of whom, in 1898, 419,000 were members of unions. There are in France 2,361 "syndicats," as legalised trade-unions are called, of which 414 are in or around Paris:—

The administrative officers of "syndicats" usually serve without pay, and any member elected to an office is expected to serve. The working head of the "syndicat" is generally the secretary, in whose case an exception is made. This officer is paid at a rate corresponding to the best wages a man of his trade can earn. In answer to a question regarding the character of the "syndicat" secretaries in general, the head of the Labour Exchange at Paris assured me that mere agitators were rarely elected to this position by their fellow working men. The secretary is in most cases an earnest worker either at his trade or in advancing the interests of his "syndicat." The loud-mouthed agitator is generally recognised by the working men as of less value than the quiet worker.

The Pre-eminent Profession.

The Rev. H. A. Stimson, writing under this title, replies to Mr. Harry More's article on "The Paradoxical Profession" in the April number of the "Forum." He says:—

There is much nonsense talked about the impossibility of any man being able properly to perform the amount of intellectual labour which is required of an ordinary pastor. Of course any congregation would have a right to be proud if it had a pastor famed throughout the land for his ability to produce highly-finished works of art for their weekly delectation. But this is not the function of the pulpit; and without fear of serious contradiction, it may be said that it is not the demand of the pew. The minister enters his pulpit for another purpose. He is an ambassador charged with a message; and while it is his duty to deliver that message in such a form as to be listened to and understood and remembered, it is not a part of his duty so to deliver it that it will be looked upon principally as a finished literary production.

Canada and the United States.

The Hon. J. Charlton, M.P., who was a member of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission, writes complaining of American fiscal policy towards Canada. He says:—

The American market is practically sealed to Canada for the products of the farm. Naturally, therefore, Canada has turned her attention to seeking new outlets; and having done so with great success, the importance of the American market to her is becoming of smaller moment year by year. A feeling is also gradually taking hold of the public mind, which, if not one of hostility, is one of intense dissatisfaction with the commercial policy of the United States toward Canada; and the day is probably not far distant when practical action will be demanded, either in the shape of securing increased

exports to the United States or of adopting a policy which will very sharply curtail importation from that country.

Armenia and Europe.

Mr. C. A. P. Rohrbach writes "A Contribution to the Armenian Question," which is written from personal experience of the country. He thinks that the Armenians are destined ultimately to come under the protection of Russia. As to the massacres, he says:—

Even from a Turkish point of view the massacres were regarded as pure insanity. They depopulated and devastated an extensive territory as completely as if a war had swept over it and contributed to reduce the revenue of whole provinces to a minimum. The actual purpose of rendering the Armenians harmless might easily and expeditiously have been effected by a general and imperative order of disarmament—more particularly as the majority of the Armenian population were without guns. Selfishness, blind rage, and silly thoughtlessness were here responsible for the heaviest blow sustained by the Turkish Government since the war of 1877.

Other Articles.

Mr. E. G. Hill deals with "Teaching in High Schools as a Life Occupation for Men," Mr. G. Stanley Hall has a paper on "College Philosophy," and Mr. W. O. Partridge writes on "The American School of Sculpture."

Harper's Magazine.

The two articles dealing with the South African War are noticed elsewhere, as are also Captain Wellby's on "The Court of King Menelik" and J. D. Quackenbos' on the "Educational Use of Hypnotism." There are further instalments of the stories by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Zangwill. In the Whilomville Stories appears a story entitled "The City Urchin and the Chaste Villagers," by the late Mr. Stephen Crane. Dr. H. Smith Williams deals in an exhaustive article with Professor Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, and the New Zoology, this being the second article of the series "To-day's Science in Europe." Mr. Bingham's article upon the negro question in the United States is most interesting. The writer is an ex-slaveholder, and gives the following account of the standpoint from which he regards the question:—

I love the negro. I think that it may be said truly that there never were as kindly relations existing between two races on the same soil as between the slave-owner and the slave in the South before the war.

That the negro question is a most serious one may be understood from the following conclusions of Dr. George T. Winston, born in North Carolina, then President of the University of Texas, as expressed in an address delivered in 1897:—

(1) The negro element is much the most criminal of our population. (2) The negro is much more criminal as a free man than he was as a slave. (3) The negro is increasing in criminality with fearful rapidity, being one-third more criminal in 1890 than in 1880. (4) The negroes who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate, which is true of no other element of our

population. (5) The negro is nearly three times as criminal in the north-east, where he has not been a slave for a hundred years, and three and a half times as criminal in the north-west, where he has never been a slave, as in the south, where he was a slave till 1865. (6) The negro is three times as criminal as the native white, and once and a half times as criminal as the foreign white, consisting in many cases of the scum of Europe. (7) More than seven-tenths of the negro criminals are under thirty years of age.

Scribner's Magazine.

This number is a very interesting one; with Mr. Millard's article on the Boer as a soldier and Mr. Spears' on Slave Trading we have dealt elsewhere.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis contributes an excellent description of the Relief of Ladysmith. He accompanied General Buller's forces in the last and successful attempt, and was one of the first men to arrive in Ladysmith. The condition of the garrison, the starvation, and their lack of interest are vividly described. So also is the march through the town of the relieving force and the meeting of the men; the garrison weak, yet clean and tidy, and the relief column, strong, ragged, and dirty. He writes:—

One felt he had been entirely lifted out of the politics of the war, and the questions of the rights and wrongs of the Boers and Uitlanders disappeared before a simple proposition of brave men saluting brave men.

Another interesting article is that on Harvard College fifty-eight years ago, contributed by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. Mr. French contributes an article upon "Trees," illustrated by engravings of his own. Mr. Barrie continues the story of "Tommy and Grizel." The dwellers upon the great streams of the Mississippi are described by Dexter Marshall, with illustrations by Jules Guerin.

The North American Review.

The "North American Review" for June is a good number, but it is, as usual, rather expository than polemical. Amongst the best things are, Mr. Bryan's article on "The Presidential Campaign," Mr. Edmund Barton's paper on "The Australian Federation Bill," Baron de Coubertin's "Meeting of the Olympian Games," Princess Radziwill's article on "Cecil Rhodes' Future," and the articles on Anglo-Russian relations. Among the articles on the war will also be found a resume of Sir Sidney Shippard's paper, "How to Treat the Vanquished Boers." There are only four other articles.

"What Has Become of Hell?"

The Rev. G. W. Shinn, D.D., writing under the title of "What has become of Hell?" suggests that

the pulpit has lost some of its power, owing to the decay of the practice of appealing to fear:—

It is this failure to appeal to fear which accounts in part for the decline of interest in personal religion by so many. It is the seeming willingness of so many Christian people to give up all reference to retribution that is making it difficult for some to know what course to pursue. We may talk as we will about the evanescent nature of fear, and we may talk about its being an inferior motive but in all other things in life it is appealed to. Take it out of life, and chaos comes in ordinary matters. Because it has been taken out of religion—out of religion of our time—there has been the weakening of the force of religion. If we had perfectly normal beings to deal with—and that is a modern way of saying if we were all without sin—then might there be no reference to fear, but an appeal to everything high and holy within us.

Modern Persian Literature.

Professor Denison Ross writes on "Modern Persian Literature." The actual state of Persian literature cannot be called flourishing:—

Its latest development is in the direction of popular plays, chiefly comedies; but, though they offer interesting specimens of modern colloquial Persian, they are merely translations from the Turkish of Trans-Caucasia, and do not, therefore, represent any literary activity in Persia.

Printing from movable types is not practised in Persia, all publications being done by means of lithography. The straightness of printed lines offends a Persian artistic sense, whereas lithography preserves a certain amount of the character of the original writing, and calligraphy in Persia is held in almost as great respect as original composition:—

The ordinary Persian library consists of a copy of the Koran, in Arabic, the works of one or two poets, a dictionary and a book of general history. Large libraries are rare. Books are not kept, as with us, in an upright position, but lying on their sides, one above the other with their backs to the wall, while the title of the book, when indicated at all, is written across the front edge.

Education and Degeneracy.

Professor J. R. Stratton has an extremely interesting article entitled, "Will Education Solve the Race Problem?" in which he combats the belief that the American negroes are being morally raised by improved facilities for education. So far from this being so, Professor Stratton brings statistics to prove that negro criminality has increased rapidly since the emancipation, and that it has increased most in the Northern States where negro education has been prevalent for the longest period. He thinks that the African negroes must be numbered among the races to whom civilisation means decay. As to the real solution of the problem, he says:—

No plan for picking up the negro race en masse and moving them from the country, or to some isolated portion of it, is practicable. But by establishing conditions elsewhere which would invite the negro there, and then assisting him to go, the problem might be solved. As many foreigners as there are members in the coloured race have come to this country within the past few decades, on account of the inviting conditions

here. It is possible, therefore, for the negroes to go elsewhere if conditions invited them there. All of the negroes would not go, nor is it needful that they should do so. The old negroes are rapidly passing over to a country which lies much nearer our shores than Africa or the islands at our Southern doors. But by granting any government assistance on the age-limit plan, a sufficient number of the negroes could and would go to ease the present strain in this country on the one hand, and to insure them a racial future on the other.

Other Article.

The only other article in the "North American" is a short paper by Mr. B. S. Coler entitled "The Charter Needs of Great Cities."

The Revue des Revues.

The "Revue des Revues" for June contains an interesting article on the Language of Birds, by M. Michel Breal, of the Institute. It is written in response to the appeal of M. Maguad d'Aubisson's remarkable study of the subject, published in a previous number of the "Revue." He says that the study of the language of birds and animals is valuable for the science of philology. Being more conservative than men, they reveal the initial stage, and afford us many useful suggestions as to the origin and development of speech. M. Jules Bidault writes with much good sense and restrained enthusiasm upon the French language and the French in Canada. He bears tribute to the double loyalty of the French Canadians, who are faithful both to the British Empire and to the French language, but exhorts the French to exercise unceasing vigilance in preserving the purity of their tongue. Another article of considerable interest to English readers is Mr. Albert Schinz's article on Omar Khayyam and the Khayyamean cult in Britain and the United States. In the section of the "Revue" devoted to notices of other periodicals there is an account of a noteworthy symposium published by "La Patrie Francaise" on the role of Protestantism in France. The symposium contains contributions from M. Paul Bourget, M. de Vogue, M. Maurice Barres, M. Jean le Bonnefen, M. Drumont, and others. The tendency of most of the contributors is decidedly hostile to Protestantism. There is not enough religion in France to serve for two forms of Christianity. Catholics they know, and Freethinkers, but Protestants—who are they? Protestantism, like the Jew, is the enemy of France.

There is a sketch of the new Bishop of Liverpool in the "Sunday Magazine," from which it appears that he has been a total abstainer for nearly thirty years. He is also an active member of the Christian Social Union. Descended from a line of French Catholics, he is yet a man after Bishop Ryle's own heart.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

M. Leclercq's article on "The Origins of the South African Republics" is deserving of notice. As regards the rest of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for June, it must be admitted that the usual high standard has not, for once, been altogether maintained.

Artificial Colouring Matter.

M. Dastre contributes to the first June number an extremely learned and technical article on the chemical industry of artificial colouring matters. The general character of the changes which this industry has undergone may be briefly explained: it has been the substitution, sometimes slow and gradual, at other times sudden, of artificial products for natural ones. This process has been effected in most cases at the cost of the agricultural industry. Colours borrowed from vegetable or animal sources are suddenly, one fine day, produced artificially in the laboratory, and lo! all of a sudden a flourishing industry is menaced, declines, and disappears. A remarkable example is to be found in the fact that at the end of the eighteenth century Spain used to supply France with large quantities of soda, derived from seaweed of various kinds; but this industry was destroyed in a moment by the discovery and adoption of the Leblanc process, which rendered France independent of Spain in this respect. So too with the discovery of aniline dyes, which wrought an absolute revolution in the dyeing trade. But it is mainly on the future that M. Dastre fixes his eyes; he sees in this industry an unlimited field for discoveries of importance, and he attributes the supremacy of Germany in this field to the fact that she has known how to enlist the highest science in the service of industry.

The Old Emperor William.

To the second June number M. Emile Ollivier contributes a long and historically interesting paper on the old Emperor, King William of Prussia. No prince, he says, better understood and fulfilled the duties of royalty. His education was entirely military, and he was forty-four years old before he was initiated into State affairs. But he was too conscientious to remain a simple figure-head, and with infinite labour he acquainted himself with the details of government, and even with the principles of jurisprudence. He worked from morning till night without any recreation except the theatre, and even there he was always accessible to deal with important business. "I have not the time to be tired," he said to those who were astonished at his enormous labours. He had the royal gift of choosing his assistants well, and of attaching them to him by delicate attentions. In

his private life he was kind, polite to ladies, devoid of vindictiveness, of a placid, gentle humour, fond of obliging people, and, while strikingly economical, yet ready if occasion demanded to dispense royal splendour. In his youth he was of a romantic disposition, and if it had not been for the formal veto of his father he would have married to please himself; as it was, he married, by order, the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Weimar, the bent of whose mind rendered her scarcely a suitable wife for him. Her poetic, literary, and artistic culture was too exceptional, and though she was not without influence over him, yet their relations were often strained. He was first and foremost a King of Prussia—a man of conquest, ready to take what he could get without scruple, and believing what was profitable to be lawful. War was ever in his thoughts, and it seemed to him a necessary refreshment for nations. His mission seemed to him less that of making some millions of men happy than that of conquering Germany; in fact, he found quite natural, and even holy, forms of deceit from which his soul would have shrunk if they had been concerned merely with his own private affairs.

Madagascar.

M. Lebon continues his series of papers on Madagascar by dealing this time with the process of pacification after the annexation. M. Lebon considers that Madagascar has been badly treated in regard to finance, the home Government being unwilling as a rule to spend enough. As regards the economic development of the island, for which means of communication are the most essential requirement, he considers that France has repeated in Madagascar the same error which has affected the whole of her colonial history: she has not known how to follow up rapidly great military sacrifices with corresponding expenditure on public works. M. Lebon contrasts the energy displayed by England in constructing the Uganda railway, as well as the military line which owed its origin to Lord Kitchener in the Soudan campaign.

The Nouvelle Revue.

There is no lack of interesting papers in the "Nouvelle Revue," although it no longer has the advantage of the editorial direction of Madame Juliette Adam.

Pere Didon.

An article signed only by the initials "E.M." gives an interesting picture of Pere Didon. Obituary notices have sufficiently expressed the grief which the news of Pere Didon's death aroused among his numerous friends in England; there is, therefore, no need to follow the writer in his sketch

of Pere Didon's life. The part of educator, which filled the last portion of his life after his reconciliation with the Vatican, is probably what Pere Didon will be remembered for by posterity. At the school of Arcueil he showed his great powers of organisation, as well as the sweetness and charm of his personal nature; he believed in spreading sunshine and light around him, and all sadness was banished. He had a splendid appetite, and a great love of manly sports, in which he brought up his pupils. At table Pere Didon's gaiety was irresistible. Never did modern monk penetrate more intelligently the spirit and manners of our time; he set his watch by the hour of the century. Essentially a Liberal and Democrat, he seemed to bring to the solution of modern problems that sympathy and forgetfulness of self which distinguished some of the greatest names of the history of monasticism. He was once foolishly called the Coquelin of the Church, but Pere Didon was anything but an actor; and if he was not exactly a monk to the very marrow of his bones, he was certainly a believer.

The Revue de Paris.

We have had occasion to note before the considerable improvement which had been effected in the "Revue de Paris," and this improvement is fully maintained in the June number.

Sports in Old France.

Modern France, in spite of Pere Didon, is not supposed to be much addicted to athletics, and perhaps it is with a view of remedying this that M. Jusserand writes on the subject of sports in old France in the first June number, in continuation of the series which he began in May. He begins with the jousts and tournaments in the time of Rene of Anjou. In the joust there were different prizes given to the man who should make the finest lance thrust, to the man who broke most lances, and so on; curiously parallel to the methods of an athletic meeting of to-day. The joust was an imitation of the single combat or duel to the death, just as the tourney was an imitation of a regular battle. The sixteenth century was the golden age of individual prowess in arms; distance and difference of nationality were no bar, but the chivalry of every country of Europe met at great trials of strength and skill.

Other Articles.

We have noticed elsewhere M. Mille's article on the Boers, and among others which should be mentioned are an anonymous historical paper on the assassination of two plenipotentiaries of France at the gates of Rastatt in 1799; a description of the picturesque customs of the Amsterdam Stock Exchange in the seventeenth century; a selection

of letters written to General Mathien Dumas during the campaign of Marengo by General Dampierre; and a lively description, in the form of extracts from letters, of the Cape Nome goldfields, to which is added an excellent map showing the position of the fields in relation to the Klondyke district on the one side, and Siberia on the other.

The Italian Reviews.

The political situation in Italy and the recent elections naturally excite the attention of all the serious reviews, and pessimistic views concerning the future appear to prevail in most quarters. The "Rassegna Nazionale" (Liberal Catholic) tries to make the best of what it clearly regards as a bad business, and blames the "Osservatore Cattolico" for indirectly, at least, supporting the extreme Left in opposition to the ministerial candidates. The "Civiltà Cattolica" (Jesuit) congratulates the Church on the continued abstention of Catholics from the poll, while complacently noting the increasing corruption and disorder of political life in Italy. The weighty "Nuova Antologia" devotes no less than three articles, two by Senators and one by a Deputy, to various aspects of the situation. The most noteworthy contribution is that of F. Nobili-Vitelleschi, who, in an article entitled "A New Cry of Pain," declares roundly that it would not be easy to find any country that had been so badly governed as Italy during the last twenty-five years. "The confusion of parties, their self-seeking, the mutability of policy, the turbulent proceedings in Parliament, the frequent changes of Ministries and prorogations of the Chamber, the constant dissolutions, the method of nominating to the Upper Chamber, are very far from being proofs of good government." Discussing the eternal question of Catholic abstentions from the poll, he remarks incidentally that English Catholics have shown how to be patriotic without ceasing to be loyal to the Church.

Apart from home politics, the most topical articles in the "Nuova Antologia" are two which form part of a series describing the travels of an Italian engineer through the interior of China, and illustrated by a number of excellent kodak views. The journey, which was undertaken in connection with the laying down of a new railway, only dates from last year, and, in the light of current events, it is interesting to note that it was accomplished without any difficulties, although here and there the author refers to the antagonistic humour of the Chinese lower classes.

The "Civiltà Cattolica" (June 16) points out that the assumption universally adopted by the

Italian non-Catholic press earlier in the year, that the "Anno Santo" would prove a failure, is fast giving way before the undeniable facts of the case. As a proof of the crowds of foreigners who have thronged the Eternal City, the writer asserts that the receipts of the Roman Tramway Company during the eight weeks from mid-March to mid-May equalled in amount the whole of the receipts for the year 1899. There is an article condemning the moral tone of Sienkiewicz's two novels, "Quo Vadis" and "Without Dogma," which are enjoying an enormous popularity in Italy just now. Apparently, "Quo Vadis" is only ecclesiastically sanctioned in an expurgated edition.

The "Rassegna Nazionale" publishes a lecture on "The Delineation of Sorrow in Art," by the veteran novelist A. Fogazzaro, which has attracted considerable attention of late among Italian critics.

The "Rivista Politica e Letteraria" publishes an enthusiastic review of Cassandra Vivaria's novel, "Via Lucis," which is to appear in translated form as a serial in its pages.

The "Rivista Popolare," a small fortnightly publication, edited for the people by the well-known deputy, N. Colajanni, prints (June 15) a very bitter letter by Ouida against England, in which she prophesies that when we have swallowed the Transvaal we shall turn our attention to Mozambique. The previous number (May 31) reprinted Mr. Stead's definition of "True Imperialism" from the May "Review of Reviews."

butes an article on "Naval Architecture and Sanitation." He thinks that the tradition of placing the sick on the bows of ships does a lot towards increasing the mortality.

McClure's Magazine.

There are many articles of interest in this number, notably Mr. Wm. J. Lampton's description of the Cape Nome Gold Fields, which is illustrated with interesting photographs. Adachi Kinnosake tells a vivid story of the experience of a cadet at the Battle of the Yalu. "Experiments in Flying" are dealt with by O. Chaunte, with photographs showing his own invention, which is an attempt to imitate the sparrow. The inventor says of the delights of gliding through the air:—

There is no more delightful sensation than that of gliding through the air. All the faculties are on the alert and the motion is astonishingly smooth and elastic. The machine responds instantly to the slightest movement of the operator; the air rushes by one's ears; the trees and bushes flit away underneath, and the landing comes all too quickly.

The illustrations in colour in the instalment of the "Life of Christ," by Dr. Watson, compare very unfavourably with the black-and-white drawings. Unless the greatest care is taken in the work, colour-illustrating must be disappointing. The number is well provided with light reading and is, as usual, well illustrated.

Cassier's Magazine.

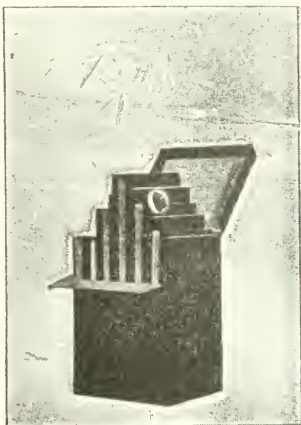
"Cassier's Magazine" for June opens with a very optimistic article by Mr. Edgar Mels on "Trade Possibilities in South Africa." He thinks that the day of the politician and the financier will have passed away when the war is over, and that it will be followed by an immense increase of business. At present the chief industry in South Africa, after gold and diamond mining, is the manufacture of waggons, to which nearly five hundred establishments are devoted. Mr. George Beard has an article entitled "Sixty years in British Ironworks." The article deals largely with technical questions; but it also throws a good deal of light on the general cause of trade. In 1854 Great Britain produced as much crude iron as all the other countries in the world. At the present day, however, America annually produces 4,500,000 tons more, and Germany nearly as much. Mr. W. H. Smyth has an article on "Practical Inventing," in which he gives a number of suggestions for systematising inventive effort. Mr. William Forsyth writes on "The Increasing Size of American Locomotives." Surgeon-General Tryon, U.S.A., contri-

The Engineering Magazine.

The most interesting article in the June "Engineering" magazine is that of Admiral Hichborn on Submarine Boats. I have dealt with this paper among the Leading Articles. Another very interesting article is entitled "Russia's Field for Anglo-Saxon Enterprise in Asia," which is written by Mr. A. H. Ford, and is illustrated with some excellent photographs. Mr. Ford states that Japan is already beginning to undersell other nations in supplying material for the Siberian railway. Mr. Edmund Mitchell has a well illustrated paper on "The Paris Exhibition as a Mechanical Achievement." Electricity he regards as the dominant feature of the Exhibition. Captain G. H. Powell describes "Disappearing Gun-carriages" as used in the United States. Mr. James O'Connell has an article to prove that piecework does not give the best result in machine shops. Mr. J. Esdaile Florence writes on "Dutch Guiana from a Mining Standpoint." He says that in almost all reports of gold placers in Dutch Guiana the wealth of the deposits is vastly exaggerated; but he thinks rich lodes will sooner or later be discovered nearer the mountains.

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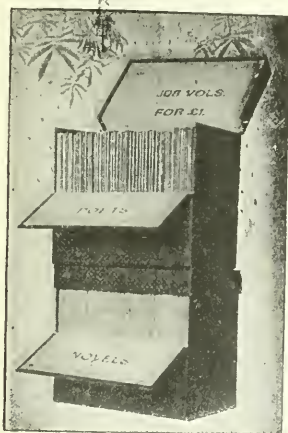
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I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place:
 From many a fruitful plain;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beach and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the
 crest
 Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old;
 From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels descry
 Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
 Fringing the southern sky;

* The legend of Horatius Cocles, as told by Livy, is briefly this. Two hundred and forty-five years after the founding of Rome, and two years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Lars Porsena of Clusium rallied the Etruscan tribes for an attack upon Rome. The citizens, overwhelmed by the overpowering number of their foes, fell back upon the city. Janiculum, which defended the approaches of the bridge crossing the Tiber, was taken. The order was then given to destroy the bridge. This work required time, and in order to check the advance of the enemy three illustrious Romans, Horatius Cocles, Spurius Lartius and Herminius, undertook to hold the bridge. This task they achieved, performing prodigies of valour. As the bridge was reeling to its fall, Spurius Lartius and Herminius darted back and reached the other side in safety, leaving Horatius Cocles, the Captain of the Gate, alone. He flung himself into the swollen Tiber and swam safely across its turbid flood. The ultimate result of the war is in dispute, but the Tarquins were not restored.

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 LETTERS FROM AUSTRALIANS.
 WHERE THE FIGHTING IS.
 THE MACHINERY OF WAR.
 BATTLE PICTURES.
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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

FINANCE AND TRADE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

Prospects.

The past month has not been so good, as far as the weather was concerned, as its predecessors, and the bright prospects referred to in our July article have therefore been dimmed. Showery weather, calculated to benefit crops and pasture in Victoria, has been more than counterbalanced by drying north winds, and though all except the late-sown cereals still look well, a good fall of rain is rather urgently wanted. A downfall of an inch to an inch and a half in Victoria would carry the crops over until September, but that month is a very critical one for cereals, and unless it is marked by rain we can scarcely expect the record yields hoped for earlier in the year. In South Australia, prospects in the more southern and south-eastern districts are excellent; but the farther north one goes the less favourable the position becomes. Fair rains have fallen, and a marked increase in the cereal output, as well as a favourable pastoral year, is anticipated; but the position is not nearly so good as press notices would have us believe. Western Australia has had a wonderful season so far—particularly so in the north; and now that industry and production are to be freed there, by Federation, from the chain-gang of nepotistic politicians and their few friends, we expect to see a very marked improvement in that colony during the next few years. New South Wales is, in one part, enjoying a bountiful season, and in another famishing from the great drought. Prospects for agriculturists are fair there, but many pastoralists are being slowly but surely ruined. In Queensland the late rains came too late. They have failed to bring much grass, and ruin and desolation are noticeable throughout three parts of the entire colony. Tasmania is in a favourable condition. On the whole, though not exceptionally bright, our prospects are much improved as compared with any year since 1894. We can confidently expect steady progress towards prosperity by increased production and greater industrial activity. Wild speculation we have had our fill of. Speculation may be the footstool of Fortune but it is now generally conceded that steady and progressive trading is the very chair in which that fickle dame sits.

Victorian Finances.

Mr. Shiels is at his wits' end for money—at least with a temporary rush of confidence that gentleman declares so. To replenish his purse he has had to resort to raising money by borrowing—in one case directly, and in the other case indirectly, from the people. In the former, tenders are now being called for £500,000 3 per cent. debentures, with a certain currency of twenty-one years, and an optional one of up to thirty years. Subscriptions will be received up to and on August 21, and must be accompanied by 10 per cent. of the amount tendered for, the balance to be re-

payable at any time up to November 21. For the indirect method Mr. Shiels has adopted we have little liking. It is a move which is certainly misguided. He has arranged with the Commissioners of Savings Banks for them to take up £250,000 3½ per cent. Treasury Bonds, with a currency of two years, payments to be made as the Government may require. Private accommodation of this character appears to suggest a very small available balance in hand, and also the fear that it will be impossible, later on, to raise more money in the open market. The former is a fact, the latter an assumption, and, as such, is more likely to be proved incorrect than correct. It is certainly favourable to the Savings Bank Commissioners to be able to lend for two years at this figure when only the other day a private individual advanced £150,000 on Riverina property at the same rate. A quarter of a million 3½ per cent. Treasury B.L.s, with a

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currency of two years, would have been snapped up eagerly on the local market. Truly, our last monthly remarks proved prophetic, when we said it might be expected that a long currency, low interest bearing issue would be offered locally, and a short term higher interest-emission reserved for private or foreign issue.

Three per cent. Victorian Debentures.

In tendering for this issue, we would urge investors to bear several points in mind. First, that the local market is likely to be more frequently applied to for funds than heretofore; secondly, that there are indications of some improvement in the demand for money, and, therefore, higher interest rates may be expected; and, thirdly, that Federation brings all Australian loans practically on a parity as regards security; and that, therefore, if purchases can be made more cheaply in other colonies, they should be made in preference to local stocks. The minimum of the Victorian Debentures has been fixed at £96; and because 3 per cent. stock has buyers at £99 10s., it is argued in some quarters that the average obtained should be about £98 to £98 10s. The reason of our 3 per cent. stock bringing £99 10s. to par is that there has been a great local dearth of stocks, and, therefore, enhanced and false prices have been realised. Tenderers should tender at £96 15s. They can buy South Australian 3 per cent. stock with 10s. accrued interest, at £95 10s.—free of brokerage; they can also obtain 3½ per cent. 5-year New South Wales Treasury Bills at par, or slightly over, while the local market will also be marked by an issue of Metropolitan Board of Works 3½ per cent. bonds at £97 10s. or £97, and a similar issue on account of the City Council. Therefore, we advise careful tendering, and advise subscribers not to be led away by an unwise desire to be successful for large amounts.

N.S.W. Treasury Bills.

Again, New South Wales has come into the local market with a Treasury Bill issue, a movement anticipated by the "Review of Reviews" after the success which attended the previous emission. £500,000 at 3½ per cent. for five years is wanted, and should be easily obtained at par, if not a fraction over. The last issue realised £100 5s. 6½d., and this emission is sure to be just as well sought after. This is the sort of issue which those with idle credit balances in hand should favour. It is vastly superior to allowing any money to lie without interest at the banks, and is also superior to most fixed deposits, while, again, it returns as good a rate as first-class mortgages. We look upon this issue as the best that can be obtained by local investors, as there is sure to be improvement in local interest-bearing rates before long, and short-term Government issues are, therefore, very desirable media for temporary investment.

The Progress of Local Borrowing.

But a few months back and colonial Treasurers were arguing the impossibility of raising funds locally; while now there are four colonies—Queensland (just sold 3 per cent. stock locally at £97, and accepted £91 net for the same in London), South Australia (advertising 3 per cent. stock now at £95 10s., with accrued interest since July 1), Victoria, and New South Wales—all obtaining local monetary assistance. So far, so good. There has, however, not yet been any declaration of a definitely improved policy of colonial borrowing. What is wanted is that all issues shall be offered simultaneously in London and the colonies, that interest shall be payable in a similar manner as dividends are in public companies, having registers here and in London, and principal repayable in the same way. The Victorian Treasury officials have, it is said, stated that there are insurmountable objections in the way of adopting this plan. This is not a publicly expressed opinion, and therefore we take this opportunity

of inviting all and sundry to send forward any objection they regard as insurmountable, and it will be answered. Private companies can do it, but perhaps red tape stands in the way of its acceptance by the Government.

The Commercial Bank of Australia.

The report and balance-sheet of this institution for the half year ended June 30 last is again of a satisfactory and encouraging nature to shareholders. The first half of the year is, as usual, the quietest, from a business point of view, and therefore it is not surprising to find that this is reflected in the profits earned. The net profit shown by the profit and loss account was £58,265, which, compared with £95,351 in the December half-year, was but £6,000 greater than the corresponding six months in 1899. The directors, following their usual conservative policy, paid a 3 per cent. dividend to preference shareholders, and transferred another £30,000 to the special assets trust. Since December, 1896, when the modified scheme of reconstruction was adopted, the bank has earned, net, £184,900, of which £223,000 has gone to a Special Assets Trust Fund, and £190,537 has been paid to preference shareholders. The profits for the twelve months ended June 30 1897, were £94,000; for the year ended June 31, 1898, £104,500; the same for the year ended June 31, 1899, and for the year ended June 30 last, £123,000. The improvement is very satisfactory. Throughout the bank's balance-sheet there are indications of steady improvement in business. In the management we have always had great faith, and while regretting that Mr. Henry Gyles-Turner has found the general management too arduous, we hasten to congratulate the shareholders on the probability of his wide experience and great financial knowledge being utilised as a member of the directorate.

The Bank of Victoria.

This institution has come through the great financial crisis and subsequent period of depression better than most, if not all, of the reconstructed institutions. Looking back through the bank's balance-sheets we cannot but see that reconstruction proved rather more of the character of a burden than a relief to the shareholders, and it is, therefore, a matter for congratulation that this institution paid its $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest to depositors in full when current rates for deposits were only $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent., and also regularly paid its preference shareholders their 5 per cent. dividends. Since the bank reconstructed, it has earned the following profits and made the following distributions:—

Half-year Ended	Net. Profits	Pref. Dividend.	Ordinary Dividend.
	£	p.c.	£
Dec., 1893 ..	31,655 ..	5 ..	15,149
June, 1894 ..	29,921 ..	5 ..	17,921
Dec., 1894 ..	21,067 ..	5 ..	10,119
June, 1895 ..	19,863 ..	5 ..	10,419
Dec., 1895 ..	20,631 ..	5 ..	10,419
June, 1896 ..	15,068 ..	5 ..	10,419
Dec., 1896 ..	17,928 ..	5 ..	10,419
June, 1897 ..	17,877 ..	5 ..	10,419
Dec., 1897 ..	22,729 ..	5 ..	10,419
June, 1898 ..	24,280* ..	5 ..	10,419
Dec., 1898 ..	27,800** ..	5 ..	10,419
June, 1899 ..	27,637 ..	5 ..	10,419
Dec., 1899 ..	27,906 ..	5 ..	10,419
June, 1900 ..	28,554 ..	5 ..	10,419

* £50,000 to reserve, ** £20,000 to reserve, : £30,000 to reserve.

The dividend declared on ordinary shares is only a start. We anticipated it some time back, but we look upon 5 per cent. for both preference and ordinary as assured for the next half year. Times are improving, and the bank's business is also progressing steadily, and if the management take a lesson from their 1893 experi-

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GEO. E. EMERY,

Market St., Melbourne. Inspector-General.

ence, and set themselves to build up a substantial reserve fund, instead of seeking to pay enormous dividends, then this institution will rise very rapidly. Its ordinary shares, at present prices, are very good buying. A certain trustee has kept the market low by selling no less than 9,000 shares, but as soon as these are taken off, a substantial rise should take place. Purchased now, they offer a prospective return on a 5 per cent. dividend of over 7 per cent., and at a time when openings for investment are so difficult to find, they should certainly be in demand.

The Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney.

This institution possesses a Reserve Fund of £1,010,000, or £10,000 more than its paid-up capital, and in this respect is an exception to all other Australian banks. Its profits for the half-year ended June last total £50,880, against £45,251 for the December half-year, and £42,339 for the June half of 1899. In the last period it paid 8 per cent.; for December last, 9 per cent.; and for June this year, 10 per cent. dividends to its shareholders, which places it second on the list of Australian dividend payers. There is just a tendency on the part of this institution to distribute all its profits to shareholders, induced, probably, by the huge Reserve Fund which it holds; but perhaps the profits are, as usual in most sound institutions, placed at a minimum. The outlook for shareholders is, indeed, most promising, and shares at present prices are good buying.

Goldsbrough, Mort, Ltd.

Negotiations are in progress for the further reconstruction of this institution. Shareholders, it is stated, will probably lose most of their nominal interest, while the control will be invested almost solely in the hands of the English debenture-holders. Messrs. Finlay, Casey, and Brentnall have left for England on business concerned with the re-formation, and it may also be expected that some large amalgamation will be made with another leading pastoral institution.

Gold Yields and Exports.

The returns of the chief gold-producing colonies are to hand, and show a slight improvement over those on the corresponding period in 1899; but not nearly so great as was expected earlier in the year. The figures are as follows:—

	1900.	1899.	
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Western Australia	871,793	847,687	In. 24,106
Queensland	582,949	529,091	In. 53,858
Victoria	440,068	465,787	Dec. 25,719
New Zealand	218,882	219,508	Dec. 62,226
New South Wales	209,820	243,092	Dec. 33,272
	2,323,512	2,305,165	In. 18,347

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CAPITAL: Fully Subscribed, £2,127,500; Paid up, £212,750.
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Gold exports have been fairly heavy of late, but the total is still a million and a half below that to the corresponding date in 1899, due to the fact that the bulk of shipping is now optional. The hoarding of gold at the banks has now passed what may be termed a judicious point, and the large non-interest-bearing reserves, though giving undoubted security to the institutions which have them, are not at all satisfactory from a profit point of view. It looks, however, from the general trend of events, as if large exports to San Francisco and London would shortly be made. There is a probability of gold being required for the East, and shipments would, in such case, be made from Melbourne and Sydney.

Promoters' Profits.

It appears that the public are to be treated with the spectacle, or the reports of such, of promoter directors being examined as to the "secret" profits made by the flotation of a certain company. In the case of one institution it is reported writes for about £4,000 odd have been issued for the profits alleged to have been made, and not disclosed in the prospectus. Some time back we pointed out that it only needed one of these cases to be successful in Victoria, and a sheaf of them would crop up. In fact, it is acknowledged in some cases that the one thing which stops some liquidations is the fact that it would very probably show up considerable profit-making undisclosed in prospectuses and directors' statements. Many directors set themselves absolutely against publicity in the dealings of their companies, but it is very evident that the law should be made much more stringent than at present regarding the registration of agreements, etc. At the moment, prospectuses must be registered, which accounts for the few that are issued; the law should go farther, and enforce the registration of all syndicate and promoters' agreements.

Insurance News and Notes.

The policies of members of the permanent forces of Victoria who are insured with the Australian Mutual Provident Society are endorsed with a clause that an extra premium is payable on the holder proceeding to active service. The members of the contingent which has just left for China have been required to pay £5 per cent. extra premium under this clause, and upon some of the men stating that they were unable to pay the sum down, the Minister of Defence decided to advance the required amount to the Society, and deduct it out of the pay of the men extending over a period of six months.

Mr. Valentine J. Saddler has been appointed director of the Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Company, in place of the late Mr. George Withers, superintendent of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

In the recent investigation into the stranding of the s.s. Gulf of Taranto, the court of Marine Enquiry found that Pilot Wm. T. Liley had failed in his duty as a pilot, and suspended his certificate for three months. Mr. W. H. Croker, who defended him, gave notice of appeal. This he has submitted to His Excellency the Governor-in-Council, and it has been successful. Pilot Liley's license is, therefore, unaffected.

Owing to the war in China, the Marine Underwriters' Association of Victoria have declared the following extra premiums for war risks:—To and from Hong Kong, 2s. 6d. per cent.; to other ports in China, excluding war risk in craft at China ports, 5s. per cent.; to and from Japan, 5s. per cent. If including war risk in craft at ports in China other than Hong Kong, 5s. additional.

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New Ordinary Branch Assurances Issued,
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In the Company's Ordinary Branch Every Year
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Statement for Year ending Dec. 31, 1899.

Assets	£61,980,397
Liabilities	£51,686,239
Contingent Guarantee Fund and Divisible Surplus	£10,294,157
New Insurance Issued and Paid for	£34,752,950
Insurance and Annuities in Force	£216,153,020

NOTE.—The Conversion Rate in use by The Mutual Life is more stringent than in any other Company, being \$4.87 to the pound sterling. If the Rate \$4.80 were used the Assets instead of appearing as above stated, would amount to £62,884,278 and the Insurance in Force to £219,306,252.

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Paid-Up	\$500,000
Reserve Fund	\$1,360,000
Accumulated Funds	\$4,731,497

Including £210,440 Sterling, Invested in London and Melbourne.

This Society offers special inducements and facilities for Marine Insurances, and has made a name for prompt and liberal settlement of all claims.

Bonus is paid annually out of profits to contributors of business, and for the last six years has averaged twenty-four per cent.

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J. THOS. WOODS, Acting Agent.

Sydney and Brisbane: Messrs. Gibbs, Bright and Co.

Adelaide: Messrs. Nankivell and Co.

A Mammoth Policy.—The "Weekly Statement" (America) gives, in a recent issue, some interesting particulars regarding what is stated to be the largest amount of insurance ever issued on one life by any insurance company in the world. The holder is Mr. Frank H. Peavey, a grain merchant, of Minneapolis:—

"Frank Hutchinson Peavey was born at Eastport, Me., a little over fifty years ago, but has lived in the West most of his life, and in Minneapolis since 1884. He is known as the Elevator King. When he was a very young man he saw that the business of storing and transporting wheat was one of limitless possibilities, and in 1873 he built his first grain elevator at Sioux City, Ia. Since then his business has developed until it is the largest of its kind in the world.

"Mr. Peavey having determined to take out a million dollars of insurance upon his life, some months ago, caused to be made through a prominent insurance man of Minneapolis a thorough investigation of the conditions, advantages, plans and policies of all the principal life insurance companies doing business in Minnesota, and also by correspondence with prominent bankers and financiers of New York made inquiry as to the standing and merits of the various companies. As a result of these investigations and correspondence, he decided to place the whole amount in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

"This is the largest amount of insurance that has ever been issued on one life by any life insurance company in the world, with the exception of a policy of the same amount that was written by the Mutual upon the life of Mr. George Vanderbilt, but as the premium upon Mr. Vanderbilt's policy was 35,000 dol., and upon this policy 48,390 dol., and as Mr. Peavey was already carrying 25,000 dol. in the Mutual Life, it can be truthfully said that Mr. Peavey carries the largest amount of insurance in one company and pays the largest annual premium upon one policy of any man in the world."

Truly, a marvellous fin de siècle development of modern life insurance. It is only of recent years that the value and safety of life insurance to wealthy men with vast commercial interests has come to be recognised.

* * * * *

The following particulars of the new floating fire-engine built for the London County Council for use on the Thames are extracted from the "Argus." They will be interesting, in view of the fact that Chief Officer Stein, of the Melbourne Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board, has recommended the purchase of a floating engine for Melbourne:—"The vessel has been designed by Commander Wells, and built at Southampton. It is built of galvanised iron, has its own pumping and propelling power, is eighty feet long, twenty feet in the beam, and draws only from 24 inches to 30 inches of water, which enables it to get close under any warehouse. It is capable of steaming ten knots an hour, and throwing 1,600 gallons of water a minute. It can get away at any tide, whether it is high or low, and, by its water-power, can sink any vessel on fire that it goes to assist, and pump it out again, and by altering the suction's belonging to the float the sunken vessel can be again raised. The boilers will always be filled with fresh water, thus preventing corrosion, and it will always carry seven days' store of coal. The cost of building it has been between £7,000 and £8,000."

* * * * *

The danger of allowing the storage of inflammable materials under hatches was exemplified on the trip of the steamer Nordfærer, between Adelaide and Melbourne, on her voyage from New York. Several cases of naphtha were stowed in the afterpart of the steamer, under the poop, and were so allowed by the Marine Underwriters at New York on account of being securely packed. On July 29 the steward visited this portion of the ship, and carrying a light in his hand, when a loud explosion occurred, blowing off the coverings of the hatches, while flames issued from the hold. The crew fought the flames vigorously for an hour and a

half, when the fire was extinguished. The iron deck of the poop was found to be torn asunder, as if by dynamite.

* * * * *

An ill-advised movement has been set on foot among some of the suburban municipalities to endeavour to oppose the carrying out of the decision of the recent Water for Fire Extinction Conference. It will be remembered that, after much discussion and difference of opinion, it was decided that certain large mains and other connections were urgently required in the City of Melbourne, and that the cost (a small one) should be borne two-thirds by the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board, and one-third by the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works. The draft bill came up before a conference of municipal delegates, and a motion was carried urging the councils to oppose the measure, its opinion being that the cost of such works should fall on the council interested, and not on others, as it does through the Board of Works having to contribute its share. The opposition is an unfortunate one, as the evil Melbourne is daily menaced with has been left untouched already far too long. The matter is of absolute urgency, and should be carried out at once.

* * * * *

The fortieth annual report of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States again shows great progress. At the beginning of the year the amount of insurance in force was £205,657,736, and at the end of the year £219,670,058, being an increase of over fourteen millions for the year. The total assets during the year were increased by no less than four and a half millions sterling, the assets amounting to £58,373,185 on December 31, 1899. The surplus over total liabilities was £12,711,975. The annual income of this society is greater than the income of either the colonies of Victoria or New South Wales, and in 1899 amounted to £11,286,145, as against £10,391,116 for the previous year. Over £7,000,000 was effected in new business during the year.

* * * * *

The following is the report of the directors of the Phoenix Assurance Co. for the past year:—The premiums received during the year, less re-insurances, amount to £1,133,495 0s. 8d. The expenses and losses (paid and outstanding) amount to £1,037,677 11s. 10d. The result of the year's working, including interest and balance brought forward from the last account, and allowing for interim dividend, and after placing £10,000 to investment reserve, leaves a balance at the credit of profit and loss of £288,831 11s. 2d., out of which the directors propose to declare the usual dividend of 23s. per share, to be paid on the 29th proximo. This, with the interim dividend of 12s. per share paid in last October, makes the total of 35s. per share for the year. The funds of the office on December 31, 1898, were as follows:—Capital paid up, £268,880; reserve for unexpired risks, £453,398 0s. 3d.; investment reserve, £31,070; general reserve fund, £573,790 2s. 7d.; balance at credit of profit and loss account, £228,831 11s. 2d.; total, £1,554,889 14s.

* * * * *

The Clyde Fellmongery and Tannery Works on the Barwon River, Geelong, were totally destroyed by fire on the morning of the 5th inst., involving a loss of £15,000. There was a very poor pressure of water, and without the services of an engine the firemen were powerless to cope with the flames. The buildings were spread over two acres of ground, but a fierce south-westerly wind was blowing at the time, sweeping the flames even right over the chimney stack. The buildings, plant, machinery, and stock were insured for £15,000 with the North British, Australian Alliance, and Derwent and Tamar Companies. Mr. James Munday's tannery was slightly damaged also, but a fortunate change of wind carried the flames away again before much harm was done. The Geelong Brigade has made a request for a steam engine for the district; the importance of the many industries demands it.

THE

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LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

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The Most Liberal and Progressive
Life Office in Australia.

GEO. CROWLEY, Manager.

The EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

Established 1859.

FINANCIAL POSITION, JAN. 1, 1899.

Assurance in Force	...	£205,657,736
Assets	...	£53,826,937
Increase in Assets during 1898	...	£4,477,768
Surplus	...	£11,918,852
Paid to Policy-holders since organisation	...	£63,000,000

Send for particulars regarding the

GUARANTEED CASH VALUE POLICY,

Which gives all the benefits and advantages of previous forms of policies and in addition GUARANTEES Surrender Values both in CASH and PAID-UP Assurance, the amounts of which (together with the amounts of the LOANS which are granted under this form) increase year by year and are WRITTEN IN THE POLICY.

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MANAGER FOR VICTORIA - G. G. MCCOLL.

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Applications invited for Agencies in Victoria where not represented.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR BONUSSES.

Cash Bonus for One Year, 1899 - £506,183

Cash Bonuses already divided £8,711,317

MOST LIBERAL POLICY CONDITIONS.

MOST ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT.

MOST STRINGENT RESERVES.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

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RESIDENT SECRETARY.



Registered under the "Companies Act 1890" as a Company having secured Assets in Victoria.

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Examples Premium Rates.

The premiums, which may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually, at the option and convenience of the policy-holder, on a policy of £100, are as follows:—

Age.	Monthly Premiums.	Age.	Monthly Premiums.
18 ..	1/7	40 ..	3/6
20 ..	1/8	50 ..	6/1
30 ..	2/5	54 ..	8/2

I.O.F. Policies (premiums as above) secure

- (1) Assurance payable at death;
- (2) Payment to the member on Total Permanent Disability of half the sum assured, with
- (3) Other half paid to heirs on death of the member, and
- (4) Exemption from premium paying after such disability;
- (5) Termination of premium paying, in any event, at 70 years of age, and
- (6) A member disabled wholly on account of Old Age has the right to receive, so long as this disability, a tenth of the sum assured, annually, till exhausted (in case of earlier death any balance is paid to the heirs) with
- (7) The option of converting this benefit into the "Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit."

Men and women, between the ages of 18 and 54, both inclusive, are accepted on equal terms.

Prospectus on Application.

A COMPARISON OF GIANTS.

Total Assets December 31, 1899.

	Dollars.
The Mutual Life of New York	301,844,512 16
Equitable of New York	279,353,157 81
New York Life	236,450,348 22

Gain in Assets in 1899.

	Dollars.
The Mutual Life of New York	301,844,512 16
Equitable of New York	21,562,645 77
New York Life	20,505,536 86

Total Income in 1899.

	Dollars.
The Mutual Life of New York	58,890,077 21
Equitable of New York	53,878,200 86
New York Life	52,371,263 26

Paid Policy-Holders in 1899.

	Dollars.
The Mutual Life of New York	26,369,036 55
Equitable of New York	24,107,541 44
New York Life	22,206,976 67

Girls will find plenty to interest them in the "Girl's Realm" for July. Miss Alice Corkran gives descriptive accounts with pictures of girls and girl-life in the Royal Academy and New Gallery. Christina G. Whyte supplies a very girlish sketch of four girls at the Paris Exhibition; while a more serious element is introduced by Caroline E. Turner, in her paper on the Edinburgh School of Domestic Economy. She heads it jokingly, "How I learnt Home Rule," but ends it with the thoroughly sensible remark, that if young ladies had this actual knowledge of what domestic service is, they would as sympathetic mistresses have less trouble with servants.

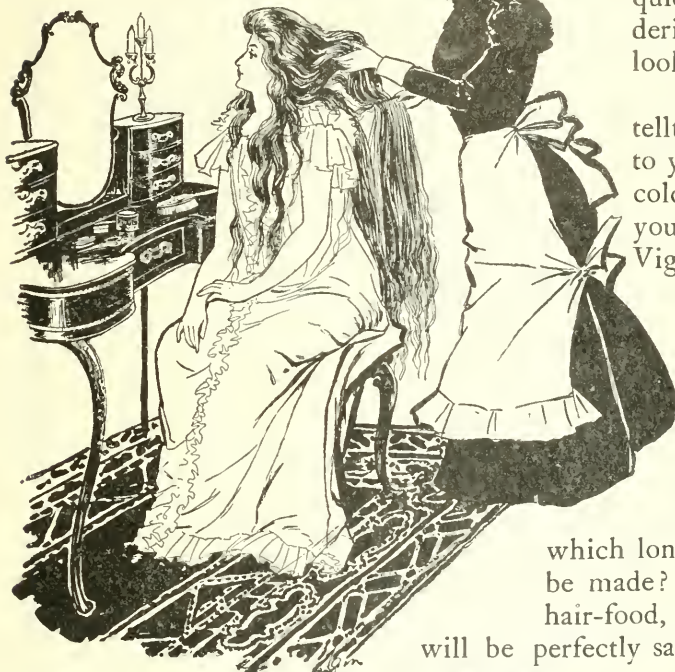
There is much that is breezy and out-of-door-like in the July "Leisure Hour." Its cool green cover presents an attractive reproduction of Marcus Stone's "Summertime." Camp-life in British New Guinea is vividly sketched by Mr. C. Ross-Johnson, who conveys an impressive idea at once of the country and of the way we are civilising it. John Walker describes his run through St. Helena, which Cronje's imprisonment and the late Napoleonic craze have thrust into prominence. A few pictures from a Paris sketch-book bring the interest of travel nearer home, while Mr. W. J. Gordon combines statistics and the charm of the open air in his paper on Salmon. Mr. Gordon urges as a requisite for the effective preservation of salmon, not separate laws for England, Scotland, and Ireland, but a general Act dealing with the United Kingdom as a whole, only giving to local authorities power to modify details by by-laws. The salmon, he evidently opines, is a pronounced Unionist. Useful but incomplete information is supplied as to University education, and what it costs. The late Lyon Playfair is sketched by Wm. Stevens.

Turning Gray?

Gray Hair is Starved Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Feeds the Roots of the Hair.



Old at Thirty-five

Nothing tells of age so quickly as gray hair. Do you derive genuine comfort from looking old before your time?

If not, then get rid of this telltale sign of age. Bring back to your hair all the richness and color it had when you were in your early teens. Ayer's Hair Vigor will certainly do this for you.

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If your hair is thin, too short, or splits at the ends, it is being starved. Then why not feed it? Why not give it something from which long, rich, thick, dark hair may be made? Why not give it the great hair-food, Ayer's Hair Vigor? You will be perfectly satisfied with it, we are sure.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Always Restores Color

You don't have to wait long. In a couple of weeks the old color begins to return, and soon you have again all the rich, dark color of early life. Look in the mirror today and take a glance at your gray hair. Then use Ayer's Hair Vigor for a couple of weeks and look again. You will look ten years younger.

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Mrs. C. CURREY.

Witness to signature—W. F. Ford, J. P.
I do hereby certify to the correctness of the above testimonial.
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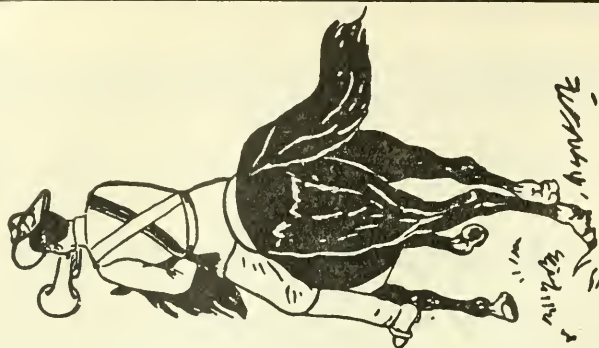
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COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION,

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Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of **Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest**, experience delightful and immediate relief, and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it **neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic nor Consumption to develop.** Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Beware of "**Coughs**"!! Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

BAD COUGHS.

THREE CASES COMPLETELY CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.

SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.

Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

Mr. Hearne,

Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure. Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The housemaid also had such a severe cold that she entirely lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring medicine of that kind.

I now want you to send at once four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed.—Yours gratefully,

JOHN S. MORTIMER.

The relative in England, who is eighty years old, also Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER.

HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL.

FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.

8 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent,
Staffordshire, England.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong,

Dear Sir,—Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day, as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, as I was so much better when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for twelve

months—always went in the 'bus—as walking caused me such pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now, and never feel it, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I thank my son for his great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear sir,—Yours very truly,

M. MORTIMER.

Extract from a letter, since written by the same lady to her son, Mr. John S. Mortimer, Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

HER DAUGHTER HAD BEEN ILL.

SPITTING UP BLOOD.

THE DOCTOR SAID NOTHING MORE COULD BE DONE.

CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

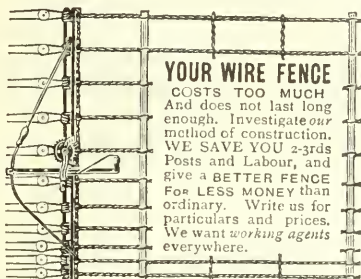
The extract runs as follows:—As for myself, thank the Lord I am feeling stronger than I have for years. I had an attack of bronchitis in November, but Hearne's Bronchitis Cure was again successful. I feel quite well, and walk into town feeling quite strong.

I must ask you to send me six bottles more of the medicine, as I wish to have a supply in the house. I have tried to get it made up here, and let my chemist have a bottle to see what he could do. He tells me this week he can make nothing out of it; he never saw anything like it before, so there is only one thing for me to do—to send for more. I have never kept in bed one day since I commenced to take it; I used to be in bed a fortnight at a time always, and after that for months I was as weak as I could possibly be, and was always taking cod liver oil, so you will see at once it is quite worth while sending for it such a long distance. Something more I must tell you. Charlotte has been very ill since I wrote you. Her cough was so bad. She never had a night's rest, and was spitting up blood very much. The doctor told her husband that there was nothing more he could do for her, so on the Sunday I sent her half a bottle of the Bronchitis Cure, and told her to try it, and if she did not use it not to waste it, but send it back again. She had such confidence in her doctor that I thought she would not try it. On the Wednesday I sent over again, and she was much better, the night's rest was very good, and cough and bleeding from the lungs better. She sent for another half bottle, and on the following Sunday sent over to say that she was quite cured, and did not require any more medicine. So you see what good it has done, and she wishes to have some with my next supply.

Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. **Small sizes, 2/6; large, 4/6.** Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

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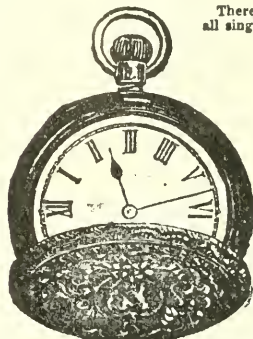


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*F	I	GU*SS	R'G'T	&	BY
A	CH*N				



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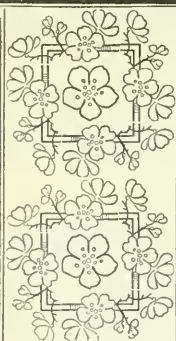
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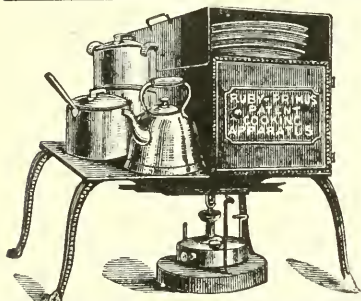
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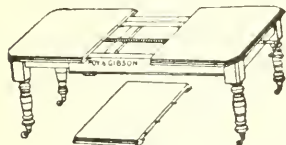
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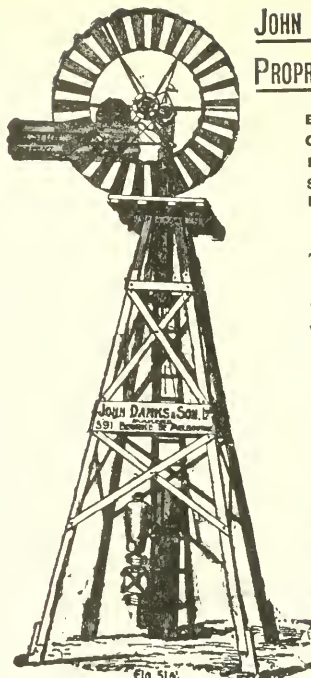
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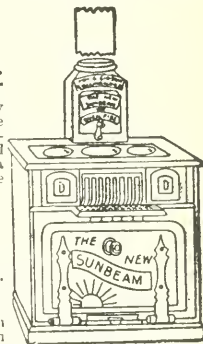
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